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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHERS OF THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—COLLIER'S—
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

RALPH E. ENTWISTLE

You Fly the Atlantic BY W. B

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"THIS champagne reminds me, Henri—while in America, I made a most astonishing discovery.

"There they have achieved in a whiskey called Four Roses the immortal greatness. And they have done it the very way our countrymen produce our most glorious champagne.

"You well know how the finest champagne is made—*by blending together several champagnes* from the most respected vineyards so that each may contribute its own qualities to *one* champagne that is perfection itself.

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STRAIGHT WHISKIES
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★ *WE BELIEVE FOUR ROSES IS AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY, REGARDLESS OF AGE OR PRICE* ★

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Beauty Bath for Teeth

MEN WHO SMOKE A LOT WELCOME IT!

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More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube · 40¢

Regular size tube · 25¢

A TONIC FOR THE GUMS

WHEN USED WITH MASSAGE

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Next Week

THE Widow Crumb is a rather large Judy anywhere between forty and fifty-five years of age. She is rather nice-looking, except that she has a pair of eyes as pale as hens' eggs, and maybe paler, and these eyes never change in expression. The chances are she is not such a character as Nicely-Nicely Jones will choose as an ever-loving wife if he has the pick of the herd, but Nicely-Nicely figures she is not bad for an offhand draw.

So Nicely-Nicely and the Widow Crumb are married and go to live on her farm in central New Jersey and Nicely-Nicely begins to find out things about his ever-loving wife that make him very uneasy indeed. The chances are you never read such a tale as "Lonely Heart," by Mr. Damon Runyon.

TAKE a look at the Seventy-fifth Congress. There has never been anything like it. It's unique in our history—a Congress impressed for the moment with its own unimportance. Old faces have disappeared; new ones have bobbed up. In the Senate you will hear the dulcet tones of the Honorable Josh Lee, the silver-tongued orator of the University of Oklahoma, mingling with the familiar growls of Senator Borah. Awe hangs like a cloud over the Capitol, for this is "Mr. Roosevelt's Congress." Walter Davenport introduces you.

THE technical books on skiing describe the view from the top of a ski jump as "alarming"—a masterpiece of understatement. No one knew that better than Mort Harrison, and yet a girl once made him so mad that he forgot the view and the force of gravity and established a record. In a brilliant story T. Morris Longstreth tells you about it.

BY WAY of contrast, we provide you with a vivid picture of surf-riding, guitar-playing and the other diversions offered by Hawaii in an article by Jim Marshall.

PHILIP THAYER'S problem was how to appear brave though terrified—a difficult business when the girl you're trying to impress doesn't know what fear is and the country you are in is Mexico. Philip solved it brilliantly by employing "The Governor's Method," as described by Gregorio Somers.

FURTHER enlightenment and diversion are supplied by Jacland Marmur, Dr. Victor G. Heiser, Edward Shenton, Micheline Keating, Ernest Haycox, Henry F. Pringle, Faith Baldwin, Freling Foster and others. And only one week to wait.

This Week

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January 9, 1937

Cover by Ralph E. Entwistle

W. B. COURTNEY
You Fly the Atlantic. All aboard for London, Paris and Berlin! Page 7

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
Mansion in the Sky. Shipwreck—with extenuating circumstances. Page 10

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
The Starry Flag. Romance in war-torn China. Page 12

WILLIAM MacHARG
New Shoes. Give O'Malley an inch and he'll bring you a criminal. Page 14

JANET LANE
Smooth Going. Oh say, can you ski? Page 15

EDMUND WARE
Riverman's Daughter. But never a riverman's wife. Page 16

ERNEST HAYCOX
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FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Scraps of knowledge. Page 20

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Without Mirrors or Wires. Magician with a cue—Charley Peterson. Page 21

FAITH BALDWIN
The Heart Has Wings, Part X. Head winds. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Gentleman of the Old School, by David Partridge. Page 25

GEORGE CREEL
Goose Killers. Too many headlines. Page 26

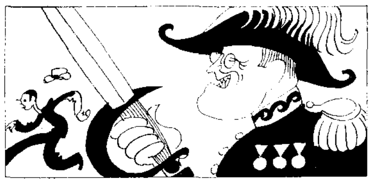
KYLE CRICHTON
Hollywood Scoop. Jeanne Madden, born to sing. Page 30

EDITORIAL
Test of Merit. Page 54

●

Any Week

PERHAPS it is just as well that certain facts have been kept from Mr. William Z. Van Horst of Flint, Michigan. If he knew, for example, that the Constitution confers upon the President the title and powers of Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy, his indignation might know no bounds. "Are we," demands Mr. Van Horst, "to be silent while the President, without warrant, makes his son a lieutenant colonel of Marines? Not I, for one. The next step will be to create himself commander of all our armed forces. The rest is clear to even the feeblest imaginations. With the Army and the Navy under his thumb we shall have dictatorship at the point of the bayonet."



AND we have weakly thought that all the furor about possible dictatorshiping had petered out with the election. We discover, to the contrary, that the hue and cry raised by Mr. Landon's alleged friends against dictatorship was, like everything else, turned to Mr. Roosevelt's profit. "I voted for Mr. Roosevelt hoping he would dictate," says Mrs. Caroline H. Jonewall of Huntington, West Virginia. "With all the assorted nuts rolling around on both sides of the political arena, it's time someone took charge. Neither the American home nor the American nation is safe unless someone in the home and in the government is boss and can prove it."

BUT all that's not nearly as important to us as letters like this one from Miss Leta Ann Coon of Plattsburg, New York. Asks she: "Do you publish any good, entertaining magazines? If so, send me a sample."

"IF," says Mr. W. H. Hartzell of St. Louis, Missouri, back from three months in Europe, "we Americans permit ourselves in any emergency to get drawn into that racketeering war that Hitler and Mussolini are trying to start in Europe we deserve all the bad luck which will surely be ours. Hitler's and Mussolini's only salvation is war. They aim to do the talking and the gesticulating but the common saps will do the dying. If we Americans have to do any dying let's do it on Main Street, for Main Street, and not to preserve the rackets of a Berlin sadist and a Roman egocentric. Or am I just a narrow-minded hick?"

AFTER a pretty painstaking survey of the new Congress, Mr. Allan Good Fletcher of Washington, D. C., reports that it is not to be a rubber-stamp Congress at all. "This one is going to be much more modern," he says. "All the President will have to do with this Senate and House is to feed them his ideas and *Aye* will appear thereon automatically."

HOWEVER, according to Mrs. L. T. Crossmor of Muncie, Indiana, nothing we've seen yet will quite approximate the furor which would ensue "if the same crowd which insisted upon publicity on income-tax returns makes public the returns the people are making for social-security benefits. Some of the swellest lying this world has ever seen is being done on those security blanks. But it's nothing compared with the lying that we did before, especially the women-folks."

WE SEEM to please Captain Ellison Ferrisher of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. "Last Sunday," says the captain, "I had to go to church but sat in the gallery anyway. Seeing something sticking out from under the cushion, I found it was your magazine. I read it right through the collection and sermon and finished it at home after dinner. But I don't suppose a fellow would have luck like that more than once, so from now on I'll buy it."

SOME weeks ago Mr. Joseph A. Nimms of St. Paul, Minnesota, wrote to a mail-order house. All Mr. Nimms wanted to know was whether the firm or the railroad or the insurance company would be responsible *if*, after having ordered a stove, the stove became lost or the order went astray. The query was merely academic—Mr. Nimms not requiring a stove. A tidal wave of letters, vouchers, questionnaires, way bills, duplicate bills of lading and catalogues resulted, Mr. Nimms being caught in the storm, replying and protesting as best he could. But nothing could stop the fury of the machinery he had innocently set in motion. Today, he assures us, he has three large boxes full of correspondence, seven catalogues, four affidavits, a nervous breakdown *and* a stove. "And," cries Mr. Nimms, "all I asked for was information."

GOT that, too.

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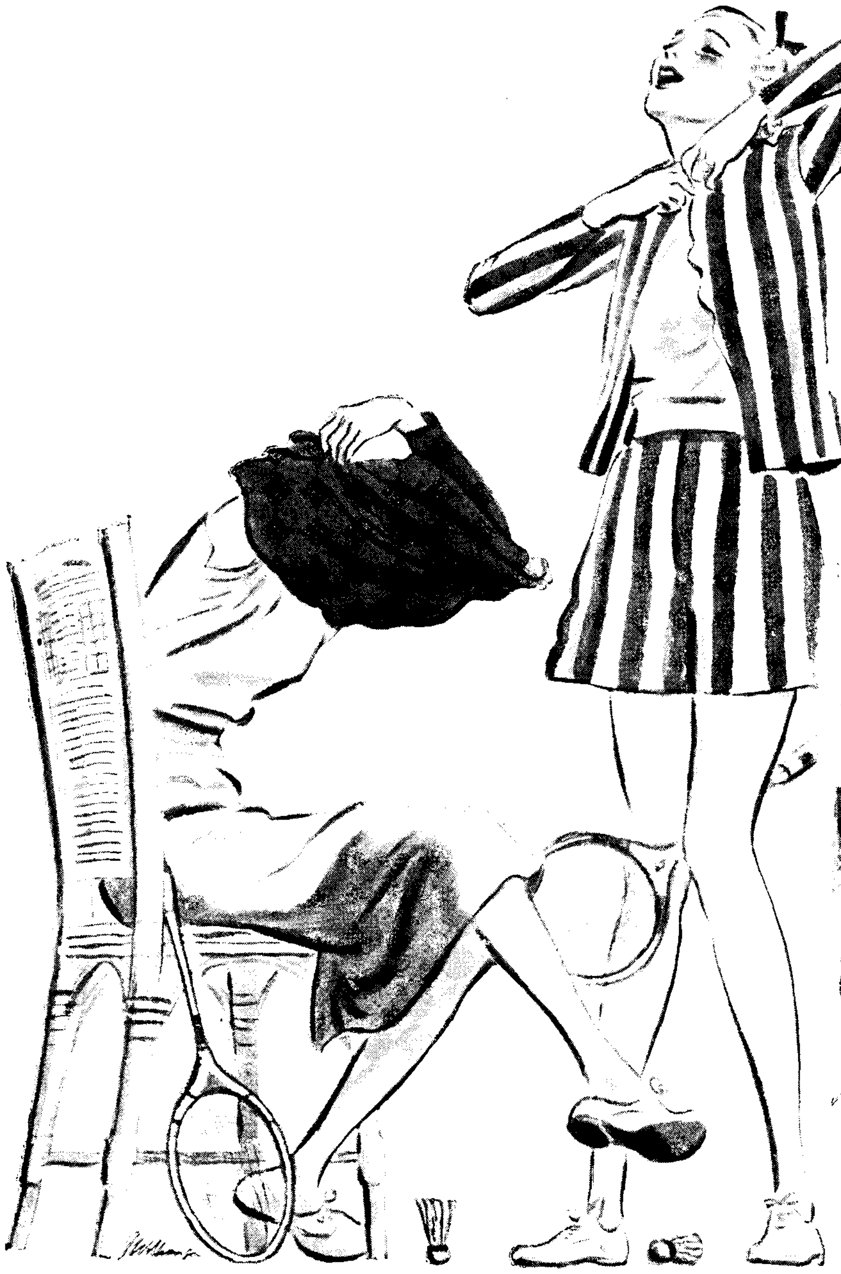
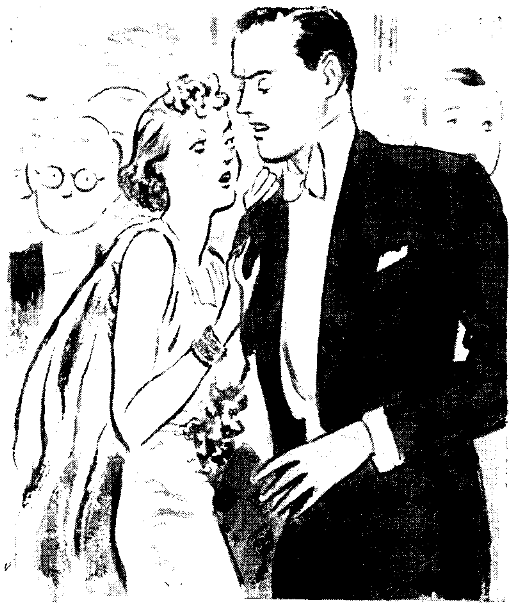
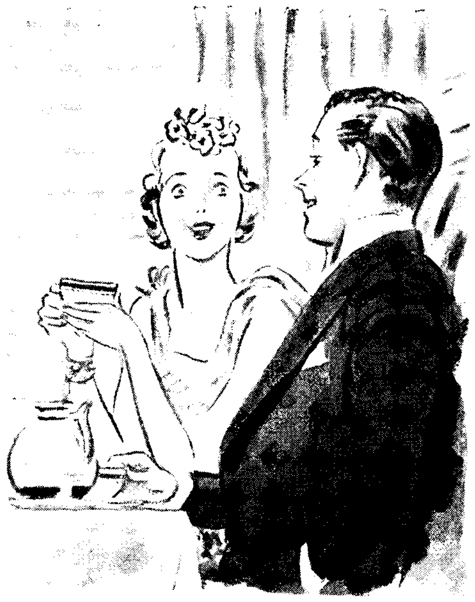
"On account of I'm mad about the Boy!"



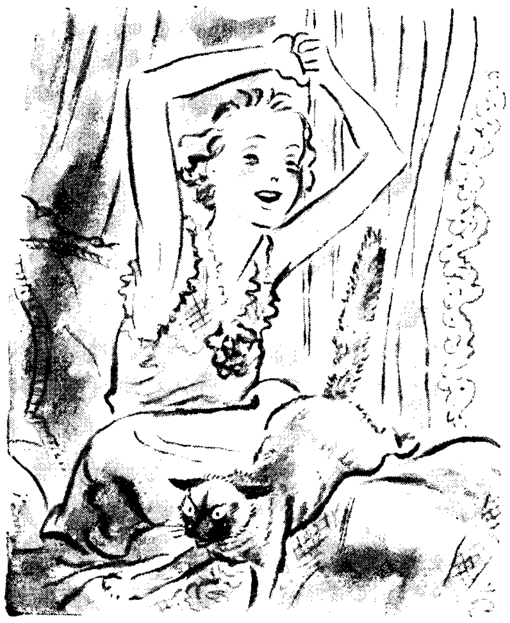
1. Darling, the whole terrific business started at Liz's coming out. I was struggling around the floor with Potty Van Why when this Lane lad cut right in to the rescue. Terribly tall, divine in tails, and a Way with him!



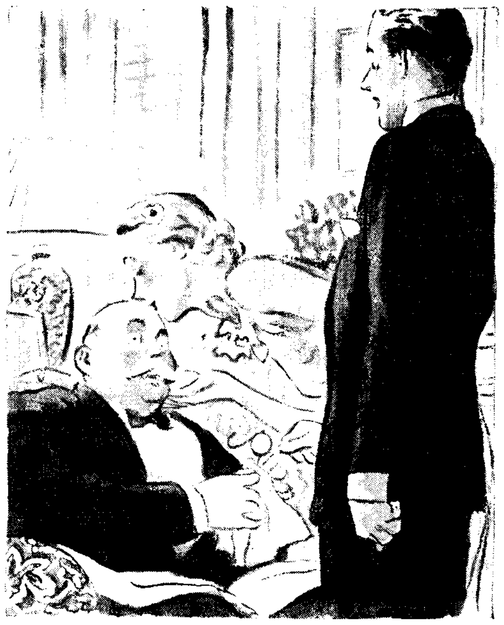
2. "It's a foul party," said he, "let's whip over to the Heron Club and talk about Life over scrambled eggs and a dish of coffee." "Mr. L.," said I, "you can't ply *this* gal with coffee—I love the stuff but it ruins my beauty sleep."



3. But before I could say Miss Finchley's School for Girls, he had me at a table for two. "You'll drink Sanka Coffee," he said. "They take the caffein out, my Pretty—it can't keep you awake." So I downed *cups* of it and was it *divine!*



4. And would you believe it, I crawled into my little bed at dawn and slept like a sub-deb till 3 P. M.! *There's* a chap who knows how to take care of a girl, thought I, when I woke up all fresh and dewy...I'll be seeing more of this Lane.



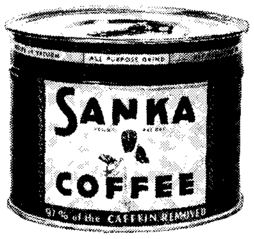
5. And darling, we've been tearing around together ever since. Papa's come through with his blessing, on account of I'm mad about the boy! Isn't it too marvelous for words—the way my Big Romance was practically *founded* on Sanka Coffee!

SANKA COFFEE is *real* coffee—97% caffein-free.

So...even if you are one of those people who can't hit it off with caffein, you can still revel in coffee's rich, soul-satisfying goodness. For you can drink Sanka Coffee all around the clock—with no fear of regret.

Make Sanka Coffee good and strong, the way all fine coffee should be made. Use a heaping tablespoonful of Sanka for each cup—as much as the spoon will hold. And if you perk it, give it a few extra minutes "on the fire."

Sanka Coffee is now selling at the lowest price in history! It is a General Foods Product.



Hear Helen Hayes, America's most captivating dramatic actress, in "Bambi," NBC Blue Network, every Monday night. See your paper for time and station.

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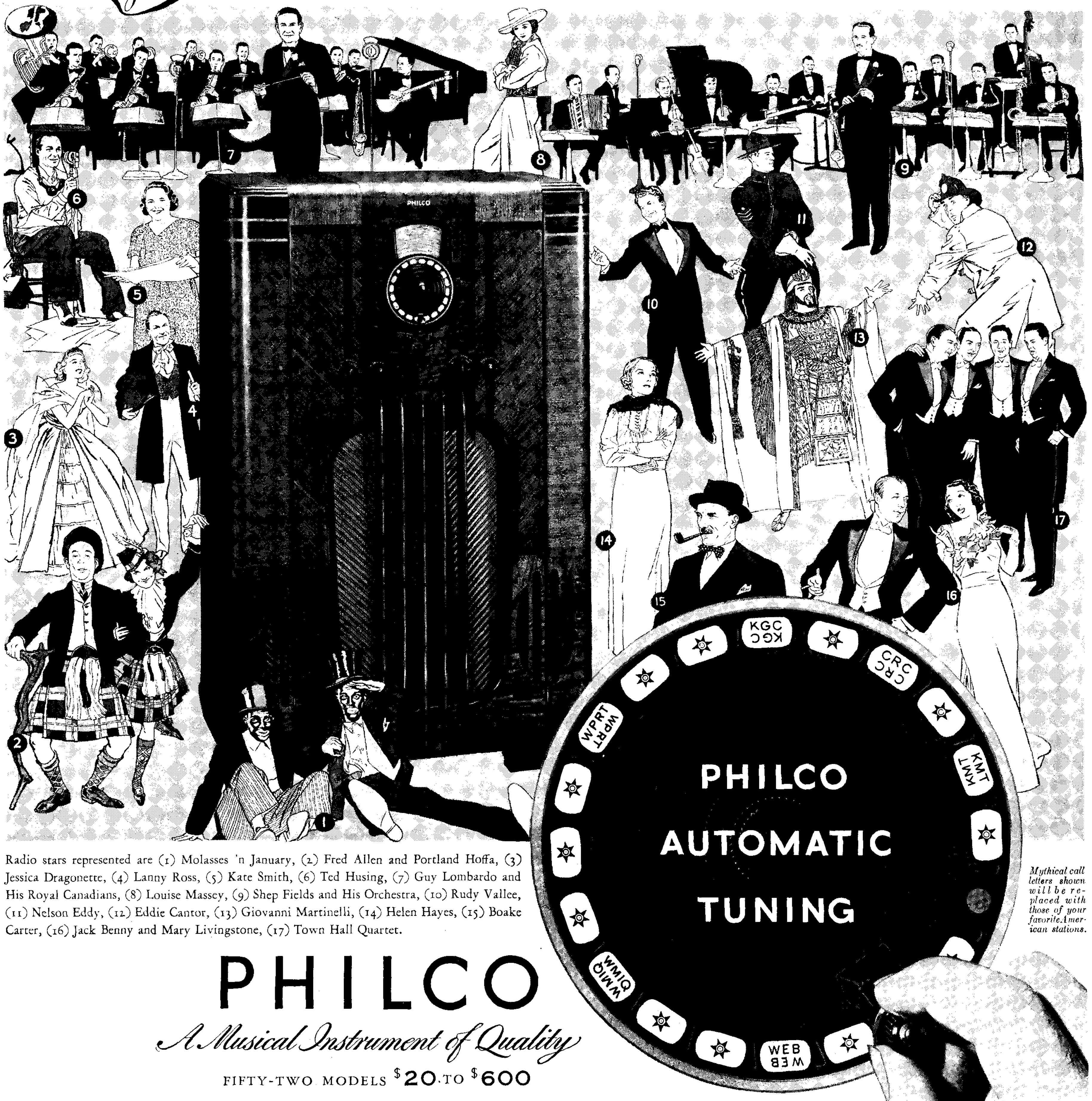
New Year's Greetings from Radio's Stars

Let PHILCO *bring the greetings* of the radio artists of the world! Not just at New Year's . . . but all the year 'round. From the great British stations at Daventry . . . from powerful European transmitters . . . from our Latin-American neighbors to the South . . . from nearby Canada and faraway Australia. And most important from the stars who brighten our own networks . . . and make American broadcasting the treasure-house of entertainment and enlightenment that it is! And for the easiest tuning of any year . . . tune your favorite American stations with Philco Automatic Tuning. Twirl the dial just once . . . and "*Click . . . there's your station!*"



Radio stars represented are (1) Molasses 'n January, (2) Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa, (3) Jessica Dragonette, (4) Lanny Ross, (5) Kate Smith, (6) Ted Husing, (7) Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians, (8) Louise Massey, (9) Shep Fields and His Orchestra, (10) Rudy Vallee, (11) Nelson Eddy, (12) Eddie Cantor, (13) Giovanni Martinelli, (14) Helen Hayes, (15) Boake Carter, (16) Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, (17) Town Hall Quartet.

Mythical call letters shown will be replaced with those of your favorite American stations.

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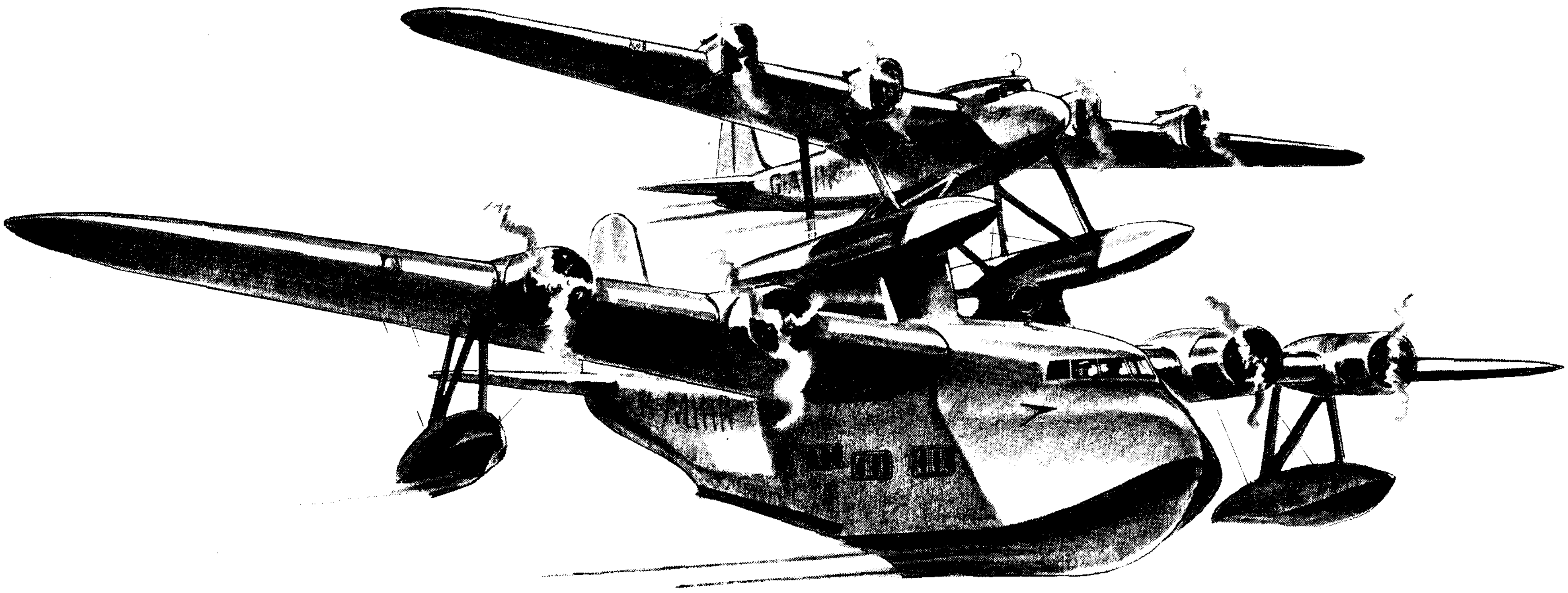
Collier's

The National Weekly for January 9, 1937



CLAYTON KNIGHT

Combined power enables these flying boats to take off; the upper one with sufficient fuel to carry a big mail load nonstop across the Atlantic. Once aloft, they separate

You Fly the Atlantic

By W. B. Courtney

Leave London at four in the afternoon and get to Newfoundland at four the same afternoon. That's just one of the possibilities opened up by the transatlantic service about to be inaugurated. Here Collier's flying reporter explains what the most important over-water route in the world will mean to us

NOT that Rochester, England, is a backward town.

Gracious, no; although you might gain that idea from its picture-book streets, which meander narrowly and are lined with shop windows of small leaded panes. (Sometimes you have to press into an old wood doorway to avoid a bicyclist who, like as not, smokes a pipe as he rides one-handed over the cobbles.) Or, you might believe Rochester is out of modern things if you wander on the quays along the Thames estuary, where old men sit and watch the masts of red-sailed fishing craft write gently on the evening sky. Yet the daily lives of these men are with ships inbound to London or Tilbury docks from all the world. And these gabled houses were prey for Zeppelins and Gothas in the Great War air raids over England. Rochester is quaint against her lovely Kentish background, but not old-fashioned; she has always been on the main street of English history.

The rub seems to be merely that Rochester believes you can go a bit too far.

The waitress in the old Bull Tavern was frank; once she got over her suspicions of me because I could not face the regular English luncheon of herring, soup, fried Dover sole, mutton cutlets, savory, suet pudding and fruit, but held out, instead, for a plain omelet. She had a sharp face; and a collar so high and starched you were afraid she would decapitate herself if she did not quit bobbing her head to punctuate her sentences.

Fancy, Constables on Motorcycles!

She took her stand under a portrait of "Chinese" Gordon and declared: "Now I'm what you might call air-minded. You can't help it, can't help a bit of pride, if you live here where the things are made; although I always do say, let's take our achievements as they come, let's take our leadership for granted, no boasting. That's the good old British way, isn't it? Moreover, I'm not prejudiced, really, because some Americans seem to be quite decent, after you get so you can understand their talk.

"So, if you ask me, or anybody else in Rochester, it was a bit thick of those Imperial Airways people to come down here to launch the first new Empire Flying Boat in the way that Americans bury a gangster!

"You know, a motorcycle police escort! Sirens and flags and cars with people standing on the outsides and a great lot of vulgar pressmen from London; with segars and the airs of blinkin' aldermen—and the *constables on motorcycles!*—"

You escape from the Bull dining room, and go down to the Short Brothers plant to see the new planes which are being groomed to carry you and your mails over the Atlantic Ocean. Every day the wharves hard by are crowded with interested citizens; waiting patiently, sometimes interminably, for a proud glimpse of the "Canopus," or the "Caledonia." When you talk to the guard at the gates, and are permitted through, you are regarded with real envy. History is being made in Rochester; of vital importance to us in the United States, as well as to the English.

Future chroniclers of transportation history will doubtless mark 1936 as third of the greatest and most significant Atlantic years. The first, 1607, when the *Susan Constant*, the *Goodspeed* and the *Discovery* crossed to Virginia with the first successful permanent colonists; the second, 1819, when the *Savannah* confounded those who said steamboats could not make the Atlantic passage. Now, in her first season, the Hindenburg carried ten times as many passengers as the Mayflower did in 1620; and, unless a snarl turns up in the present outlook, *you should be able to fly to Bermuda for* your winter vacation very soon.

Travelers, not professional flyers, have journeyed more or less around the earth—not yet entirely by regularly scheduled aircraft, there for all who can pay; that service is a year or two off. In the network of air lines which has been slowly girdling our planet, the North Atlantic is the greatest, most lucrative, most important possible link. You might reasonably have expected it to be the first to be knit instead of the last. It is the blue-ribbon route of trade, diplomacy and society. Why has its shackling been put off? Have technical difficulties intervened? Surely the Pacific, now dangling from the belt of American commercial aviation, is no less arduous. Moreover, where does the United States fit into the Atlantic picture? We have boasted of our leadership in world aviation; our planes and motors fly the farthest lines of other empires; but we do not seem to have a single "first"—most coveted word to striving Americans—on the Atlantic, except for Lindbergh's solo flight. Others had crossed the Atlantic by air before he made the journey alone.

An International Dime Novel

Back in 1930 American research extended to the Atlantic sky routes; American equipment and pilots and enterprise seemed ready. Now, six years later, Germany has beaten us and England is on the point of taking second honors—first, as a matter of fact, in the practical heavier-than-air phase. What has become of our representatives in commercial aviation's juiciest race? Where are the men who, for years, *gained experience and practice for the* greater ocean down in the Caribbean—the so-called "Atlantic Laboratory?" The answers have the qualities of an international dime novel.

The commercial air conquest of the Atlantic is a jigsaw puzzle, among whose scattered and ill-assorted fragments the great nations have been stodgily poking for years. Then, when the Hindenburg stole the show, they flung the pieces together swiftly; almost as if by magic the whole picture has taken outline. Fierce national prides are there, naked; jealousies and intrigues. Roots in Abyssinia, in Manchuria. Interests as far apart as Siberia and South Africa. The fears of races and nations; and questions of military power and defense, always paramount in this unconciliatory world. These considerations and more—smoldering ever since Bleriot in 1910 flew across the English Channel and innocently slew isolationism as an effective defense policy—crested this year upon the Atlantic, in the news behind the news.

November, 1918, found England's imperial policies, still predicated on command of the ocean surfaces, dictated by cutlass admirals and guard-mount generals. The foresight of a small but valiant band of airmen, who saw the handwriting in the skies left by the exhaust of Bleriot's plane, stirred up enough interest so that, in 1919, an air line to Paris was established with converted planes.

Many factors eventually prodded official indifference. The example of the growth in speed of American plane services—admittedly, with fewer extraneous problems and with far different economic values, including greater practical governmental aid and more generous subsidies. The adoption of these new swift American ships by competing European lines, which made the British schedules, in places, read like old ferry-boat tables and which enabled the Dutch, on their paralleling line to the East, to lop four days from their tables. The long-distance "empire" flights of people like Kingsford-Smith and the Mollisons demonstrated the possibilities of shrinking the empire—so loosely knit by the seven seas—into a cohesive military and commercial family. Then, Italy.

Italy Says No to England

Italy lies athwart the British empire air routes—as those are based on modern plane ranges, speeds, and capacities. She allowed KLM, the Dutch empire line, to fly across her, Holland being a negligible power factor in Europe and not a potential opponent, and her air lines serving points at their ends, rather than vast Crown territory all along their courses, as the British do. To England, Italy said no. Imperial Airways, therefore, had to entrain its through passengers from Switzerland, or elsewhere in the north, to Brindisi, the Italian Adriatic port, where facilities were permitted grudgingly, partly so that check might be kept on British equipment development and partly in order that Greece would not get the measure of local trade involved. Proof of the threat of this break in the Empire air lines came at the beginning of the dispute over Ethiopia, when an Imperial flying boat was sabotaged in Brindisi harbor—an incident that got adequate publicity in Whitehall offices although it was generally overlooked in the other exciting major news of the time. Most of those factors and events had bearing when England recently announced the most *important decision that any large power* has made with reference to commercial aviation: the "Empire Air-Mail Scheme," whereby from 1937 onward all first-class mail within the empire is to be carried by air, and great help given to operators for the development of equipment proper in size, capacity and speed. Mighty England's sea-command policy has been translated into the air; her motive is *that, with her resources and money, she* can outbuild any combination of enemies and either prove to them how ruinous armament races are or smash them down by overwhelming numbers if force is substituted for reason. Her factories are singing night and day; you can't buy a commercial plane; some of her minor lines have begun to shop in the United States; the Short Brothers plant in Rochester was given special dispensation to proceed with the Imperial Airways contract because of the importance of the commercial phase of co-operation with the United States, and of fostering good will among the English-speaking peoples. But that is two other stories—the point of the moment is that England, the trader, is speeding the day when you can fly the Atlantic, because this link has taken on its full value in the empire air chain.

England's rule of the Atlantic will be beneficent, from our point of view; and for obvious reasons of her vital self-interest. But why have not our own expectations and promises of six years ago borne fruit?

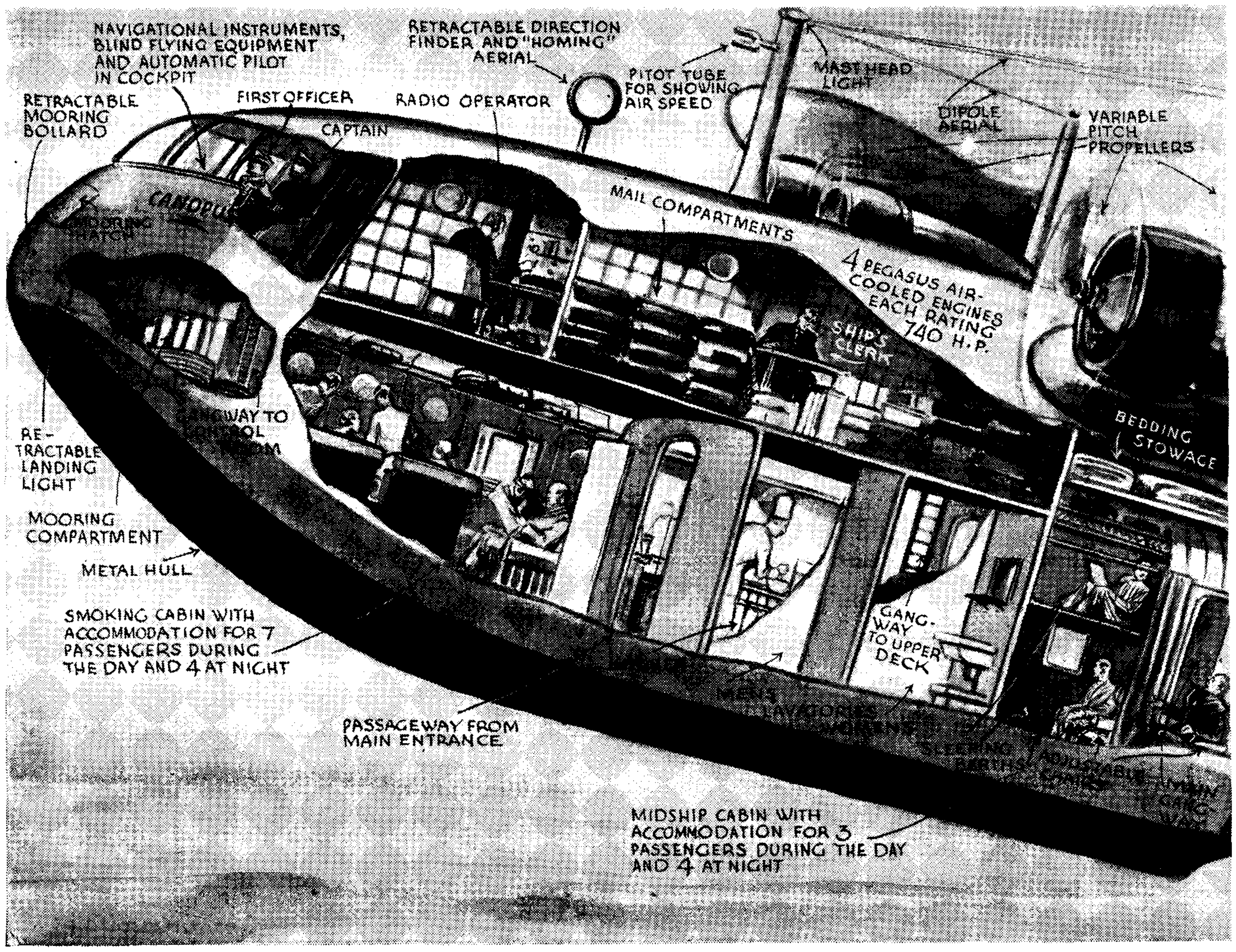
Meanwhile the New Deal's cancellation of the domestic air-mail contracts upset the progress of American commercial flying. The blows fell on technicians, inventors, pilots, and on the unoffending rank and file as well as on the chiselers. There was confusion and discouragement, from which American enterprise has made its unaided recovery. Worse details, though not so well publicized, were: disorganization of the Air Commerce Bureau of the Department of Commerce; breakdown of the efficiency of government aids to safe flying; demoralization of the field personnel; the confounding of destruction and criticism; all faith suffocated; and the failure to place in Washington a man, a single purpose, or a steadfast policy to assure our place in the world race.

England and virtually every other great nation realized the immense prospects of international commercial flying, and have put their aviation houses in order. Each has a definite national aviation program. Outstanding authorities *on the subject were drafted in Berlin,* Rome, London—not politicians, but devoted minds.

"The Empire Air-Mail Scheme," an English official said, "insures to the empire a similar place in air transport as has been in the past enjoyed in the marine world." Britannia ruled the waves; now she has the courage and enterprise to seek to rule the clouds. But the United States officially has no "schemes," no definite visions of our place in the air world. Consequently, America's history in the growth of international transportation seems about to be repeated. Once United States clipper ships held graceful dominion over the sea-trade routes. American steamboats first conquered the Atlantic. Lack of a national merchant marine policy, of peaceful governmental aggression, cut the advantage down; ever since our merchant shipping has fiddled away in the background. In modern years "Clipper" ships of the air have pioneered and dared and led above the oceans, with second place the best reward in sight at this moment.

National-Defense Masterminding

When the air-mail cancellation orgy was in loudest cry, impartial bystanders noticed that one firm—Pan American Airways—was not attacked. Various reasons for this immunity were put forward; some mere scandalmongering, others pure fantasy. The most likely was intercession by the State and Navy Departments. The former, because it sought better general relations for us with South America. To have our down-under pals believe the United States' commercial aviation representative in their lands—always engaged in a back-slitting rivalry with Europeans—was even suspected in its home precincts would not be smart. The Navy Department, because of its national-defense masterminding. Besides, both depart-


NAVIGATIONAL INSTRUMENTS, BLIND FLYING EQUIPMENT AND AUTOMATIC PILOT IN COCKPIT
RETRACTABLE DIRECTION FINDER AND "HOMING" AERIAL
PITOT TUBE FOR SHOWING AIR SPEED
MAST HEAD LIGHT
RETRACTABLE MOORING BOLLARD
FIRST OFFICER
RADIO OPERATOR
CAPTAIN
DIPOLE AERIAL
VARIABLE PITCH PROPELLERS
CANOPUS
MOORING HATCH
MAIL COMPARTMENTS
4 PEGASUS AIR-COOLED ENGINES EACH RATING 740 H.P.
SHIP'S CLERK
GANGWAY TO CONTROL ROOM
RE-TRACTABLE LANDING LIGHT
BEDDING STOWAGE
MOORING COMPARTMENT
METAL HULL
SMOKING CABIN WITH ACCOMMODATION FOR 7 PASSENGERS DURING THE DAY AND 4 AT NIGHT
GANG-WAY TO UPPER DECK
LAVATORIES
PASSAGEWAY FROM MAIN ENTRANCE
MIDSHIP CABIN WITH ACCOMMODATION FOR 3 PASSENGERS DURING THE DAY AND 4 AT NIGHT

The Canopus, one of the Empire Flying Boats, twenty-eight of which are being built for Imperial Airways

ments had something up their sleeves—the Pacific.

Pan American, equipped and eager for at least experimental beginnings over the Atlantic, which could have forced the hand of the British on agreements and necessary permits, turned aside and flew the Pacific.

Washington's part in this decision was undoubtedly important. Our State Department was then engaged in violent nonrecognition of Japan's land seizures, and wanted to have the moral effect of a line across her mandated islands and connecting with the English, coming on from the East. Our admirals urged the Pacific airway for military reasons; although these must remain obscure to laymen. The idea seems to be that with England building in Singapore the world's most powerful air-force base, with the United States Army and Navy building and planning hot things for Alaska and the Aleutians, and with the Russians turning Vladivostok into a veritable fortress of submarine and plane bases and making Siberia an armed camp, Japan would be checkmated.

Japan, meantime, was busily constructing a network of her own over her islands—a zone 1,300 nautical miles south and north in the western Pacific, and more than 2,700 miles east and west —which she administers by mandate from the League of Nations.

Washington's part in Pan American's abandonment of the Atlantic in favor of the Pacific seems more reasonable when you consider how little commercial justification there is for an expensive air-mail line from America to Asia. Aviation's differential in carriage costs is appalling; it has been estimated that a steamship requires only one horsepower to move a ton and a half, while the plane requires one horsepower for every 14 pounds it hauls. The savings in time for mail, goods and passengers must be great therefore; and the service must be over the most active channels if aviation is to be profitable, or even commercially justifiable on future promises. The great years of American commerce with the Orient are in the past, in the belief of most economists; although some businessmen, still in the oil-for-the-lamps-of-China and beads-for-tea days, saw aviation reasserting Yankee supremacy in China. Philippine independence, Japanese industrial competition, the unstemmable tide of Japanese imperialism, among obvious factors, are closing the Chinese door forever. If we desire business expansion in China we must confront Japan; so must Britain. That is the most visible nose on the world face today. Here is nothing that can be settled by treaty; Japan's needs are too urgent.

Current European Stupidities

The current European stupidities—"crises," in diplomatic language—were not in the headline forecasts three years ago; they have brought our statesmen and our militarists scuttling back to the Eastern seaboard. And our businessmen, attentive to orders that are directly attributable to the war scare, have become once more aware that three letters are sent from the United States across the Atlantic for every one that leaves here to bridge the Pacific; and five pounds of Atlantic parcel post for every one pound on the Pacific. Express and freight and inbound mail from abroad move in a ratio even more to the advantage of the Atlantic.

Pan American's Pacific achievements have been splendid; and the gains thus made by American courage and enterprise should be retained and nourished to the limits warranted. If it is allowed to languish, or if further progress is not encouraged, we may have two mistakes on our hands. Pan American took on the job with admirable and businesslike caution. Flight conditions, winter and summer, are quite as varied and vicious on the Pacific as upon the Atlantic. Pan American flew half a million miles experimentally, through all four seasons, and built her bases down to the last toothbrush holder, before it carried a passenger. The Post Office Department pays for a weekly service two dollars a mile, flat rate, up to 800 pounds; after that, extra pay on a sliding scale.

It became known, in the aviation bureaus of all major countries, some time ago that Germany was not fooling in her plan to schedule the North Atlantic for passengers in the summer of 1936 with her newest dirigible as she had been flying the less turbulent air lanes of the South Atlantic for years with unblemished safety. This not only revived the old, old controversy between the lighter- and the heavier-than-air people; it caused the airplane proponents to pull up their suspenders and really set out to run. The Hindenburg won first blood, and gallantly. It does not detract from her accomplishments, nor add to ours, to observe plaintively that we *could* have been first, if we had an intelligent national policy, and some astuteness and backbone in Washington.

If Pan American was truly ready to fly the Atlantic several years ago, why did it not just load up its planes and hop them on their way? In fairness, it must be pointed out there were diplomatic and legal delays as well as technical.

Modern statesmen believe they are wiser than our forebears who came—with some blood letting—to a more or less tolerant understanding about the seas being anybody's highway. There is no freedom of the air equivalent to the traditional freedom of the seas. Planes crossing international frontiers keep to strictly defined lanes, else they would be forced down—perhaps shot down—and impounded. The nations have reserved to themselves the right to say who shall fly to their shores, or across their lands.

Our Air Commerce of 1926 seemed affable enough, when it touched on privileges to be accorded to foreign airmen and lines; you dim your headlights and I'll dim mine. The element of priority in such a policy is not insurmountable to intelligent negotiators. Through the years private individuals of interested companies on both sides of the Atlantic have placed blame for the lack of progress on the other fellow; each one involved has scoffed at the readiness claims of every other one involved. In 1930 Pan American got as far as an agreement with Newfoundland. That was the time. Pressure from Washington, practical demonstrations of American operations, and Whitehall might have had to speed up or face embarrassment.

The North Atlantic confers enormous prestige upon its leader. It is not only for local patronage that the Rex, the Europa, the Normandie and the Queen Mary have been racing in late years; the country which holds the speed pennant between New York and Europe wields an influence over all the seven seas, helps its obscure tramps in the remotest ports to get cargoes. All commercial air-transport operators know that the kingbird of the North Atlantic similarly will rule the commercial air network of the earth. England controls the key points for North Atlantic plane routes; Newfoundland, Bermuda, Ireland.

Long ago Imperial Airways recognized in Pan American a useful association, and smartly concluded agreements for joint operations; this stayed the Americans. Now the empire motives and policy are present and you have seen the proper ships flying out of Rochester, in Kent. Between Pan American and Imperial Airways there remain no wrinkles that a brief conference, faced by a deadline, cannot iron down. Between England and the United States, as governments, "negotiations are proceeding," as they say in Geneva; at this writing the final signature is not on paper.

When Washington Woke Up

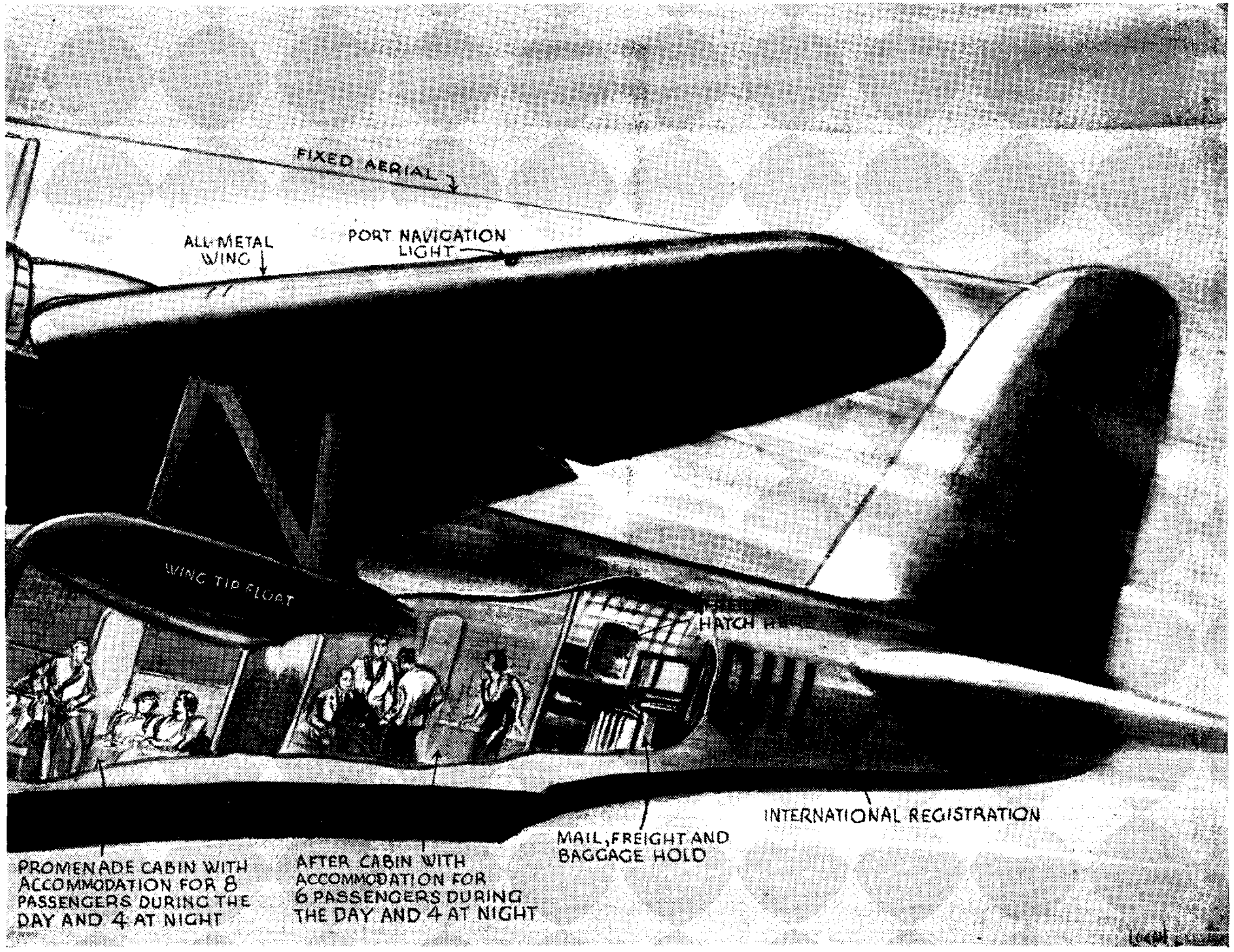
Summer before last, Washington had a burst of awareness, the difficulties of Pan American in South America and in the Orient and the widespread aviation conditions among the European nations being observed. The White House set up an Interdepartmental Committee on Civil International Aviation; with State, Treasury, Post Office and Commerce Department representation. The committee invited interested American firms, and foreign governments, to come in and talk things over. British, Irish and Canadian Aviation missions descended upon Washington; and this was the first intimation to you and to me that the Atlantic service we have been awaiting was in sight. After a week of parleying, one of those governmental prophecies of the obvious was made public: transatlantic airways would soon be established. Less definite word came out of the later meetings with German and French missions, although in each case the right to carry on experimental flights, in 1936, was granted, based on reciprocity.

But the situation has been clarified. The Germans had beaten the gun twice; first with the Hindenburg, second with the precise demonstrations of their two catapult airplanes, back and forth between the Azores and the American mainland. Pan American had for years confidentially been working up a base for ocean service at Port Washington, New York. The forthright Germans flew smack in there, utilizing the radio and other facilities, and exposed the canny preparedness. But they also gave away, unwittingly, that if transatlantic air service was imminent, not they but the Americans and British would render it.

England's North Atlantic plans are neither essentially based upon American participation nor use of the Azores. The schemes for the empire have grown beyond original agreements for joint participation with Pan American; but they have served notice they will be faithful. England does not particularly count upon passengers, in the beginning; but the American conception is for evenly divided emphasis. This American theory, tapping in New York the world's greatest passenger depot, may carry dominant influence in the setup; at any rate,

(*Continued on page 39*)

LOGAN U. REAVIS


FIXED AERIAL
ALL-METAL WING
PORT NAVIGATION LIGHT
WING TIP FLOAT
HATCH
INTERNATIONAL REGISTRATION
MAIL, FREIGHT AND BAGGAGE HOLD
PROMENADE CABIN WITH ACCOMMODATION FOR 8 PASSENGERS DURING THE DAY AND 4 AT NIGHT
AFTER CABIN WITH ACCOMMODATION FOR 6 PASSENGERS DURING THE DAY AND 4 AT NIGHT

Mansion in the Sky

By Gouverneur Morris

The high standard of living on a desert island as evolved by Able Seaman Brown and Miss Hazel Collup, the type who make shipwreck a pleasure

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

WHAT became of the other lifeboat is not germane to this story. Number 4, while being lowered toward a raging swirl of water, broke loose at one end and spilled most of the persons assigned to her into the sea. For a few moments she swung by the end that was still fast to the davits and banged against the iron side of the sinking ship, while five men and one woman, demented with fright, clung desperately to seats and to each other and managed not to fall out.

During these few seconds those who had already fallen out, with one exception, were swept beyond hope of rescue. Then the rotten rope by which Number 4 was still threaded to the ship parted, she smacked into the sea at a steep diving angle, shipped some hundred-weight of water, righted herself and, a strong wind moving her faster than the greater and partially submerged mother vessel could be moved, was soon beyond any danger of collision. But the five men and the woman still clung despairingly to their holds and did not lift their heads. In the fog and darkness there was little for them to see if they had.

Number 4 tossed and rolled and traveled in a general if not a particular direction. She wanted a guiding hand.

That hand, brown, wet and powerful, now appeared clinging to the starboard gunwale. Then the other hand that went with it appeared and clung and, a few moments later, the owner of the hands, an able seaman named Brown, heaved himself into the boat.

The hands belonging to Brown, able seaman, seemed to have eyes in them. They sought and found, first, an oar with which to steer, and then the small mast and sail with which Number 4 was equipped. They stepped the former, hoisted the latter and made sail.

If Able Seaman Brown had eyes in his hands, he also had eyes in his head. With them he counted and appraised his companions, and came to the conclusion that, with perhaps one exception, they could best be utilized as ballast.

IN a clear, well-modulated voice he ordered them to shift their weights to starboard.

The woman was the first to gather his meaning. She moved to windward and clung. Able Seaman Brown perceived that she was a very young woman and, her clothes clinging to her in sopping wet revealment, he perceived also that she had, to his fancy at least, an A-1 build.

The combined weights of the six emigrants, for that was the status of Brown's companions, was no more than nine hundred pounds, but shifted to windward it enabled him to drive his ship a little harder and make better time.

By daylight, the wind and sea having both moderated, Brown put the males of the party to bailing and ridding Number 4 of the weight of water which sloshed about in her. Soft-handed and inept, they made slow and painful work of it. And it is doubtful if they would ever have got the little vessel clear if Brown had not convinced them that their lives depended on it.

His eyes scanned a blank horizon and the luff of the sail, and at moments appraised the young woman and concluded that, to his fancy, she had not only an A-1 body, but a face to match.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

"Shivery."

"The sun's coming up. Turn your back to it and you'll soon be warm."

After the quarter turn she was more directly faced toward him.

"Are we—all right?" she asked.

"Up to date. But I'm shorthanded."

"I'll do anything I can to help, if you'll just tell me."

"*You* will, of course," he said, knowing perfectly well how to make women like him, "but those won't."

He spat over the side and added the contemptuous sea word, "Swabs!"

THE five swabs were: two discontented slack-mouthed brothers named Andrews, who had been trained to turnips and believed rosily that by moving to Australia their unrecognized talents would be good for a fortune in sheep. Slaughter, who was, or claimed to be, an expert accountant and who, thanks to a small bequest, had been heading, at the time of the late disaster, for the gold fields of New Guinea, was a stoop-shouldered, Adam's-apple type who wouldn't have made a good bite for half a dozen hungry Papuans. He inclined to be a gentleman, and stopped right there. Parsons, the oldest of the lot, was perhaps forty, and fattish in spite of the fact that he hadn't stopped being seasick since the beginning of the voyage. And last there was Winship, a powerful man in the prime of life. His appetites would never be sated and he had a shifty eye.

It was this one who on the second day, tired of being ordered about, rose to his feet and suggested in a belligerent tone that it was high time for the lot of them to select from among them a captain—or leader.

Able Seaman Brown, to whom all owed their lives, and who had stuck to the steering oar for twenty-eight straight hours, suddenly jibed his ship, so that the boom, slashing wildly from port full to starboard, came within an ace of knocking the politician overboard.

Winship had been knocked hard against the thwart but not over it. He sat in the bilge, nursing a bruised head from which blood ran.

Once more Able Seaman Brown jibed. But this time with seamanship. And, once more upon the broad starboard tack, he delivered himself of a few frank statements.

"If that boom had caught you square, my lad," he said, "you'd have been knocked overboard. In this wind and sea, I couldn't have picked you up—unless I'd wanted to. Now mark my words. There's already been a selection of a captain—or leader. It is what is called a natural selection. And I'm it. Maybe if we ever get to land, and it's dead ahead, things will be different. But out here there's only one kind of law. And that's the law of a man named Brown, an able seaman."

His eyes sought and found those of the young woman.

"Brown," he repeated in a quieter voice. "Brown, able seaman. Brown and —who else?"

The name of the young woman was Hazel Collup. In the eyes of Brown she was a most alluring female. And she would have been at least a little alluring in the eyes of any young red-blooded man. Her mental processes were simple and straightforward, which is to say that she was neither clever nor stupid.

When Able Seaman Brown had steered and sailed for thirty-seven consecutive hours without complaint or any show of temper or fatigue, it was five o'clock in the afternoon of the second day. In some aspects the ocean and the situation had ameliorated. The high wind had fallen to a steady breeze, the waves were no longer capped with white and, most drastic change of all, into the long distant blank backdrop of the eastern horizon a deeper blue shape of mountains had appeared and was steadily rising. This gave Able Seaman Brown more time for matters which interested him as much.

He did not have to attract Hazel Collup's attention. She had spent most of the daylight hours stealing looks at him. His shirt and trousers had dried in the tropic sunshine, and the details of a young body beautifully and sharply muscled had gradually massed and planed into a general tigerish shapeliness, appealingly stated by the sun. His cheeks, chin and upper lip, clean shaven and boyish at dawn, had darkened. But, thought Hazel Collup, with that curly brown hair all lit up with the red in it and those brave knowing eyes, he'd be handsome even with a beard.

"Like to stand a trick at the wheel?" he asked, and added, "Only it happens to be an oar."

SHE got to her feet lurching and laid a pair of rather timid hands beside his, near the hand end of the eighteen-foot steering oar. But she made no great success of steering. He had undoubtedly known that she would not. Number 4 carried a weather helm. It took power to hold her down to the wind. And if Hazel had the power she had not the experience and practice to sustain it.

Brown appropriated the dressing case because it contained a mirror and a pair of scissors with which once a month he cut his rebellious hair short, or had Hazel do it for him

And also, because of the jerking motion, she was unsteady on her feet. Able Seaman Brown helped her to steer and he helped her to stand. Too much engrossed with the land ahead, and with thoughts of how their fortunes must be bettered by landing upon it, the five swabs, as Brown had labeled them, had little attention for what went on in the stern of the boat. With a hand upon the oar, Brown helped Hazel Collup to steer and with an arm about her waist he steadied her.

"Try to hold her nose on the highest mountain," he said. And she tried and he helped.

"What country is it?"

"Either New Guinea itself," he said, "or a mighty big island off the coast."

"Savages?" she asked.

"And how! Cannibals."

"Wouldn't it be better to go somewhere else?"

"Not enough food. And only one man."

HAZEL COLLUP was not too much disturbed by the mention of cannibals. Men were always trying to frighten women so that a man's way of dealing with a danger would seem more able and important. She was more disturbed and pleasurably, by the pressure of one man's arm about her waist.

"Were you traveling alone when we hit that reef?"

The answer was yes.

"Running away from the old world to better yourself in the new?"

"Something like that."

"What were you and what were you going to be?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you weren't an heiress or you wouldn't have needed to better yourself, and you weren't a bad girl for the same reason. Were you a stenographer, a seamstress, a dairy maid, a servant—I mean a servant to anyone but yourself? Or maybe he ran out on you and you thought you had a broken heart?"

"No such thing," said Hazel. "When I do fall in love it will be for the first time."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Able Seaman Brown, "and why not make it snappy?"

"I guess I won't even have to try," she said.

"THE damn' fool didn't have to bust the damn' boat on the damn' reef," explained Winship. "He could 'a' sailed north or south till he found an opening. There's always openings in reefs, and you don't have to lose your boat and have no way to go no place else."

Hazel Collup reported this criticism to Able Seaman Brown.

"Coral," he told her, "won't grow in fresh or brackish water. Behind each opening in a coral reef is a sweet-water river flowing into the lagoon. The mouths of sweet-water rivers draw people, white or savage, or white *and* savage. We weren't in any shape to bump into anything like that. So, for safety's sake, and that means for your sake, I smashed the boat and landed us here, where no man would bother to come.

"Listen, you! Listen now, and tonight listen. Tonight when you listen, and you can't help listening, you'll hear the faraway beat of drums. Drums south of us, drums north of us, drums east of us—and to the west the surf drumming on the barrier reef. But no drums here. Why? Because here food and drink are hard to get. And only a very able man could get either. And because here there's only one man worth downing, and only one woman with a tantalizing face and shape."

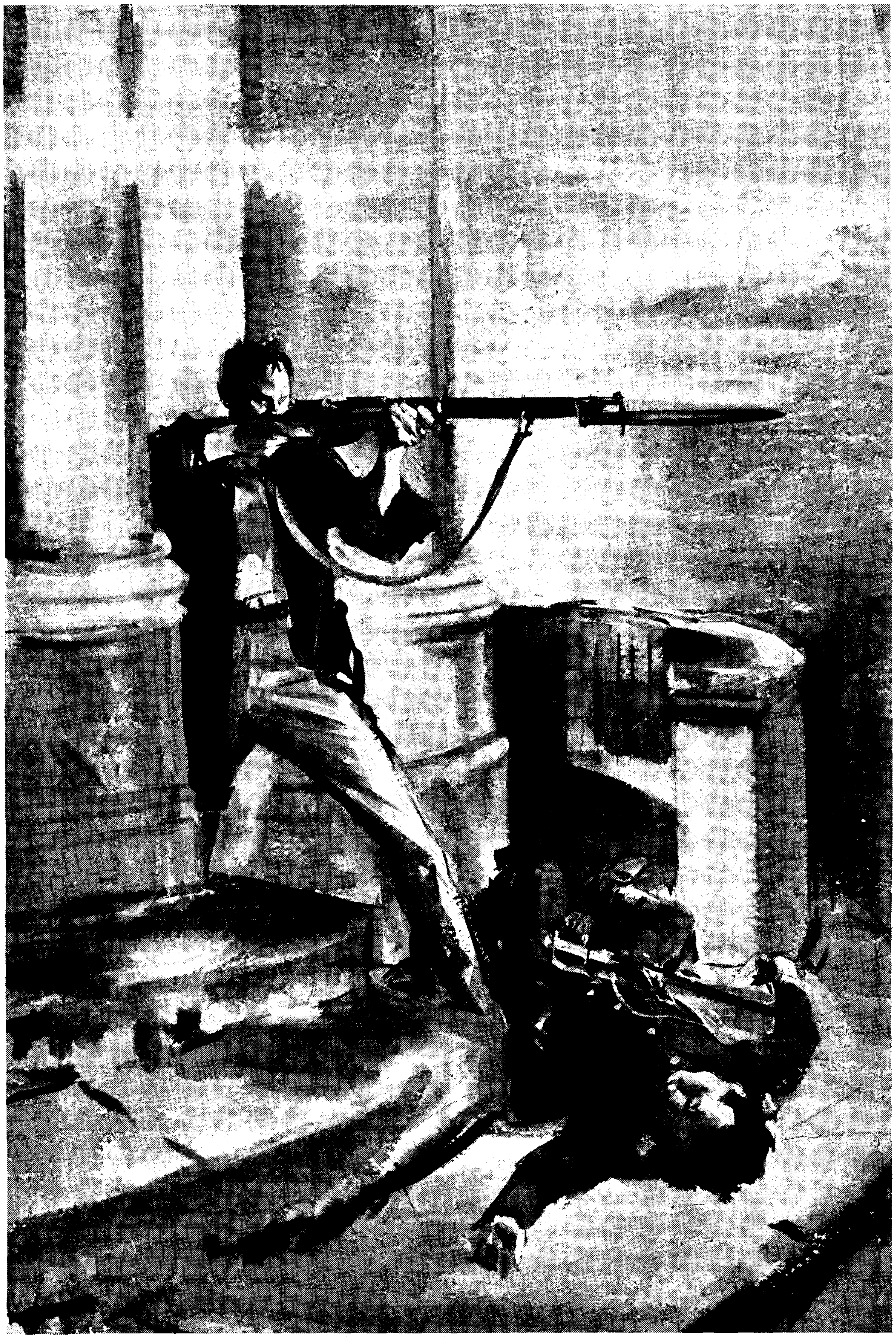
He gathered her into his arms. This gathering of herself into Brown's arms whenever opportunity offered was a

(Continued on page 38)

The Starry Flag

By Sidney Herschel Small

Bullets fly in China, and young Richard Bartlett meets a girl strangely. Another turbulent romance of a day when the Oriental latchstring definitely wasn't out for strangers



He felt the body stiffen; he placed the man down like an automaton, raised the rifle and fired carefully, deliberately

UNIFORMS, bare shoulders, flashed under the lanterns in the Peking legation garden; there was champagne cup, music; what Richard Bartlett saw there during the moments the gate was opened for guests, he told himself, could not be real. He had been denied entrance by the servants; there was caked red Gobi dust on his face, an ugly gash, red also, across his cheek, one shirt sleeve was entirely gone, and the rest of the cloth stuck tightly against him; there was a dull red rage in his heart as well. He had gone to his own legation first, finding no one there save guards in khaki; he was so completely exhausted that his head no longer worked clearly. His mounting anger at the gay voices in the lantern-lit garden further confused him.

A scant fifteen miles from this place where officers and diplomats laughed with women, his bridge was a heap of steel jackstraws. The Righteous Harmony Fist Society, the Boxers, had ended with dynamite what foreign interests had fought, among themselves, to construct. They had blown up the bridge, although Richie Bartlett, pinned out of sight beneath the wreckage, had lived to see his fellow engineers killed, mutilated, dismembered. The Boxers had then joined other thousands and marched toward Peking, burning missions and converts on the way. It had taken Bartlett all that day, and the night, to release his tortured body.

HE HAD slipped into Peking unlike the manner in which any Bartlett had ever entered an Oriental city; he had hidden when he could, been snarled at when he could not; that his head was on his neck was a matter of luck. The city teemed with Boxers, their banners inscribed with *pao ch'ing mien yang*, death and destruction to foreigners.

He had painfully followed the line of the Tartar Wall, past mosques where, until this day, Chinese muezzins in blue turbans called to the faithful, past temples, pronged water gates, shops, whose owners had closed the shutters and pasted lucky Fu paper triangles on the wood, past the pink walls of the Forbidden City, in which generals and wheedling eunuchs and mandarins and sleek Manchu concubines plotted . . . and so found the legations.

An Austrian naval captain brushed him aside, a German lieutenant stared at him; neither listened. He was totally unaware of his appearance; his mouth was so dry that when he spoke the words were a croak; his mouth was so dry that his lips cracked, although he did not recognize the taste as the salt of blood. His eyes, after two days of June sun and dust, were beginning to play him false, and the passing men of the newly arrived guard, British, American marines, Russian soldiers of the line, Italians, French sailors, Japanese, all looked alike. The sounds, as well, were distorted. Music, voices, shouts somewhere outside the wall, were all jumbled together. It was difficult for him to stand erect.

These people did not understand, or they would have listened to him. He, Richard Bartlett, had seen women burned, men crucified, his companions butchered; he had seen the gathering

Boxer multitude approaching Peking. Death was on the road.

Someone had touched him on the arm, and Richie, turning, saw that for which he had been waiting, a stiff white shirt-front. An American. It took him a full ten seconds to realize that the voice he heard was a woman's, and what he had to say wasn't what a woman should hear. He tried to gather his words anew. "I'm sorry," Richie said. "I'm dreadfully sorry." The words ran to a high note in his exhausted earnestness to tell her that what he must say would be poor listening; the man's face, beside the girl, was merely a pale blur to Bartlett. He went on slowly, "You see, what I must say isn't nice to talk about, but I've got to tell it." He knew that the man said something, and the word must be "drunk." "I'm not," Richie muttered. Or was he? Perhaps he was. Perhaps he was on the Astor Roof, where there would have been iced water in a glass ready to his hand. He licked his lips with a swollen tongue. "Not drunk. Just seen too much." Before his sight flared again a native woman, her body half charred and reeking with kerosene but alive and moaning. "You . . . you got to get away," he pleaded.

He was, he heard as from a distance, setting a bad example. No danger existed. Didn't he see all the guards who'd come up from Tientsin? Would the Dowager Empress have allowed them to come if trouble were intended? As other arriving guests paused, the attaché said severely, "Go to the storehouses where the other missionaries are. We know what's what, my man."

Thickly, Richie said, "White men have been killed." He said it like one long indistinct word. Gleams from the girl's hair, warm copper, burned like sun in his eyes. "Killed before m' eyes. My friends. Hacked t' bits."

"THAT," remarked Allen Markham to the others, in French, "should have been the time not to have turned the other cheek." There was laughter; the word "missionary" was repeated. Well, Richie's whirling head demanded, what was wrong with being a missionary? Even his father, head of the railway syndicate, the Bartlett bank, the great trading company, had said that no better man ever lived than Richie's maternal grandfather, the medical missionary who had taken Richie's mother to Formosa . . . had said that he was as courageous as even the first Richard Bartlett who, in 1813, had gone on the China venture to Canton. "These missionaries," said the attaché; "how they whine."

"Whine?" asked Richie. He looked at the girl. She, he saw, was not laughing, and he was grateful.

"I think," Dorothea Case said, "that you, Allen, are unkind. The man has been hurt. *He is trying to warn us*—"

"That's it," muttered Richie. Darkness swept about him, as if, having accomplished his purpose, he might now forget. What, exactly, had he needed to warn them about? and why? and where was he? Astor Roof. Fuzzy. Must've had an extra drink. Play up, old Richie. Smile. Bow to the girl. He tried it, attempting to steady himself. Must've had two extra drinks. Mustn't show them. Talk. Be polite. "You," Richie gallantly informed her, "are pretty." Girls always liked that. He confided, "Always was partial t'redheads. S'pposed be pass'nate."

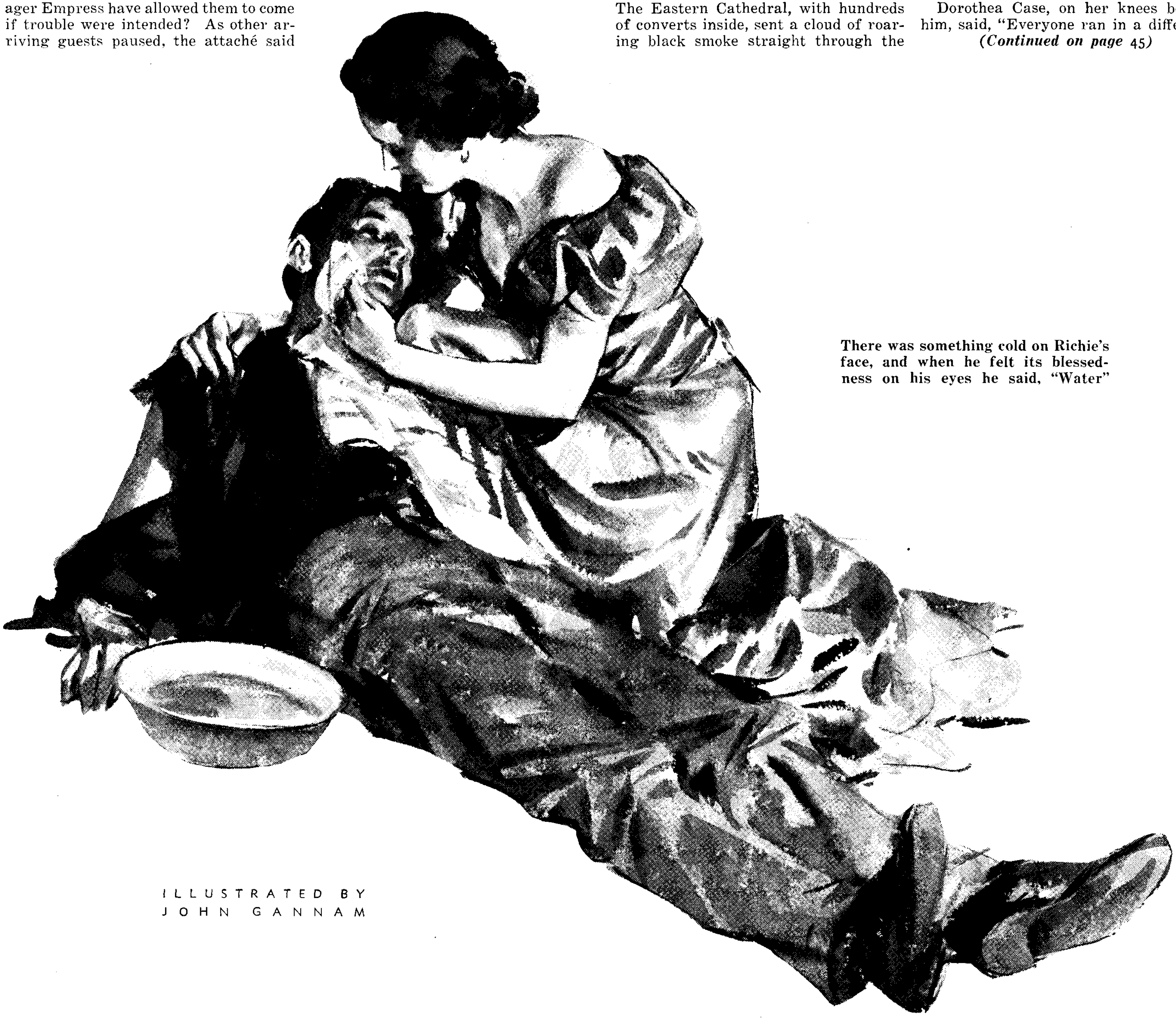
His head was knocked back; blood from his gash drooled down his cheek. He knew dimly that it was a man who had slapped him, although he could not think of the reason. A day, a terrible night, under wreckage, another waterless day beneath the red sun, left him barely enough strength to lift his fist, enough intelligence to realize that the girl was saying something . . . and then her hair, so hot and bright, was everywhere, and people were rushing past him and shouting. Hair; hair in the sky? That could not be it. Flames? No. Blackness. Richie, face forward, fell.

Fire swirled up in the foreign settlement beyond the legations; the Boxers, openly, were advancing, killing, looting. The Eastern Cathedral, with hundreds of converts inside, sent a cloud of roaring black smoke straight through the flames, and then brightened into a greasy column of yellow fire. Outside the legation walls men, women, animals, were running in terror, with the Boxers on their heels, shooting, spearing, slashing; inside, there was almost the same panic. A little French midshipman howled, "*Pas de charge!*" to Japanese who could not understand; Austrian marines, spread-eagled on a low roof, began firing; an Italian picket at the Ha-ta Gate rushed about madly, crimson with excitement; diplomats ran for shelter, soldiers for the walls. An American lieutenant, through shouts in guttural German, piercing French, suddenly jarred out, "At five hundred feet!" and a machine gun began its crackling *tang-tang-tang.*

THERE was something cold on Richie's face, and when he felt its blessedness on his eyes he said, "Water." Swallowing hurt, but each gulp sent life through him. He was, he believed, still caught under the bridge's steel, and his fellow engineers, who had accepted him and liked him, not because he was Richard Bartlett, were dead. He did not want to open his eyes. The roaring which he heard, flames, voices, the dull firing of Mannlichers and the sharper note of Mausers, must be imagination. Slowly, he opened his eyes; he said, "What are you doing here?"

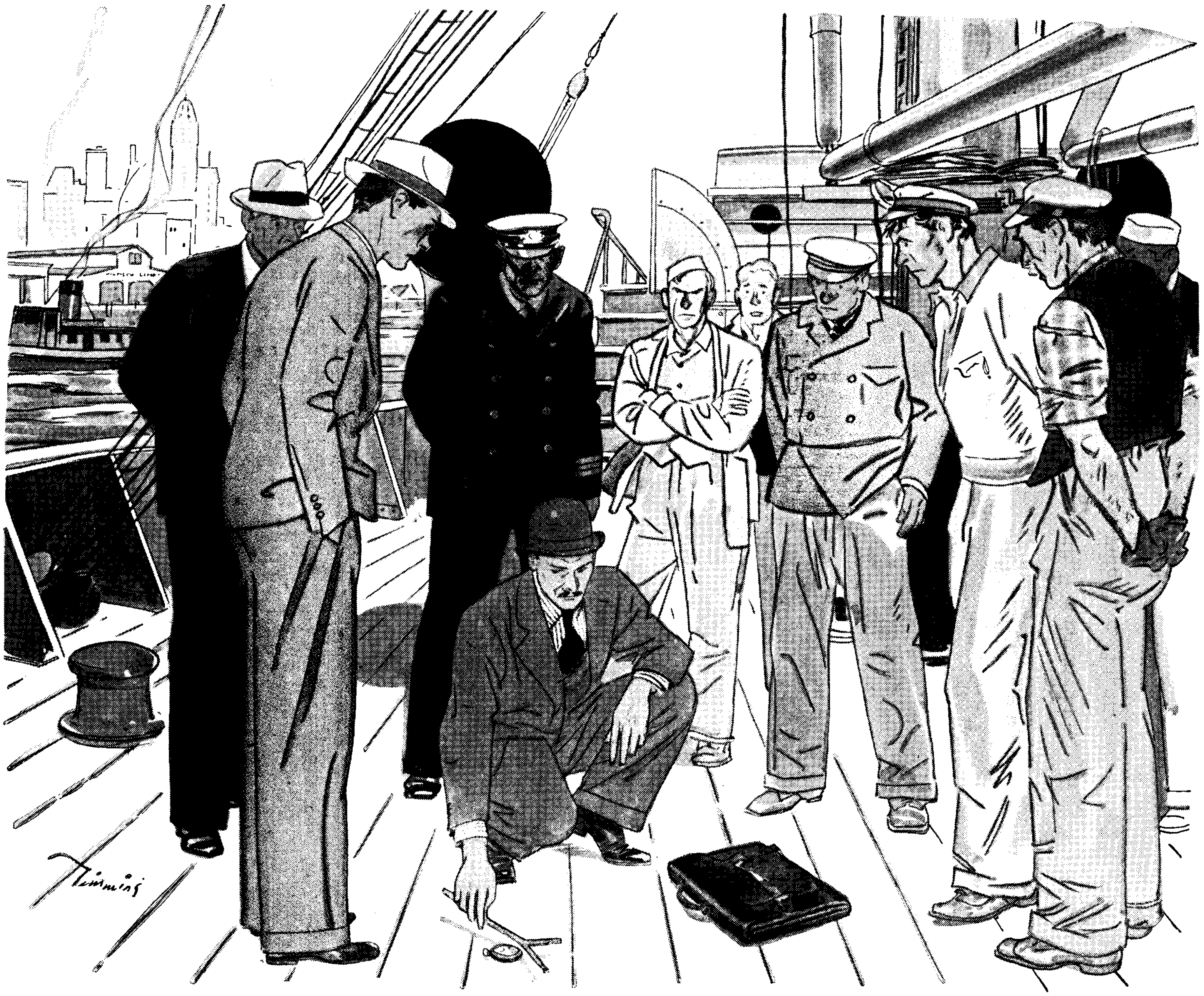
Dorothea Case, on her knees beside him, said, "Everyone ran in a different

(*Continued on page* 45)



There was something cold on Richie's face, and when he felt its blessedness on his eyes he said, "Water"

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN GANNAM



O'Malley took out the dead man's watch and laid it on the deck. The "doctor" took out a small forked stick and put it on top of the watch. The men in line stared nervously

New Shoes

In which our favorite detective proves that footprints, like fingerprints, have a way of trapping the unwary. Provided, of course, Detective O'Malley is on the job

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

A GUY got pushed off in some shack over by the river," O'Malley said. "Cafford they say his name was. At first they didn't know who he was but then some cop identified him.

"Is that all you know about it?" I inquired.

"I heard they found some footprints."

I went along with him. A muddy yard was filled with small boats covered with canvas. A lot of cops were around and some people watching. A space had been roped off to preserve some footprints. The man had been killed in a small toolhouse and there were so many cops inside we hardly could get in there. The man wasn't any bum. They had found a gold watch and a couple of hundred dollars in his pockets. He was about thirty-five years old and well dressed. He had been stabbed once, expertly, with a wide knife. They hadn't found the knife.

"There was a big fight here, O'Malley," I asserted.

"How come?"

I showed him. The dead man's shoulders lay in blood, and blood covered his shoes and there was blood on the soles.

"He kept on fighting after he was stabbed," I said, "and he stepped in his own blood. You can see the prints in it."

"You see things. . . . What do you know about this guy?" he asked one of the officers.

"Not a lot. It was a federal guy identified him. He says this Cafford was a coffee importer. He says the government guys have been suspecting that things that weren't coffee came ashore sometimes in his coffee sacks, so they been watching him."

We went outside to look at the footprints. A couple of cops from the police laboratory were spraying the prints with shellac and making plaster casts of them.

"Get anything from them prints?" O'Malley asked them.

"Yes, plenty. Two guys went into that toolhouse, but only one came out again. The one that stayed in there was the dead man, and the one that came out must be the guy that killed him. We'll tell you all about that killer pretty soon."

"I DON'T see nothing I can do on this," O'Malley told me. "Enough cops are here now to make a police convention."

He had Cafford's office address and home address, which one of the cops had given him. We went to the office. A couple of cops were there going through the dead man's papers.

"Find anything?" O'Malley asked.

They hadn't. "This stuff is all about coffee," they informed us. "There ain't anything else."

We went where Cafford had lived. It was a neat west-side rooming house. He had lived there for several years but the woman who kept the place couldn't tell us anything useful about him.

"He has a niece," she said.

"Yeah? Who's she?"

The woman couldn't tell us.

"I only know her by her voice," she explained. "I never heard her name or where she lives. She called him often on the telephone. He said she was his niece."

"You're a great help," O'Malley told her.

"What do you make of it, O'Malley?" I asked when we left the house.

"We got nothing to start from. I don't expect we'll ever find who killed the guy."

"You're a great cop!" I said sarcastically. "Cafford was suspected of smuggling; that means he must have had relations with someone on the river, stevedores and longshoremen. He was killed in a boatyard and he went there at night. Obviously he went there by appointment, and that points to a longshoreman again. In that case, I suspect the killer came there in a boat. Get busy!"

"I don't think there was no boat. I want to see them laboratory officers."

We went to the laboratory. The two cops had just come in. They had the

(Continued on page 34)

Smooth Going

By Janet Lane

A little homework before you don your skates or skis will improve your form—and save you the embarrassing informality of eating off the mantel

It's a long way down there, but they're all set for a quick and easy trip. Are you?

BLACK STAR

IF YOU confuse "the Christiana" with the capital of Norway, or think "the rockers" mean part of a chair, you'll miss a lot of fun this winter. You're as far behind the times as the summer girl who can't swim, and will be about as popular week ends, for the way America has leaped to skates and skis is a sensation.

Of course there's nothing new about skating or skiing. We've done them more or less—generally less—for years, but it's only in the past season or two that winter sports have hit us with a big popular bang. Or more likely, boom.

So whether you're a complete greenhorn who wants to get into the swing this year, or just a dud skater or skier who wants to get out of the trenches, how about some advance workouts? You needn't wait for a week end or a blizzard to get into ski shape and skating form. The hardest half of the battle can be won in a city apartment, in stocking feet in your own bedroom, for it isn't the snow and ice you need first. It's a certain type of limbering up and sense of balance that will start you 'way ahead of your class and also save you a lot of eating off the mantelpiece. Get yourself supple ahead of time and you'll come home ready for a dance instead of a bottle of liniment. Keep up the good work, indoors and out, and you'll soon be the belle of the ball as well, for as beautifiers, winter sports top the list. High color and high spirits are the immediate benefits, of course, but the good they do your poise and figure will last the year around since the muscles you have to tone and flatten for skating balance and ski control are the very ones that hold you in slender youthful shape, and the flexibility you develop—or, rather, recover, for children are all as flexible as marionettes—will double your grace in dancing, walking and daily carriage.

It's a matter of record that both skating and skiing come harder to women than to men, and any instructor can tell you the reason why. Women are stiff from the waist down, a hang-over from the centuries when a lady was a pedestal, not a biped. They hate to crouch, and they use their knee and ankle joints as little as possible. Tight lacing got them into stiff-legged habits, and they still persist though nowadays the gals are laced no tighter than the Venus de Milo. Watch them strain down from the shoulders with the dustpan and brush instead of squatting down comfortably to the work. And hear them groan over any household job that gets them down on speaking terms with their knees. Even their sports avoid the easy limber squat so commonplace in boys' games from marbles to football. Then, too, just to make a bad matter worse, high heels have shortened their Achilles' tendons and thrown them off balance at their hip connections so that their whole torsos bobtail up the back.

So first of all, for either skating or skiing, you've got to stretch this tendon back to normal length and get your crouch muscles back to work. Here's an exercise that will do both for you. Dr. Ernst Wagner of Austria, who came here to teach us how skiing is done in the Tyrol, gives it to his pupils. It is just a simple squatting exercise, but if you could compare your first teetering efforts with the easy crouch of a real ski expert or figure skater, you would realize how much stiffness at knees, ankles and hips you must work off before you can control your runners or hickories, as he does, by limber balance changes.

Stand in stocking feet with your feet side by side, toes pointing directly

(Continued on page 35)

Riverman's Daughter

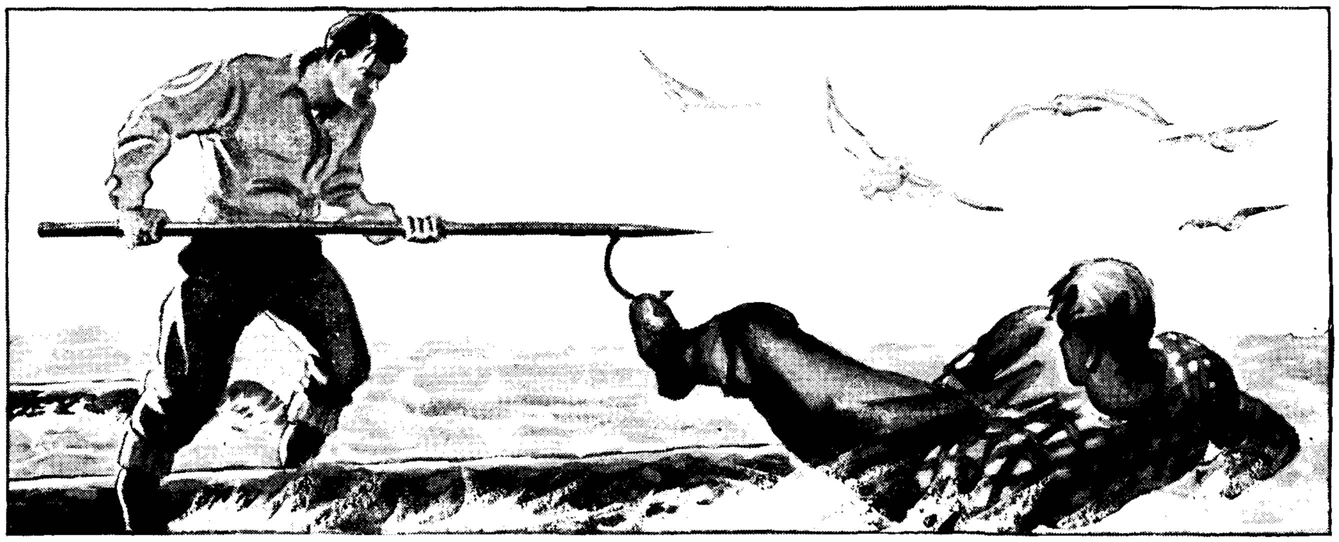
By Edmund Ware

Don't be deceived by a cocky little man named Pascuma. He is even better than he says he is, and still he can't be the hero

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH EDMUND ENTWISTLE

INSIDE the company stable, the gray team munched oats in the dark. I put the bits in a pail of water to thaw, and thought how nice the sled runners would sound pretty quick. I was fixed to haul a load of salt pork, abutment spikes, and anvils in to Camp Nine for the Mopang Logging Company. And Chip Ash was coming with me.

Chip Ash is twenty-three, and built the same as a king post in a dam. Already he's got a name for himself in the lumber woods and on the river. In Pete Lurch's barbershop, in Privilege, they tell how Chip is as catty on a smooth log as Ap Ireland was. But that is a thing which can't be proved—not since Ap Ireland rode the long pine through Slewgundy Heater and never lived to tell the tale. A dead champion can't compete with a live one. It's just that Ap's reputation still breathes the breath of life. So does his daughter, Julie, that waits table over to Aunt Sue Emmet's boardinghouse. Julie was six when her old man got sluiced, and that was fifteen years ago.



The lurch took Chip's legs from under him and he pitched backward into the river

From the stable door, I saw a light in my cabin, and figured Chip would soon be ready. He had come down to see Julie, and bunked the night with me. I threw the harness on the grays, and hung a lantern outside so's it would light the sled. I was hooking up the team when I heard someone speak.

"Got your rein twisted on the off bridle," the voice said. I looked over the rumps of the team, and there stood Julie Ireland.

IT'S a February morning, twenty below, and you have to step out from behind your breath to see. But there by the lantern stood Julie, with no hat. She had on a pair of them gabber-deen ski pants, low moccasins, and a bright red sweater. To see an old riverman's daughter rigged that way is enough to rile anyone. I said: "You banking on the color of that sweater to warm you?"

"I dare say your underwear is about the same hue," she says.

"You ought to have mittens and a hat."

"I have pockets, thanks. My hair keeps my head warm."

"It might," I said, "only you had most of it spiked off. What would your dad say, if he could see you now?"

ALL at once the sparkle went dead in Julie's eyes. Her voice was like someone filing a crosscut with a dull file. "The last time Dad saw me—or the light of day—I was six!"

I thought of a lot of things to say, but the way her voice choked off, none of them seemed right. On the other side of the lantern from where she stood, a colored poster was tacked to the stable wall. It advertised a "Sportsman's and Outdoor Show" down to Boston. It told of feats and trials of strength, fly casting, wood chopping, wild animals and the like. It showed a man rolling a log in a bathin' suit, with a cantdog in his hand; only Chip Ash had erased the cantdog and crayoned in a bunch of lilies. I never could figure why they would tack such a poster in a country where all these things are taken for granted. So I said to Julie: "Honey, your dad could have beat any of them fellows at all them things on an off day with lumbago in both arms."

All she said was: "What of it?"

"What of it?" I straightened the lines and looped them over a stake. "It's a man's life in this country. Take Chip Ash, that you're engaged to: it's his life, ain't it?"

The light sloped down across her, and I saw she had doubled her fists in her pants pockets. "I guess so," she said, "—as long as it lasts."

I walked over to her. "Before Chip comes, let me tell you something about him: Last week I saw him take a top-load of spruce down Amazon Ridge with the ruts iced, and no snub warp to hold him—"

"He told me that last night."

"Well, and another time: Three bohunks broke through a springhole on Pistol Lake. Chip dove under the ice—"

"He told me that, too, Uncle Jeff. And he told how he felled the big pine in a minute and nineteen seconds; and how he got knocked forty feet in the air when Les Morgan dogged the key log out of High Rolling Tier; and how he practices log rolling in the open water below Headworks Falls." Her voice died off lonely, like one of them little winds on a deadwater. "And he told me he would sell his farm the day Ruffy Morse gets the offer up to fourteen hundred dollars."

"There you are," I said. "I just meant it's natural for you to love Chip. He's top hand, Chip Ash is, on the Mopang."

"I love him. I love him more than you have any idea of. But I see what you mean. You mean I love him because he's champion."

"That's a mighty good reason."

She squared back her shoulders, and tipped her head, so she was looking hard at me: "You're just like the rest. You're all the same—a bunch of children playing stump the leader! You'll worship your hero for risking his neck, until he breaks it! But when a woman loves a man, she is— Oh!—here he comes!"

IN THE lantern light I saw Julie's mouth set a fraction as Chip approached. "The greatest riverman since my father," she said, in a whisper.

Chip Ash, walking, puts me in mind of an eight-point buck. His feet don't quite seem to touch the snow. They sort of skim over it. He slipped once on a smooth place and caught his balance like he had it all figured out in advance.

"Ready, Jeff?" he said, ranging alongside the sled. And then, with no special excitement: "Oh, hello, Julie. You here?"

"Hello, darling," Julie said. Her shoulders never budged away from the stable wall. These two young ones had known each other since they saw the light of day, but they acted like strangers. Chip was carrying a four-pound double-bit ax. He laid it behind the seat and climbed aboard the sled.

"Oh," Julie said, "aren't you going to kiss me goodby?"

Chip took the leather guard off his ax and a stone from his mackinaw pocket. He began to whet the chopping edge. "I wouldn't climb off this sled to kiss Garbo."

In two jumps Julie was beside the sled, her arms up to Chip. "Chip! Don't—don't go like this! I love *you!* I don't love the best riverman on the Mopang. I love *you*, Chip Ash!"

"They're the same," Chip said.

"Oh, Chip! You fool!" Julie cried.

Chip said to her: "I'll be down next week to meet that shipment of bohunks from Bangor. I'll see you then." He leaned down to kiss her, and I held the team.

"I'll be on the same train," Julie said.

Chip drew back, his hand still on her shoulder. "I told you *not* to come on that train!"

"I told you I'd take any train I pleased!"

FOR a little while they looked hard at each other; then Julie turned and walked away without a word. At that, I let the grays go.

We made the foot of Ellum Stump Rips at sunrise. Chip got out his ax again and began to work on it. "Hung a new helve to her," he said. "A springy one. I ought to beat Les Morgan easy with this."

"Well, I expect you're due for trouble."

"Trouble? I can trim Les with one hand chained to a stub!"

"No," I said. "I mean Julie."

"Oh—her. She'll get over it." Chip seemed kind of nervous. He put his ax away, and the stone back in his pocket. "Tomah Lewey made that helve for me out of second-growth ash." It seemed as if the sled runners squeaked for ten minutes before Chip spoke again. "Julie's sore because I got my farm for sale. She wants me to keep the farm and quit the river. But if Ruffy Morse offers me fourteen hundred, I'll sell."

"Farming seems kind of quiet, to you, eh?" I said.

Chip passed that over. "Julie and Aunt Sue Emmet are going to close the boardinghouse and go to Boston this week to buy *clothes!* All the way to Boston! You'd think there wasn't a catalog in the house."

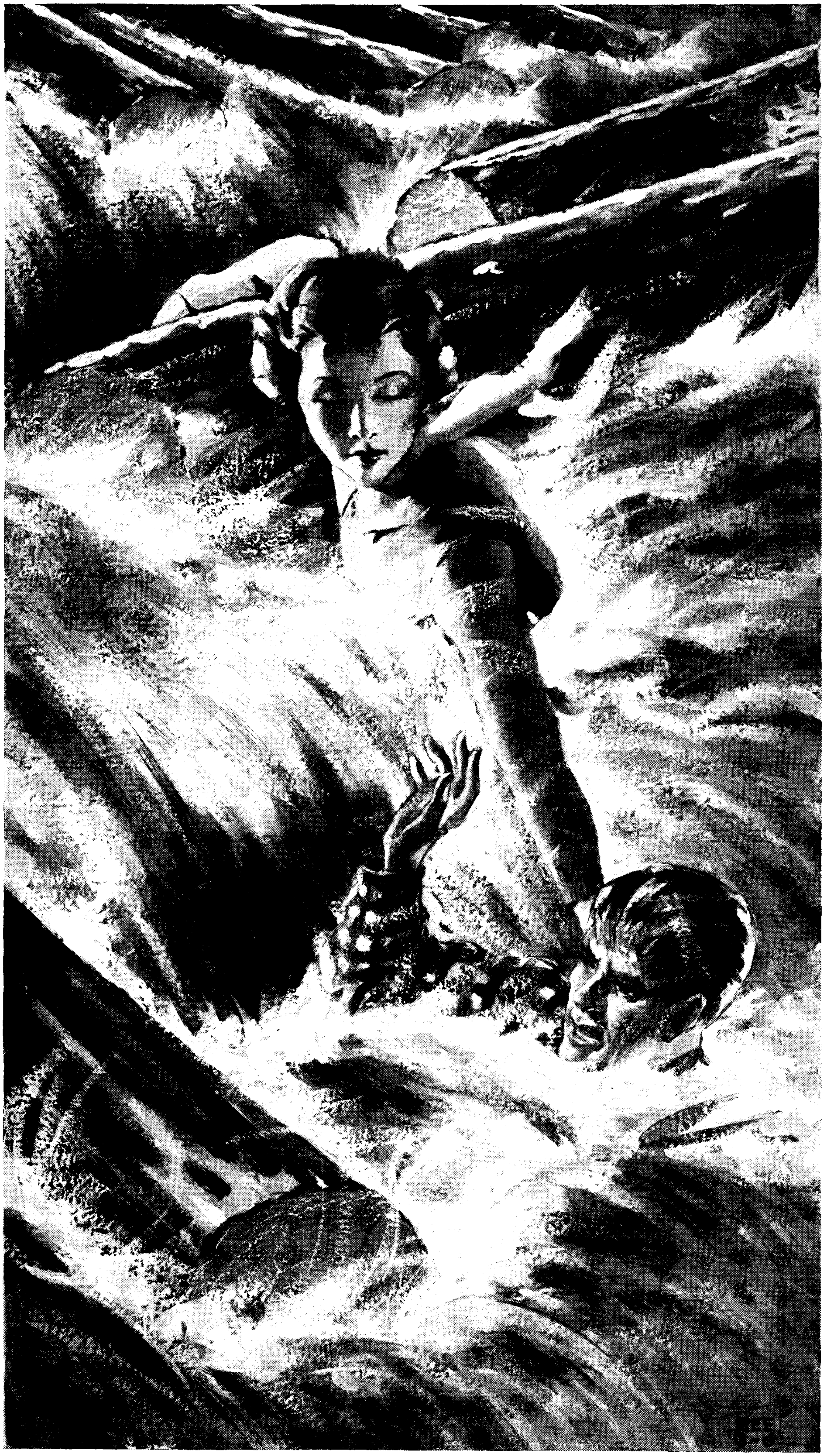
I nodded, thinking of the poster on the stable wall, and of the way Julie was rigged out. "It's just civilization edging in where it don't belong."

"They're coming back on the same train out of Bangor that my bohunks will be on. I told 'em to take any other train."

"That's no train for women-folks to be aboard of. You're right."

"Try and tell her anything! Anything at all."

THE Mopang needed sixty new hands to help with yarding on Upper Pistol. The yard boss had assigned Chip the job of walking them in. I had to meet the same train to pick up a load of wedges and boom chain, and we came



down together. We found Ruffy Morse resting on the depot platform chewing spruce gum. He handed a piece to Chip, and said: "If I offered you twelve hundred for your farm, I figure I'd get stuck."

"No, you wouldn't, Ruffy, because you can't buy it for that."

"The farm's no use to you," Ruffy said, "with you working the river again this spring. Besides, a friend of yours told me your farm wasn't worth a cent over nine hundred. Said all you could raise was hock weed."

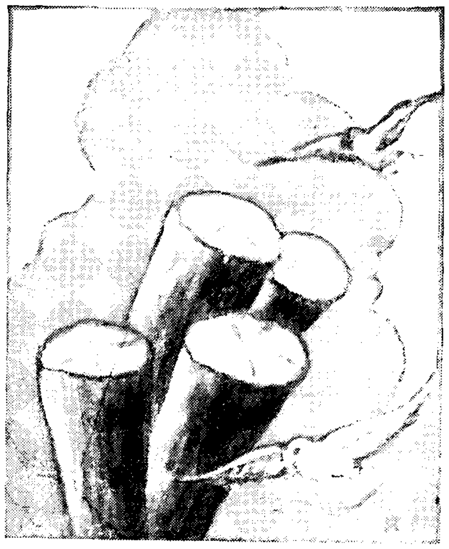
Chip turned his head quick. "Tell me who said that, and I'll [illegible] him good."

Ruffy stared off across the tracks. "Would you hit a girl, Chip?" he said.

Chip's face looked stiffer than a pine plank, but there was nothing he could say. The train was just pulling in, and by the yelling and swearing, you could tell it was a tough crew.

The main excitement headed a car length to the rear from where we stood. A six-foot lumberjack got off the train backwards without even thinking of the car steps. I was watching him, thinking I had never seen a neck as short and big around, when all at once he reached his arms up to the platform. He drew back, holding Aunt Sue Emmet. She must weigh close to two hundred, but in this fellow's arms she's a feather. He planted her in the snow and reached up again. This time he had an armful of Julie Ireland!

I heard Chip's calks dig up splinters from the depot platform as he started. I was right behind him, but I hadn't made more than a rod before I saw the lumberjack's head snap back like someone had tapped him with a post maul. He let go all holds and fell out of my sight. And the strange part was that this happened before Chip ever got there!



When I arrived where I could see, the big logger was stretched out limp in the snow. Within striking distance of him stood a little man about five foot six. He was rubbing the knuckles of his right hand with the palm of his left. I never saw anyone quite like him before. His eyes were black and bright as a chickadee's, and his motions were as quick. He was cased up tight in a blue overcoat, and he wore a derby hat. A cigar angled upward from the corner of his mouth. He was kind of merry, and he was kind of unannoyed with himself and you kind of liked him.

As Chip looked from the logger in the snow to the little jasper that had put him there, his face turned to a blank. No man ever tried harder than Chip to get

(Continued on page 43)

That girl! While everyone was watching Smokey go through the Heater, she had swum out and brought Chip back, all by herself

Deep West

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

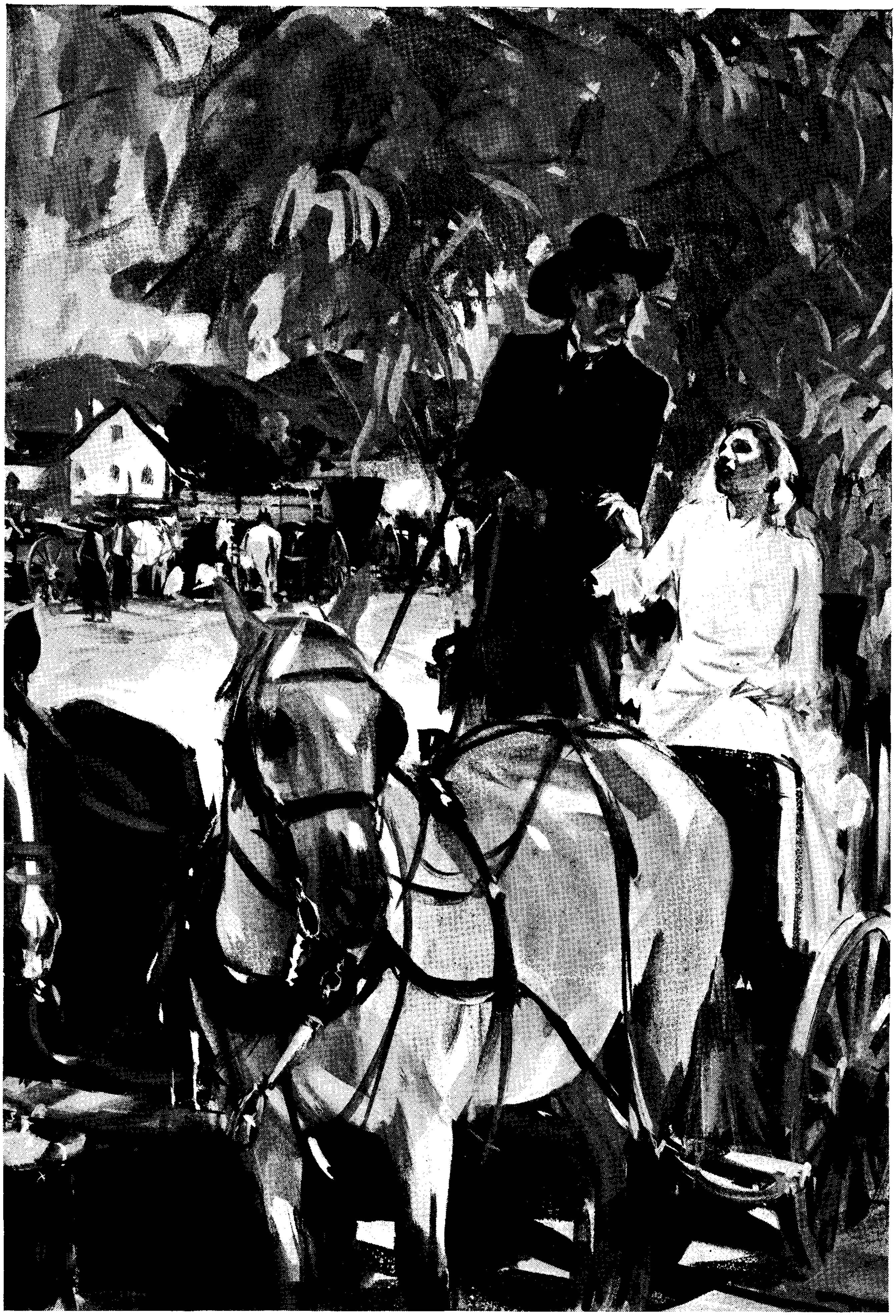
ALARMED by the depredations of a mysterious band of cattle rustlers, Jim Benbow, foreman of old Jack Dale's "Hat outfit," goes secre[illegible] to Cheyenne, where he hires a detective. [illegible]our days later, the detective arrives [illegible] Two Dance, the town nearest The Ha[illegible]

Pursuant to [illegible] plans, Benbow pretends to "fire" Pete [illegible]ruze, one of his hands, following a simulated altercation in Faro Charley's, a saloon and gambling joint; and, while a group of cattlemen look on, the detective, posing as a job-hunter from Arizona, is hired to take Pete's place. After which, confident that no one suspects the true identity of "Arizona," Benbow rides to The Hat. He is accompanied by Connie Dale, old Jack's daughter; Izee Custer, one of his punchers; and Clay Rand, a young cattleman whose ranch is not far from The Hat.

Before he goes to sleep that night, Benbow is restless, unhappy. He foresees troublous days; he can only hope that "Arizona" will succeed in bringing the marauders out into the open. But worse, far worse, he is in love with Connie Dale; and within a short time, she is to marry—Clay Rand. . . . In the morning, two callers arrive: Eileen Gray and Chad Povy, a cowpuncher. The victim of a practical joke played by Benbow, Povy believes that, while intoxicated, he has killed someone. He rides away, to the accompaniment of loud laughter. And when Eileen Gray (who, like Connie, will soon be married—she is engaged to Joe Gannon) makes her departure, she appears to be in none too pleasant a mood; and, from a cryptic remark she drops, and her attitude in Rand's presence, Connie suspects that she is far more interested than she should be in Clay Rand!

While old Jack, Connie and Benbow are seated on the porch of the ranch house, a horse trots up, halts. On its back, tied across the saddle, is the body of a man who has been shot to death—the body of the detective, "Arizona!"

To Connie's amazement, Benbow seems reluctant to avenge the killing. She asks him what he fears. For answer, he pulls her to him roughly, then releases her quickly. Connie smiles. "Is *that* what you're afraid of?" she whispers. Benbow does not reply. Then, taking her hand in his: "I'm afraid," he says slowly, "that this is the end of good times, Connie. For all of us, I guess."



II

GEORGE GRAY was marrying off his only daughter and only child and since he was a large-handed man in a neighborly land, all of Two Dance Valley collected at Block T this crisp morning to help him celebrate.

Standing beside the keg of whisky set up on a platform, George Gray considered the valley men around him with a rather harassed glance. He couldn't, he told them frankly, consider himself in his right mind. Preparing for the ceremony had been just one damned thing after the other and if he'd known it was to be like this, with the womenfolk crying all over the place and the house decorated up like Fourth of July and the work on the ranch gone plumb to the devil while his riders wore themselves gaunt running to town at the last minute, for things forgotten, he'd have put Eileen and Joe Gannon into a buggy and made a shotgun wedding of it long before now. Having said it, he tapped the keg for another drink and took it quick and straight. And said, dismally, "Your health, Joe."

They were all here, Jim Benbow, Izee, Clay Rand and Price Peters, Gray's own Block T crew, Gordon Howland, who ran Crescent over on the edge of the badlands, Jubal Frick of Running M and Cash Gore, his foreman, the folks from Summit Ranch and from Gay's store, and Nelson McGinnis of the remote Diamond-and-a-Half up in the Yellow Hills. And the bridegroom, Joe Gannon, who stood uncomfortably and unsmilingly with the group. And a young kid who had ridden into the yard and made himself at home, though nobody knew him. The bishop, who had come from Cheyenne to perform the ceremony, was in the house, rehearsing with the women.

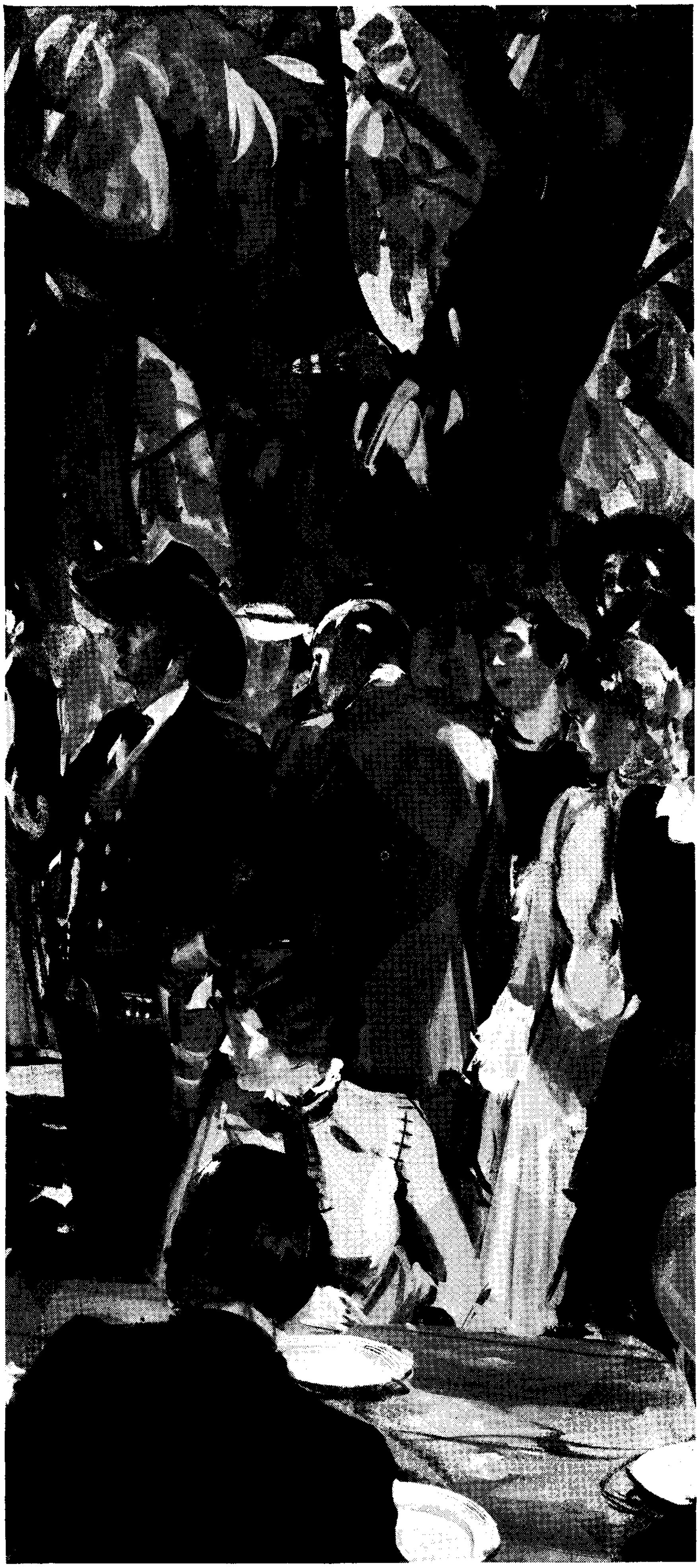
Everybody filled up at the whisky barrel to acknowledge George Gray's toast. Everybody but Joe Gannon. Gannon said, "Thanks, George," and looked around him with an air that wasn't quite easy. He was ten years older than Eileen, a rather somber man who ran his own spread over in the Yellows and had a reputation for a short temper.

Gordon Howland, George Gray's nearest neighbor for fifteen years, spoke up cheerfully. "You can sleep late tomorrow and rest your mind."

They all grinned at that, knowing how much worry Gray's half-wild daughter had caused him along the years. Clay Rand turned to wink at Benbow; and then Benbow saw Joe Gannon stare at Rand with a swift flash of anger. The crowd broke up, loitering around the tables spread in the yard for the wedding breakfast. The youthful stranger stood with the Block T crew, his gawky and immature face turning about in curiosity. Rand and Price Peters and Izee had come up to Benbow, to form the inevitable partnership. Benbow heard the kid speak in an insolent tone:

"I got to get a new horse. A posse ran hell out of me, clean across Utah."

Most of the men in the yard caught that and turned to look. Benbow observed the way the kid reacted to this in-



Joe Gannon wasn't smiling and he wasn't pleased. There had been talk going on and now it ceased. "I thank you," he said, "and my wife thanks you. We'll be at the ranch for any of our friends"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

terest, lifting his shoulders and slyly smiling.

Price Peters looked at Benbow. "Tough. He admits it."

"Fresh from mamma," said Benbow. "Just tryin' to cut a figure."

"Bad place to announce his sins," murmured Price.

Mrs. Gray came out of the house and called, "George," and Gray walked away from the party. Clay Rand drove both hands into his pockets, restlessly clattering some silver change. "A wedding's a long time to wait for breakfast." Sudden Ben Drury, sheriff of this county, came curving into the yard, a little man and a close-mouthed man with a clever manner.

There was a group half-circled around one of the tables and, going over that way, Benbow found a man from Gay's store seated opposite husky Ben Phillippse of the Block T outfit. They were trying out their strength, palms locked, elbows on the table. Ben Phillippse grinned and drove the other one's arm sidewise down the table, and let it go. He said, "Well, anybody else?"

"Sure," called Izee; "I got a man for you. Sit down there, Jim."

"I'll have some," agreed Benbow and took his place opposite Ben Phillippse, locking his big palm into Ben's. "Say when."

"When," said Phillippse and threw power into his arm hugely. It lifted Benbow an inch up from the bench, but he kept his arm straight. Phillippse quit grinning at once and threw his right shoulder forward to get a better leverage. His lips stretched out from the effort and he began to throw a heavy breathing through his wide nostrils. Benbow said, "It ain't enough, son," and forced Phillippse's hand to the board.

Phillippse said in astonishment, "I never knowed you could do that, Jim," and promptly got up from the table.

Jack Dale spoke from the circle: "Hat feeds its men well. Fifty dollars to the fellow that can lick Jim."

"A go," said Clay Rand and sat down in Phillippse's place, matching his palm to Benbow's. Benbow said seriously, "I'd rather not, Clay," but Clay Rand shook his head and said, "Go," and threw his strength into that arm. A moment later he was standing half upright, his knuckles pinned to the table top by Benbow's sudden burst of strength, a swift, rash anger boiling into his bright blue eyes. Benbow let go and sat still and cool. Rand turned his hand around, staring at the fresh bruise across the knuckles; his cheeks were red as fire and all the humor was out of him.

"Kid," he said unevenly, "I hate to get licked."

"A sucker's remark," called Price Peters at once.

RAND wheeled away, not saying anything more. Benbow lifted his attention quietly to the rawboned shape of Cash Gore standing by. Gore's eyes were half closed in the manner of a man deeply considering a fresh, strange thought. He met Benbow's glance carefully and without a change of expression; yet behind that attitude of indifference Benbow saw a white flame burning its wicked light. Benbow said: "Interested, Cash?"

Gore lifted a hand, pressing it carefully across his mustache. He murmured in a dry tone, "I never do fool things."

All at once the silence of the circle turned thick and a feeling of strain crept along it. Benbow got up from the table, hearing George Gray's voice summon the crowd to the house. Nobody else moved for a moment and Benbow, letting his eyes stray to either side, saw the cramped interest of all those faces, the thoughtful attention. They were like men waiting for something they had long expected to hear.

"I always said you were a clever man, Cash," agreed Benbow. Then his added phrase fell with an idleness that was more effective than a rifle shot: "And a careful one, too."

Gore's answer held that same dry rustle: "That's right."

Jubal Frick came through the circle to touch Gore on the arm. "That's all, Cash."

Gore swung on the Running M owner, shaking the man's arm away and speaking to him sharply: "I'll make up my own mind, Jubal."

Jubal Frick spoke with a touch of apology: "I know, Cash, but—"

"Mind your business," said Cash Gore.

He was shaming the Running M owner before this crowd. Jack Dale stood up to his full height, outraged yet silent. Nelson McGinnis of Diamond-and-a-Half stared with an angry wonder. They were all waiting for Jubal to give this overweening foreman his just answer, and shock was a plain thing in the crowd when Jubal, without meeting any man's eye, turned quietly away.

"A GOOD way," drawled Benbow, "as long as it works." He left it at that and swung toward the house. The valley men broke out of the semicircle as though released from frozen attitudes.

Price Peters walked in audible astonishment beside him. "You see that?" he grunted. "You see that?" But there was nothing more said, for they were all crowding into Block T's front room, where Eileen and Joe Gannon were side by side before the bishop. Karen Sanderson, a big, blond girl, was playing the old-fashioned organ and some of the women had begun to weep quietly, instantly reducing every man to a wilted silence. When the music stopped, Eileen and Joe knelt before the bishop, who began to recite the wedding ceremony.

Clay Rand leaned near Benbow, ironically whispering: "Why do they cry—for happiness or knowing what marriage is like?" But Benbow was indifferent to that talk, for he saw Connie standing tall and pale and near to being beautiful in the bridesmaid's place; and he saw her eyes turn and find Clay Rand and send something across the room that was sad and strange and lovely—and meant for Clay alone. Benbow dropped his head, listening to the last words of the bishop.

The organ started up again and at once everybody was talking. Price and Izee and Clay were bending their heads together. Price said, "Joe's a jealous son of a gun," and winked. And at once the four of them walked toward Eileen in single file, Price leading.

Price said, "All brides get kissed," and took Eileen into his arms. Gannon stood darkly by, stabbing Price with his eyes; and afterward Clay came up and caught Eileen. Everybody in the room had been laughing at this, but the laughter died out, for Eileen stared at Clay, suddenly white as paper. Her arms resisted him a little before he kissed her. He had quit smiling and Joe Gannon seized him and whirled him around, ablaze with that quick rage always so near his heart. Gannon said, "You've had your time at that, Rand. The time's gone by."

Clay grinned insolently at Gannon. "When I go to weddings, Joe, I always kiss the brides."

Izee and Benbow took their turns and went on. A plump, redheaded little girl at the doorway said to Izee, scornfully, "I thought you were a bashful man," and went out with him. Benbow

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In Tokyo, Japan, a large and expensive restaurant not only employs the most beautiful hostesses and waitresses in the city but it also maintains a special beauty shop, where they are made up by experts—like movie stars—before they serve the patrons.

The most expensive motor highway ever constructed in the United States, on a mileage basis, is the great Pulaski Skyway, which runs for six and a third miles over the congested areas of Jersey City, New Jersey. It cost more than $3,000,000 a mile.

Up to about fifty years ago, in the bull rings of Spain, a bull was allowed to fight many times. Then a law was passed that prohibited the matching of an animal more than once because, it was realized, he learned much in each encounter and, consequently, became increasingly dangerous. So since that time every bull, after his one and only 15-minute fight, has been removed from the ring and destroyed.

On Japanese ships in the 17th century the tortoise-shell tomcat was so highly prized as a weather forecaster, because it would rush up the mast before the approach of a storm, that it was often classed as a member of the crew and given a rank higher than that of the cook.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the only fiction story, it is believed, that started an extensive building fad. Upon its publication in book form in 1852, numerous shopkeepers throughout Europe rebuilt their stores in cabin form and hung the sign "Uncle Tom's Cabin" over the door.—*By Hannah A. Fox, West Springfield, Massachusetts.*

Steam is invisible, when leaking under high temperature and pressure, until it becomes water vapor several feet from the pipe. As such steam will burn a man's hand badly before he can pull it away, leaks are usually found with a rag on the end of a stick. When the rag reaches the leak it instantly bursts into flame.—*By James B. Pitman, Port Peck, Montana.*

Table tennis has developed into such a popular sport throughout the world that at least 25 countries now are members of the International Table Tennis Federation. The game is widely played in the United States, England, Hungary, Japan and particularly in France, where the annual national tournament has had as many as 5,000 entries.

Nerves have little or nothing to do with the so-called "nervous breakdown;" and tight hats and too much or little washing of the hair have little or nothing to do with baldness.

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suddenly found Connie Dale walking without comment beside him, across the yard to the tables. He turned away, but her hand was on his arm, stopping him, and when he looked at her he saw a hurt pride showing out and a clear call for his help. They sat down together at one of the tables. Eileen came out with Joe Gannon and the bishop and the Grays. They started for the table, and then Joe Gannon wheeled and went rapidly around Block T's low horse barn.

Connie said: "What is he doing?"

Joe Gannon came back, driving a buggy across the yard. He stopped and jumped out and held his arm for Eileen to rise by; and stepped up to the seat again. He wasn't smiling and he wasn't pleased. There had been talk going on and now it ceased and into this quiet he placed his talk with a grudging effort.

"I thank you, and my wife thanks you. We'll be at the ranch for any of our friends. But if anybody comes up there to start this fool shivaree business they'll run into buckshot." Afterward he turned the buggy about the yard and lashed the team into a trot that carried them, unbreakfasted, eastward along the valley.

Benbow returned to Hat from Block T and immediately afterward struck across Two Dance Valley. At noon he had reached the Ramparts of the Yellows and thereafter climbed that stiff edge of the hills and made his way through one and another of the corridors of a deep pine forest where silence lay like deep pools of water. At two o'clock he reached Rho Beam's chuck wagon and stopped for a cup of coffee with Old Veersdorp, the cook. Rho and the four Hat men who made up this outfit were somewhere back in the timber hazing up beef. Keeping Hat stock branded and located was a year-round proposition and this chuck wagon seldom got back to the home quarters.

"TELL Rho," said Benbow, "to kill a two-year-old and send a quarter to Frank Isabel. I'll be back here late tonight to get the other."

"Goin' toward Granite Canyon?"

"Maybe."

Old Veersdorp let his eyelids droop. "Rho went over that way last week and had a shot took at him."

Benbow went on at a leisured gait; and at five or thereabouts he reached the edge of Granite Canyon.

At the bottom of the canyon a small creek, laced whitely by the foam of its fast travel, dropped toward Running M out on the edge of the bench. In the other direction the high rock walls made a sweeping turn, carrying this natural highway deeply on into the heart of the rugged Yellows. A wagon trail marched crookedly beside the creek.

He put his horse back into the trees, himself taking position at the edge of the canyon. He had brought along his field glasses and from time to time he focused them on the outline of Running M's quarters just visible at the canyon's mouth, half a mile away. Men were moving around the yard, and around six o'clock a rider came into the canyon at a rapid gait. Lying flat on his belly, Benbow watched the man come forward and pass directly beneath. At this distance he had no trouble recognizing the husky, tublike shape of Indian Riley swaying with a characteristic looseness in the saddle. Once Riley's very dark and very round face lifted, his eyes sweeping the rim of the canyon; afterward he rounded the upper bend and was out of sight.

Benbow went back to his horse and rode into the trees, taking a faint trail that paralleled the rim of the canyon. Going upward at a casual trot, he finally bent away from the canyon and came at last to a little meadow occupied by a gray log hut. It was sunset time, with long and hard flashes of light streaming above the timber and shadows banking themselves palely against the pine trunks. Stopped at the margin of the meadow, Benbow called across it:

"Pete."

Pete Cruze was somewhere along the far edges of this meadow; his voice came back. "That you, Jim?" And afterward he walked forward into the open patch and met the advancing Benbow.

Benbow said: "You campin' over there?"

"I like it better than in the cabin," Cruze said dryly.

"Trouble?"

"Shot at this mornin'. Before daylight—through the window."

Benbow nodded. "I thought it might come that way. Take up your belongings, kid, and join Rho Beam's chuck wagon."

"I can stick it out here," said Pete Cruze stubbornly. "To hell with Indian Riley's crowd."

"You'll join Rho's outfit," repeated Benbow, and then remained silent a little while, his long jaw crawling forward and settling his lips into a broad, thin crease. He said, softly, "You come with me, Pete," and waited while Pete Cruze went back into the timber for his horse. The two of them turned up the trail.

THE skylight faded and shadows were running thicker all through these pines, with a little wind springing up. The trail here struck straight into heavier timber, climbing steadily, and at the end of a half-hour shot off to the left and led them to the canyon's rim again, dropping into it by sudden switchback turns. Below them directly, at a point where the canyon widened into the falling slopes of the Yellows, three gray houses sat elbow to elbow beside the creek.

Lamplight glimmered through the windows and men moved along the yard; and behind the houses somebody stood in a corral roping out horses. There was this much visibility left in the fading day. Benbow got down from his horse and drew his rifle from its boot. Seeing that, Pete Cruze followed suit. Both of them dropped flat at the rim's edge.

"It's always polite to return a callin' card," said Benbow. "We'll concentrate on the windows. Indian Riley might be pleased with the compliment." He let go then with his shot, the dreaming stillness of the hills burst apart by the long and sharp clap of that explosion. One huge shout raced above the shot echo and all those men below turned to weaving shapes, racing to the rear of the houses. Pete Cruze had opened up, pleased with himself as he fired. Lights went out down there, one by one, leaving the settlement presently in its half-darkness. Indian Riley's outfit, crouched out of sight, set up an answering fire. A bullet went whining past Benbow, high over his head. Benbow rolled on his side to refill the gun and raked the settlement with another calculated burst of firing; and stopped then.

"That's enough, Pete."

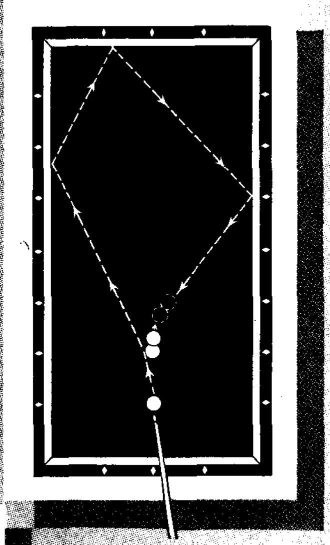
They crawled from the rim and got in their saddles, diving back down the trail. At the cabin he said, "Get your stuff and join Rho," and went on alone. When he reached the main trail he dropped immediately into the canyon's bottom and followed it toward the open plain, with darkness falling fully across the world. Running M's light winked in his face and Running M's dogs, hearing his approach, began to sound. He curled past Jubal Frick's corrals into the front yard and dismounted there. Somebody's high shape retreated around the far corner of the house; and two men rose almost in

(Continued on page 47)

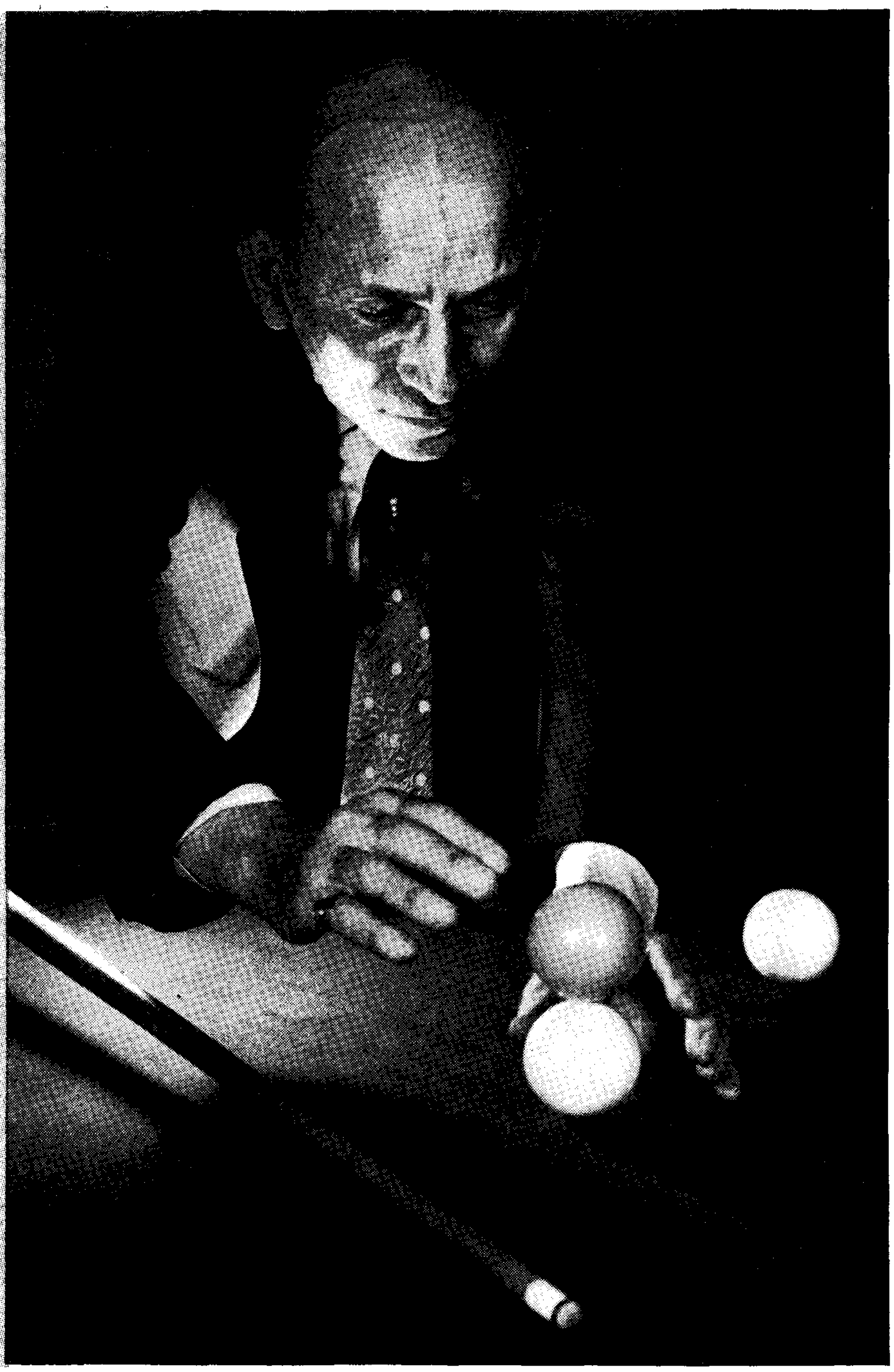
Without Mirrors or Wires

By Quentin Reynolds

"Show me," says Charley Peterson, "show me any shot I can't make." Billiard enthusiasts are still trying to find one, but without success. This is the story of the man whom an automobile accident turned into the most spectacular trick-shot billiard player in the world



Charley Peterson demonstrating a difficult three-cushion shot. One object ball is balanced on the other. The cue ball, touching the lower lightly, displaces the upper. After hitting the three cushions, the cue ball hits the second object ball



VALENTINO SARRA

IT WAS 1910 and Charley Peterson was a confident young buckaroo who thought himself to be just about the greatest billiard player ever to bend his back across the green cloth of a billiard table. As a matter of fact young Peterson had a great deal of evidence to bolster up his contention. He was playing in rare form, averaging a hundred points an inning, and at that time only Willie Hoppe was performing in that style.

One day he was out riding in one of those newfangled automobiles which were just getting popular in St. Louis. He was driving along Gravois Street when there was a sudden blinding flash, vaguely heard screams, and Charley Peterson was just another hospital case over whom doctors bent gravely and said, "He may live, but . . ."

The automobile had hit a streetcar and Charley Peterson and the automobile had come off second best. Peterson spent seven months encased in plaster and then finally his broken bones had knitted and he was discharged—cured, but unsteady, shaky and apprehensive.

He hurried to the billiard rooms he was managing then in St. Louis. Nervously he took a cue in his long slender hands. The touch of it felt good and some of his confidence came back. He put three balls on the table. Did he still retain his wizardry? Were his nerves still under the firm control of his mind and did he still have that soft delicate touch so necessary to the playing of championship billiards?

He stroked the cue ball—and it went just where he wanted it to go. Again and again he stroked the balls, making difficult massés and easy ones—trying out every shot he knew.

"I'm as good as ever," he cried ecstatically, but he spoke too soon.

A Blessing in Disguise

He was as good as ever on any one given shot, but where hitherto he had been able to practice by the hour and been able to put 150 points together, now he could play but a few minutes without tiring, and a run of five was the best he could do. His weariness would then communicate itself to his nerves, and the fine balance of strength and deftness which lay in his fingers would be destroyed. He realized sadly that his days as a competitive player were done and that his career which had just about begun to flourish had died.

"I didn't know it then, of course," Peterson laughs now, "but that accident turned out to be a blessing in disguise."

It did too, for he had an inspiration. He had always been good at trick shots—impossible shots that no one else could make. He had always mastered such shots merely for his own amusement—but why not make a specialty of it? The making of these shots didn't involve a sustained strain of tournament play. These he could do without being bothered by the legacy the accident had left him. So he concentrated solely on difficult shots.

Peterson has a one-word formula for his success: Practice. During his career he has diagramed about 600 difficult shots, a great many of which only he can perform. After diagraming them and studying all of the angles he tries the shot out. Sometimes it takes months of practice to learn the shot, but once learned it is never forgotten.

Once he executed 100 billiards in 47 seconds and again he reeled off 1,000 in four minutes and 37 seconds. Both of these stand as world records. He has held the world's red ball title and in between times he has refereed more than 300 championship matches.

At the turn of the century Peterson and young Willie Hoppe, then fourteen, became great friends and Pete, touring the country competing in tournaments and giving exhibitions, sang the praises of the young sensation wherever he went. Years later Pete became Hoppe's coach and today Hoppe always gives much of the credit for his success to him.

By 1910 Pete had become one of the country's greatest billiardists. He had his eyes on the world crown and he ranked right up with Hoppe and two or three others as favorites. But then fate in the form of the trolley car came along to spoil everything—and eventually to make Peterson his fortune.

Peterson arrived in Tulsa, Oklahoma, during the oil boom and the city was knee-deep in money. He was scheduled to do this trick: He promised to place a silver dollar on edge between two cubes of chalk, hit the dollar with his cue, send it rolling down the table where it would strike the cushion at the other end and, rolling back, pass between the two cubes of chalk without touching them.

When Peterson arrived at the billiard rooms that night an oil man named Davenport was there denouncing him as a faker.

"I'll bet you $10,000 to $100 that you can't do that trick with the silver dollar," he roared, taking out a roll of bills from his pocket.

"I never bet a nickel on anything in my life," the mild-mannered Peterson said.

"You are not only a faker but a four-flusher," the oil man roared.

Peterson just shrugged his shoulders, walked to the table and amid a profound silence set up the chalk cubes and the dollar. Then carelessly, nonchalantly, he hit the dollar and it did just what he said it would do.

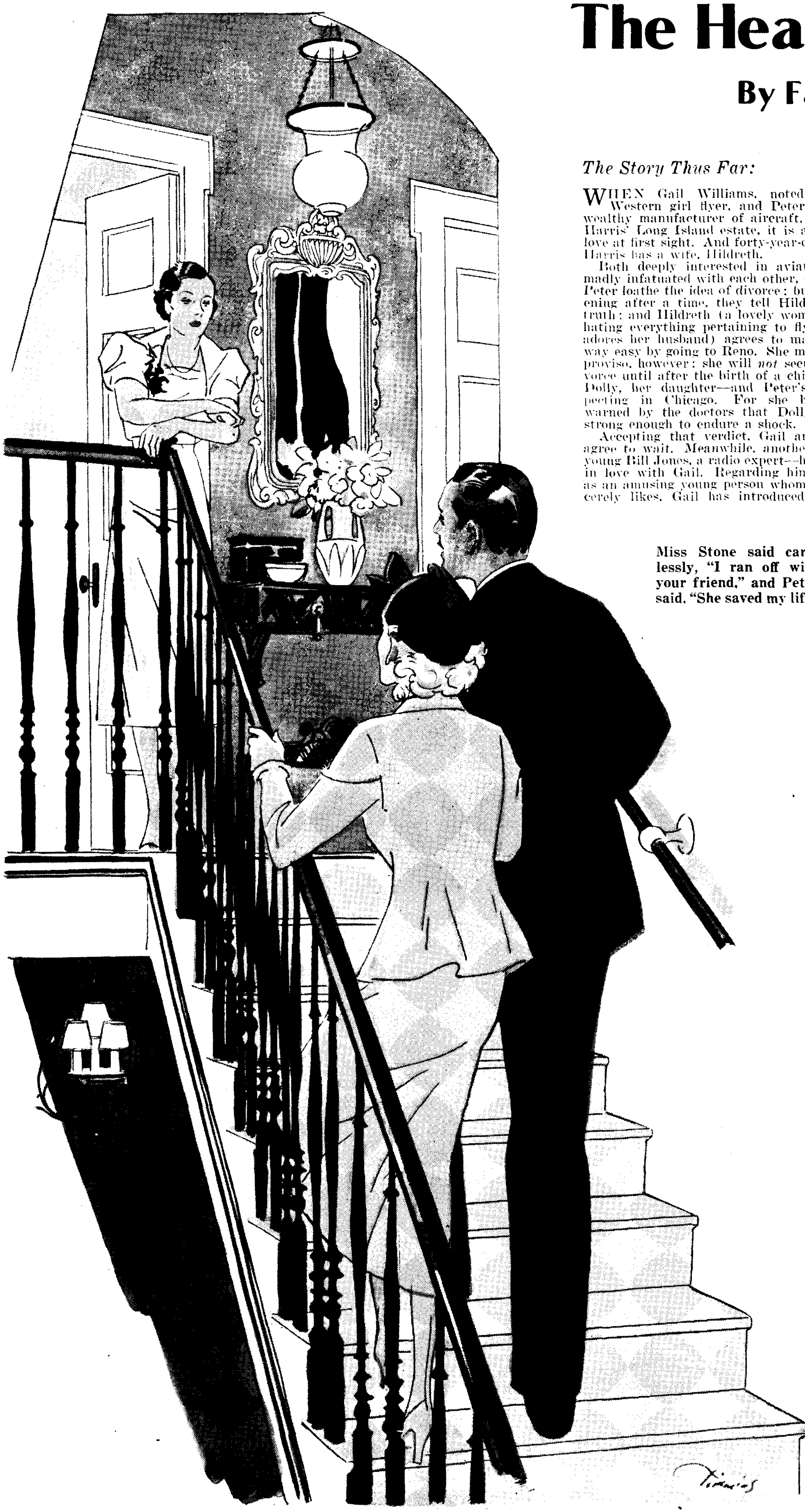
The oil man stared popeyed. Peterson turned to him. "Mister," he said calmly, "let this teach you never to bet on another man's game."

In St. Louis, where he has had an academy for many years, Peterson has done a great deal for the game. He was the first, for instance, to interest women in billiards. His "ladies' nights" have long been a St. Louis feature.

"Billiards is a decent, fine game," he says. "And I've done my best to bring it to the fine people of my city. Look around my room and you'll agree that I have succeeded."

The Heart Has Wings

By Faith Baldwin



Miss Stone said carelessly, "I ran off with your friend," and Peter said, "She saved my life"

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Gail Williams, noted Middle Western girl flyer, and Peter Harris, wealthy manufacturer of aircraft, meet at Harris' Long Island estate, it is a case of love at first sight. And forty-year-old Peter Harris has a wife, Hildreth.

Both deeply interested in aviation and madly infatuated with each other, Gail and Peter loathe the idea of divorce; but, weakening after a time, they tell Hildreth the truth; and Hildreth (a lovely woman who, hating everything pertaining to flying, yet adores her husband) agrees to make their way easy by going to Reno. She makes one proviso, however: she will *not* secure a divorce until after the birth of a child whom Dolly, her daughter—and Peter's—is expecting in Chicago. For she has been warned by the doctors that Dolly is not strong enough to endure a shock.

Accepting that verdict, Gail and Peter agree to wait. Meanwhile, another man—young Bill Jones, a radio expert—has fallen in love with Gail. Regarding him merely as an amusing young person whom she sincerely likes, Gail has introduced him to Peter Harris, who is deeply interested in a remarkable radio device which Bill is perfecting. Unfortunately, however, Bill, still madly in love with Gail, suspects her of "playing" him so that Harris can gain control of his idea. So he disappears.

Gail's father (like Peter, in the aviation industry) finishes his second honeymoon and returns to his home in Lake Forest, near Chicago. Gail pays him a visit.

Dolly's baby arrives—a boy. But Peter Harris is not with his daughter at the time; he is hunting deep in the Canadian wilds. When he finally emerges, a telephone call sends him flying to Dolly's side. Before he arrives, Gail has left for New York. But Hildreth is awaiting him; Hildreth—and some shocking news: A remarkable new airplane with which he has been experimenting, which he has himself flown, has crashed, killing a noted pilot. With Hildreth, he boards a train and starts for New York. Hildreth wants to discuss the divorce. Peter brusquely declines to do so. Does he, or does he not, *want* a divorce? Strangely, he is far from sure!

X

PETER had been in town a full week before he telephoned Gail. That he dreaded seeing her, he was perfectly aware. It was all very well for Hildreth to assure him that Bedford's crack-up hadn't been his fault. Gerry told him so, too, over and over again, became angry, swore at him furiously, looked as if he would have liked to knock him down. Peter didn't mind. That was Gerry, loyal, fanatically loyal—but what was he *thinking* under all the profanity and bluster and name-calling?

He imagined—or was it imagination?—that some of the other men acted a little— Oh, he couldn't put his finger on it. Stromoff had been a friend of Bedford's . . . When he took Stromoff aside and said, "Look here . . . I can't tell you how I feel about this. . . . I give you my word that when I flew the ship there wasn't a thing wrong, not a thing," Stromoff had said, "Of course, Mr. Harris, we all know that."

But it wasn't very satisfactory.

He did what he could for Bedford's little widow. He sent her a check . . . "from the company." The amount, which was a large one, came out of his personal account. There was also Bedford's pay and his insurance.

Mrs. Bedford came down to the plant to thank him personally. She was bewildered and sodden with grief but she bore no resentment against Peter Harris or the Harris Aircraft Company. She was the daughter of a barnstorming stunt flyer, the sort of man who crawled out on precarious wings and dropped off, at county fairs, and hoped his parachute would open. He had been killed at a fairground in Texas, landing on a live wire. No haystacks that time . . . Millie had known Bedford since she was fourteen and had married him last year when she was nineteen. She sat in the outer office and thought of him, spare and slow-spoken, gentle with her even when he was drunk, a good guy, a lot of fun, a lover . . .

He had said, "I haven't any business getting married, Baby. See? Sooner or later, I'll get mine. It isn't a long life . . ."

Well, she'd understood that. She felt no hatred of his profession. Bedford wouldn't have been Bedford otherwise.

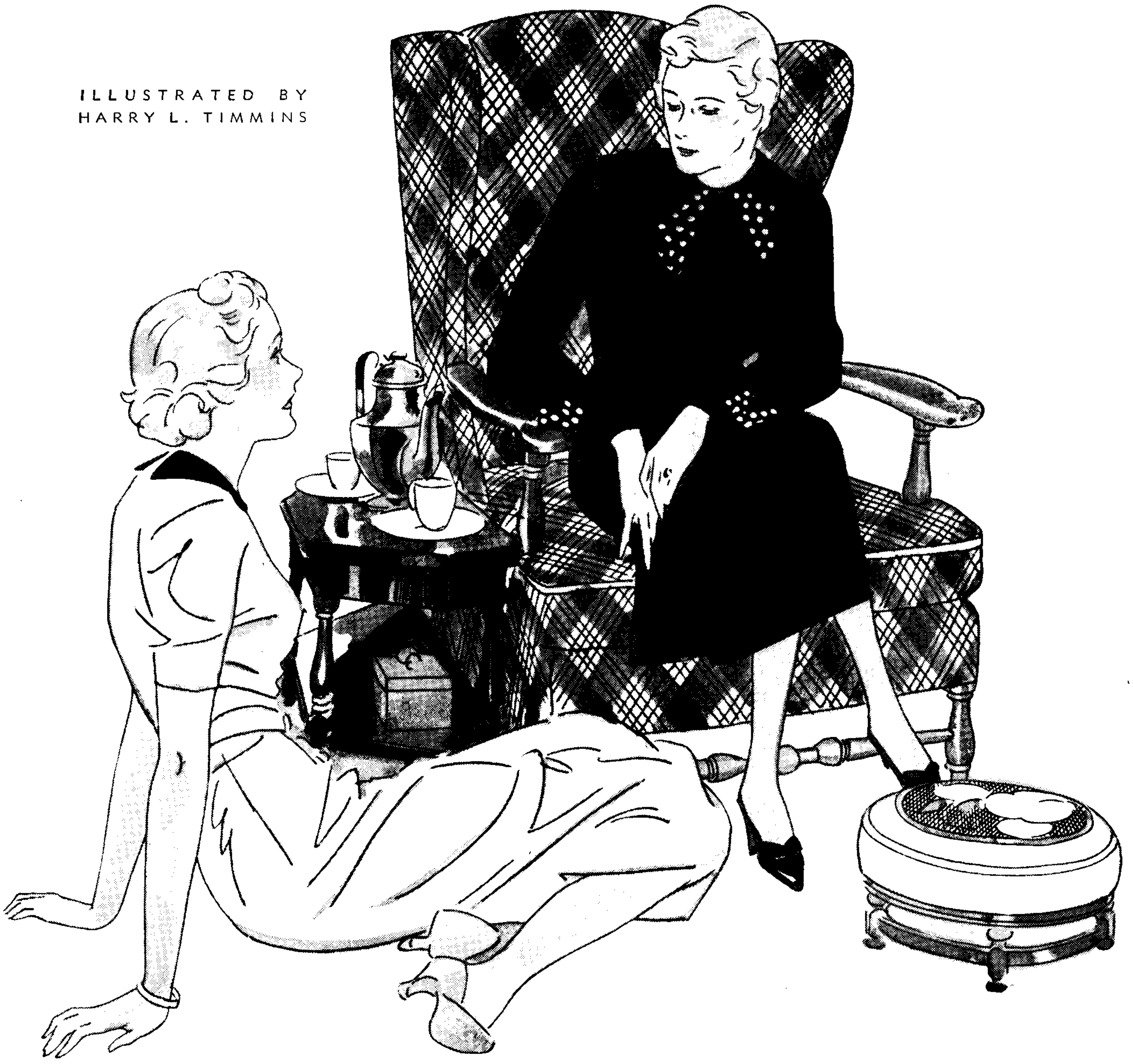
In Peter's private office she stammered her gratitude, and shook her head to clear her large brown eyes and said, "I'll never forget you, Mr. Harris."

She wouldn't, either. Bedford had

talked a lot about Peter Harris. "He's one of the best in the business. A very swell egg." And now Millie could take the insurance and the pay and the extra check which Peter had sent her and open a little beauty parlor uptown, after Bedford's debts and funeral expenses were paid. She had been working in a beauty parlor when they were married.

Somehow he got rid of her. He went back to the office and stood at the windows. The noise from the shop came up to him. He put his hand to his lapel. There was a small insignia on it, that of the Quiet Birdmen. He dropped his hand again.

They were rebuilding the XSBH-1; this time it would be the XSBH-2 . . . This time it wouldn't fail.



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

"China?" repeated Hildreth faintly. She shook her fair head as if to clear her vision

IF HE had shirked seeing Millie Bedford, whom he had never before set eyes on, how much more must he shirk seeing Gail, who loved him and whom he loved. Because she'd been there, that day, because in his heart he blamed her for his stupidity, his criminal negligence. The thing was becoming an obsession with him. And not only Bedford. Dolly. Dolly might have died, anything might have happened to Dolly. He hadn't been there.

He called Gail finally and met her for dinner in the little restaurant they frequented. Afterward, they went back to her place. He said, at dinner, irritably, "Oh, don't boggle at it, Gail. Talk about straining at a gnat! I want to talk to you . . . I can't here."

At dinner she had spoken of Bedford. But he cut her short. He said, "Tough, all right," and went on talking about Brewster's camp and about Dolly; mostly about Dolly. He was the fatuous father, the doting grandfather to the life, sitting there, not eating much, drinking a good deal, making such a nervous clatter with the silverware that Gail thought she would scream. When he turned the conversation away from Bedford and the crack-up, she had a distinct shock of revulsion. Did he care so little, did he hold human life so cheap?

"Heard from Bill Jones?"

She said, "No, I haven't."

Peter shrugged. "Well," he said sourly, "there goes the beam . . ."

They went back to the flat. When they were there, he asked her for a drink and she mixed him one. He walked up and down the room with the glass in his hand, talking about nothing.

She asked, "Peter, what on earth's wrong with you?"

"Everything," he admitted. He set the glass down and flung himself in a chair. He said, "My stars are crossed all right . . ."

She said, "But—"

"Now listen to me," he said, a little too loudly, "don't be like everyone else trying to soothe me, trying to calm me down, saying a lot of words that don't mean anything. I know that Bedford's crack-up was my fault . . ."

SHE didn't say a word, she just looked at him with her startling, altering eyes. Despite his denial he had expected reassurance. Well, he didn't get it. He went over the whole thing again. He hadn't found anything wrong with the ship. Had there been anything, he would have set her down, turned her over to the engineers, and whatever was the matter would have been remedied. He ended, almost shouting, "You think it was my fault, don't you, Gail?"

She said, "No, Peter, I don't . . . It was unfortunate . . . I wish you hadn't taken her up."

"You wish! Oh, that's funny! I took her up because you expected me to—"

"Peter, that's so unfair," she began.

He said, savagely, "Everything's happened to me, this past year. Your boy friend running out on me. . . . You can't defend him, Gail, he was morally obligated—I gave him the best I had, advice, suggestion, the run of the plant—" he remembered saying all this before but that didn't matter—"and what happens? You decide to be frank and honest and all that sort of hooey and so he walks out on us . . . and takes the beam along . . . and, what's more, doesn't leave a damned thing behind him from which to work . . ."

She said sharply, "You looked? You intended to—turn the idea over to Jameson, after all?"

He said, "Of course. Do you think I'm crazy? I had a right to it; he hadn't worked it out . . . Jameson could have started at scratch and got there ahead of him perhaps. All he gave us was a springboard . . ."

She cried, "That's the most dishonest thing I ever heard of, Peter!"

"Oh, stop hairsplitting," he said, "you wanted me to have it in the first place, didn't you?"

"Not that way," she answered.

He shook his head angrily, "Well, you've got your wish," he told her. "Bill was a little too smart for us. He wasn't giving everything away. I don't know just how he meant to work it out. Oh, up to a certain point perhaps. But after that, no. I'm beginning to wonder if he knows beyond that point."

She was very white but said nothing. He began again, after a minute . . .

"And Dolly! If anything had happened to her!" He reached for his glass and drained it. He said, "Gail, tell me: Did you say anything to her?"

"Hildreth asked me that," said Gail, "and I told her. No. I didn't mind her asking. I do mind your asking, Peter."

HE WAS there in the little flat perhaps two hours. There was no peace there with him, no tenderness, nothing. He was, she forced herself to see, a badly broken, nervous man . . . a man for whom things had gone badly, and who, she told herself coldly, couldn't take it. She listened to him talking half at random, so repetitive that she believed that she must put her hands to her ears and scream. She was too young to recognize a psychological crack-up when she saw it. She saw instead a man who looked perhaps fifty, haggard, miserable, who whined about bad luck, and wanted nothing from her but her assurance that he had not been to blame for it . . . that anyone else could be blamed but himself.

Those things which she had so loved about him were no longer there to remind her of that love: the aura of success, the glamor of achievement, the laughing vitality, the ease of manner, the extraordinary charm. They were, at this juncture, completely erased. In their stead was a middle-aged man who could not take it.

Hildreth could have told her why all this had happened; Gerry could have told her; neither was there.

When the two hours ran to their close Peter got to his feet. He looked drained. He felt a little better. He'd got it off his chest. He smiled at Gail, with a faint return of his old spell over her. He put his arm around her and drew her close. He said, "Sorry to have gone to pieces . . . Forgive me . . . you've been generous . . ."

That reminded him of Millie Bedford speaking to him in her thin, reedy voice. He shuddered a little. His clasp loosened about Gail. There was nothing in the clasp to re-enchant her. He was too self-absorbed for tenderness, too spent for passion. He had come to her for comfort, some reassurance. He had not received it. He had forgotten that she was twenty-four . . .

She said, too practically:

"That's all right, Peter. You've been badly upset. Foolish of you, of course." She made herself smile at him, her eyes narrowing. "You'll be all right tomorrow. You've had," she reminded him, "a good deal to drink."

So that's what she thought!

He said at the door, "Gail . . . Look, darling, I'm sorry. I meant to talk about—other things. South America, for one . . ."

"South America . . . ?"

He said, "Hildreth's going to Reno, very soon. Then we can plan."

After he had gone she flung herself across her bed and wept with bitterness and rage and terror because the god was mortal, and afraid and dishonest and not all she had believed him to be.

Love comes swiftly, goes as swiftly, or dies a lingering death. That's worse than anything else, the slow death of love, the cancer of disillusionment eating, spreading.

She had loved him because of the way he spoke and smiled, because, like her father whose pattern of life had been stamped upon her emotional reactions, he was successful, a man spoke in terms of admiration and praise. She had loved him because of what seemed to her his indestructible youth, his gaiety, his courage.

Now she had seen him without gaiety, without courage, no longer armored in success, no longer young, but beaten, in defeat.

But she was committed. She had said she loved *him*; she had *said* that she would marry him. Shame took her like a flame, dried her tears and licked hotly through her body. It hadn't been Peter Harris who'd urged marriage, divorce, a new life. It had been she.

Yes, her fault. Committed. She set her stubborn little jaw and told herself that she would go through with it.

Having decided this, she wept again, because things could not now be the same, because she was going to South America with a man she did not know and with whom she had not fallen in love.

Peter, leaving the little flat, was fully conscious of having made a fool of himself.

HE GOT in his car and headed for Long Island, driving through the drizzle with a magnificent disregard for anything but the desire to get there as fast as possible. Hildreth, sitting up reading, heard the car roar up the driveway.

She heard Peter come up the stairs, and hesitate at her door. She called to him. "I'm up," she said.

He came in and sat down. He had never looked, she thought, so tired.

He said, without preliminaries, because he no longer cared very much and all his defenses were down, "I've been with Gail."

Hildreth waited.

He spoke again after a moment. He said, as if bewildered, "I don't know what's wrong. We didn't quarrel. It wasn't that."

She said, "Peter, you're letting yourself get into a pretty bad mental muddle. You haven't thought much about Gail, have you? This situation is very hard on her, and you've gone to pieces over the accident at the plant. You are only making other people miserable. About yourself, that doesn't matter. I mean, it's up to you. You have a right to make yourself miserable if you want to, but not to involve your friends . . ."

That was, of course, her particular creed. He had not known it before. He stared at her in something like wonder.

She said, "And you've been fretting about Dolly. If something had happened. But nothing did happen. It's all over. Now," she suggested, "suppose you try to forget it."

He said, "I can't."

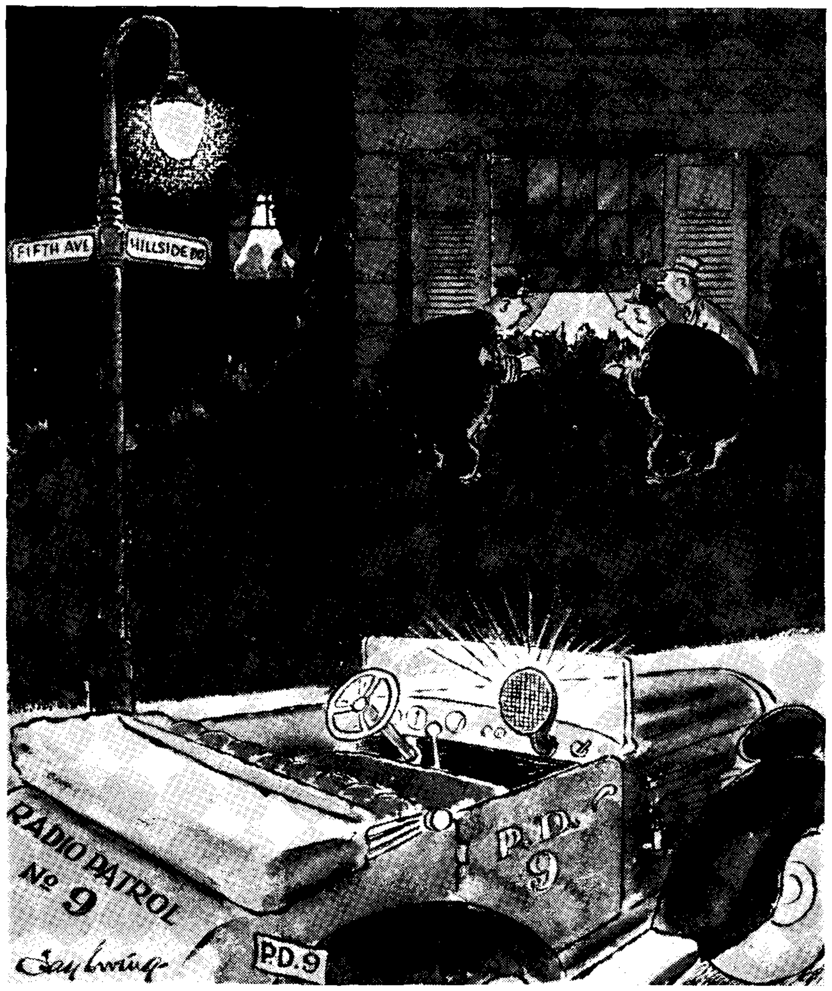
Hildreth dropped her eyes to her book. She said, after a moment, not raising them, "Some day you will find you'll have to grow up."

IN MAY, toward the latter part of the month, Hildreth Harris consulted her lawyers, quietly, and set her house in order. Peter went to the firm she had employed and listened with a feeling of utter unreality to the various legal phrases and agreed to certain settlements. Mrs. Harris did not, it seemed, desire alimony but Mr. Carson believed that Peter would want to make a settlement. It appeared that Mrs. Harris didn't want that either, but he hoped to make her see reason. Peter nodded and felt as if he were in some sort of curious dream.

He and Hildreth talked together before she went west. They talked in the library of the Long Island house which, they agreed, would remain open. The servants were competent. Peter liked to entertain. He would be near the plant. Foolish to close it and move into the city with the summer coming on. . . .

She said, "There isn't much more to say, Peter. I'm stopping off in Chicago for a few days to talk to Dolly. Then I'll go on. You'll be notified when the residence is at an end. Silly, isn't it?" she commented, smiling . . . "residence and all that."

He said, "Hildreth, if you knew . . ."



"Calling car nine . . . car nine. . . . Go to Fifth and Hillside . . . as ordered . . . . Hurry! . . . The neighbors report *three* Peeping Toms *now!*"

JAY IRVING

SHE looked at him and put out her hand. She said, "Please don't say anything you'll regret, Peter. There was a time when I could not have seen my way to doing this. But . . . that time is over. Dolly is married, she has George and the baby, she is happy—and safe. That's all that matters to me, really. We—made a very grave mistake, but we were both young and, then, the circumstances . . ."

They remembered the circumstances, each in his own way and with his unique sorrow.

She said, "I've failed you in a good many ways. Oh, I haven't grown dowdy or mentally slack as so many women do who marry very young, and watch their husbands climb to success. I've been a good housekeeper and a passable hostess, I think. I've kept up my end of things, that way. I have nothing there with which to reproach myself. I've hated your business, of course. I suppose it was natural . . . Did I ever tell you that I went to a psychologist once about it? Yes, and a nerve man too . . . they both told me I had been conditioned. Perhaps they were right."

She was silent a moment, looking back on that slim, fair-haired girl, torn with anxiety, wracked with agony and pitiably alone, as if she were not young Hildreth Harris but someone about whom she'd read in a book. Now she spoke again and flushed painfully. "And in other ways," she admitted, "I haven't been . . . the wife you needed. I can tell you, now," she said, low. Yes, leaving him, she could tell him. She might never see him again as long as they two lived. She hoped that she would not. "You see, Peter . . . that time in France . . . and then Dolly . . . I was afraid I did not want any more children. I—I loved you, it wasn't that, but I resented loving you. Surrendering. Permitting my emotions, my senses, to rule me. When we were first married I had become so identified with you, it was as if, every day we were apart, *not you alone but I also* were in danger. I felt that if you crashed, if you died or were injured, I would experience the falling, the flames, the pain . . . the wrench of dying . . . You were very decent, Peter. After a while you stopped making any demands on me. I was grateful. I should have told you. I couldn't. I can . . . now."

He said, "I wish you had told me, Hildreth."

He had imagination, he was sensitive, he saw in a sudden flash, as lightning tears open a dark sky and illuminates everything with its fleet, searing, abnormal light, what had been happening to his wife all these years; what had happened to her, there, in France, when he was a youngster, buoyant, exultant, flying above the clouds, shouting aloud from sheer vitality and joy in what brief living might be left to him.

She said again, "I couldn't tell you . . . ever. Until now."

SHE rose and stood looking at him. She said, "It sounds terribly trite, but I do hope you'll be happy."

He asked huskily, "And you . . . Hildreth?"

She said, "I'll be happy, in my way. I'll take a little place near Dolly somewhere. *I'll* have a garden." Her face clouded a little as she thought of the garden which she had planned and helped to make and which she was leaving.

She smiled at him, but did not offer her hand. She said, "Well—" and lifted her shoulders and let them drop. "There isn't much more to say, is there—but goodby . . . ?"

After a while he heard her moving around upstairs for the last time. She would leave in the morning. He sat in his library and stared at the models and the books. After a very long time, when it was nearing three o'clock in the morning, he lifted from the mantel the small plane model of which he was especially fond. Meticulously and with as little noise as possible he broke it into a great many small pieces and felt relieved.

Hildreth left for Chicago, a stopover on her way to Reno; and Peter telephoned Gail. He had seen her once since the night in her apartment. That had seemed like other times; they had been very gay together, driving out to Westchester for dinner, making their plans.

He said carefully, "Hildreth's left for the West. She'll stop by and see Dolly first, of course."

It had been agreed between them that they were not to see too much of each other during the time Hildreth was in Reno. Everything was to be conducted with the utmost discretion. None of their friends had been told except Gerry Downing.

PETER had told him, asking him to come home with him for dinner, the night of Hildreth's departure.

"How long is Hildreth staying with Dolly?" asked Gerry.

"She is going on to Reno," said Peter. "She's divorcing me, Gerry."

"Divorcing you!"

Gerry said, after a moment, "You and Gail Williams going to be married?"

"Yes," said Peter, "and go to South America. I have to get things shaped up at the plant . . . I—"

Gerry wasn't listening. He said, "You poor fool!"

"Easy on that, Gerry."

"Okay. It is," remarked Gerry, "your funeral. I don't suppose you've considered Hildreth at all in this matter?"

"Well," said Peter, and grinned faintly, "it's been something of a blow to my vanity, Gerry, but—she seemed more than willing."

Gerry stared at him gloomily and then said flatly, "I don't believe that. I wish I could."

"What, exactly, do you mean?"

"You wouldn't know if I told you," Gerry said.

In Chicago, Hildreth, on her first evening with Dolly, sat at the dinner table and wondered how to tell her. And what was the matter with Dolly anyway? She was a little too bright, she laughed too much, she kept looking at George . . .

Hildreth thought, I must tell her—alone.

It worked out very easily. Dolly said, airily, after they had peeked in at the baby, sleeping peacefully in the guest room, and then returned to the living room, "George, go out to the club, will you, or take a boat ride or something. This place is much too small . . . I want to talk to Mother."

When George had gone, after a lot of spectacular grumbling, Hildreth said, "Dolly, I want to tell you something."

"Wait," said Dolly. She came and knelt down beside her mother's chair. She said, "Me first. I—look here, you're going to take this hard. Try to see it my way. George has had an offer to go to China. We're sailing next month."

"China?" repeated Hildreth faintly. The blood roared and sang in her ears and she shook her fair head as if to clear her vision. Dolly's little face, which had grown dim to her sight, sprang out, clear, anxious, touchingly young.

"Yes," Dolly explained, briefly. She said, "I know you'll hate it . . . but . . ."

Hildreth said harshly, "You can't go. The baby . . . a premature baby . . . Do you realize that you'll risk his life?"

(Continued on page 51)

Gentleman of the Old School

By David Partridge

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

I'D KNOWN him a long time before I ever heard of that mistress of his. And I'm pretty sure nobody else at the office knew about her either.

Anyhow, the way he happened to tell me was like this. I had two tickets to the hockey game. And I don't know why—I hadn't ever been out with him, except for lunch once in a while—but I thought I'd ask him. So I said, "Harrington, I've got a couple of passes for the hockey game tonight. I wonder if you'd like to go with me? It ought to be a pretty good game."

He let me finish. Then he said, "It's very kind of you, Jones. I appreciate it, really. But I have an engagement for this evening. You see," he said, "I'm dining with my mistress."

Now I felt like saying, "Well, well, well," or, "No fooling," or something on that order. But I couldn't. Not to Harrington. And it was clear I had to say something. So I said, with a kind of respectful surprise, "Mistress?"

"Yes," he said. "I have a mistress." It was as though he had said, "I have a bicycle."

Anyway, it sounded as though that were that. But he didn't go over and sit down at his desk. He stood right where he was. "Yes, indeed," he said, and he held my eye. He was going to tell me some more while he was about it, I could see that. "It's been nine years," he said. "Nine long years, come this April twenty-second."

I didn't say anything. I wasn't expected to say anything here.

Then he went on:

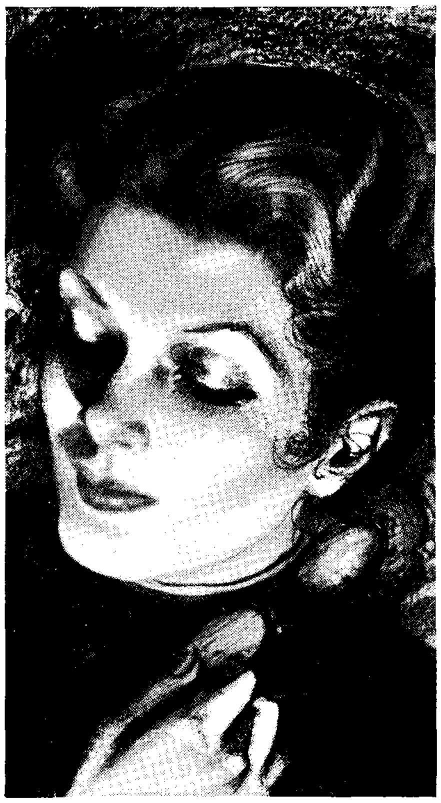
"She lives uptown," he said. "In Washington Heights."

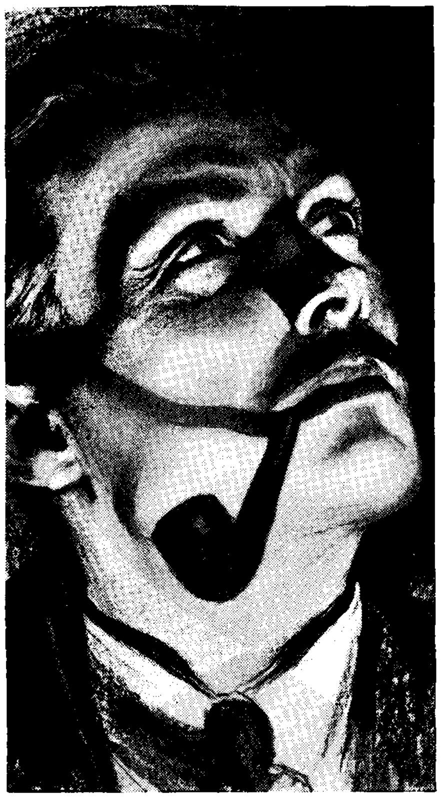
"That's fine," I said. And I told him I'd always heard the air was supposed to be so good up there in Washington Heights.

"Oh, yes," he said. "It's really delightful up that way."

I knew he lived in Brooklyn, somewhere out in Flatbush. In a furnished room.

Now I've got to tell you that Harrington's desk and mine—well, we had an office to ourselves. The Foreign Department, it was called. I just did the cables; you know, coding and decoding and so on. But Harrington, he was the regular correspondence man, translating back and forth, French, German, Spanish, and even Portuguese. He was good, too. He'd traveled a lot in the old days, when his family had money. And he'd been to Oxford, and he looked it. He could wear an old flannel suit that hadn't been pressed in months, or some kind of homespun that looked shabby as hell, and get away with it. And he had a thin, long-haired mustache, and he got away with that, too. I guess you could say he had a sort of an air about him. You know, the old school. But he didn't look old, understand. Not more than maybe forty, forty-five. Pre-war, that's what he looked like.





WELL, I don't know why, but after he'd told me about that mistress business, I couldn't look at him without thinking about it. I'd come in mornings and see him sitting there—he had one of those foreign typewriters with all the foreign accents and signs, and he typed slowly, with two fingers. Anyhow, I'd see him sitting there, and I'd say, "Good morning, Harrington," and he'd say, "Good morning, Jones." And then I'd start thinking up something to say that could lead up to his mistress. For instance, I'd start something about a movie I'd been to, and then I'd tell him he ought to take his friend to see it. I always called her his "friend."

And you can understand that I was always careful not to get him sore. But he wasn't the kind of fellow who'd think you were kidding; maybe because he never did any kidding himself. He was always dead serious when he talked; and he didn't want to talk a lot, anyway.

And it wasn't exactly kidding. I really wanted to hear him talk about her. I got a kick out of the way he'd talk, as though it were about a stamp collection he had, or some tropical fish. I can't describe it any other way.

He never showed me her picture. And I couldn't very well ask him if he had any. But he told me her name. Alice was her name. And another time he told me about the little shop she had uptown. A circulating library and a stationery business in a small way. She was doing pretty well, he said. Especially around Christmas time and Easter. She sort of specialized in greeting cards, he said. There was pretty good money in those cards. Yes, indeed, she was a good businesswoman.

WELL, it got to be pretty hard for me to think up something new—I mean, in the way of leading up to the subject. But every once in a while now he'd come out and tell me something himself. For instance, how they'd taken a ride on the Staten Island ferry, just back and forth, and how they'd seen several large ocean liners departing or arriving, all in one trip. They both liked boats, he told me. But she'd never been abroad.

He told me a number of things like that; little things they'd done together, and places they'd been to. But, as I said, he didn't talk much. And when he did talk, I never got any idea of what his girl was like—I mean, how she looked, and what she really was like.

And then one day, all of a sudden, he said to me, "How would you like to come up to Washington Heights for dinner?" He'd told her all about me, he said. And it was her idea, having me up. How about Friday?

So on Friday, in the lunch hour, I bought a pound box of candy. And at five-thirty we took the subway uptown, Harrington and I.

Now I don't know what I was expecting, but I was surprised, I can tell you that. She was tall, just about as tall as Harrington, and that's pretty tall for a woman. And she wore glasses, the cleanest pair of glasses I ever saw on anybody. I remember the way they were shining. But I don't remember her eyes, or what color her hair was. She was nice-looking, though, what you'd call wholesome; and those glasses didn't make any difference at all. She looked like what a damned nice trained nurse looks like when you're feeling pretty sick.

Anyhow, I remember we didn't have cocktails. Harrington didn't believe in those fancy mixed drinks, she told me. We had some sherry, and it was good, too. And the lamb chops were served with those little white panties, I guess they call them. And the coffee was made at the table in one of those glass machines, and that coffee was the best I ever had in my life.

But what I remember best of all was that chair in the living room. Harrington sat in it after dinner. And it was his chair, she told me. She'd given it to him as a present, but he kept it up there in her apartment. It was a reading chair; maple, I think, with broad armrests, and a lamp attached right to the chair. Harrington sat in it all the time, and it looked mighty comfortable. He told me to try it, and I did. And it was just as comfortable as it looked.

Well, we sat around after dinner and listened to the radio.

Then she brought out a bottle of Scotch, and we all had a highball, and we just sat there and listened to the radio.

Nobody talked much, but that was all right. They weren't exactly holding hands, those two, but every once in a while they'd look over at each other. And everything was all right.

And before I knew it, it was ten-thirty. So I got up and started saying thanks and good night. And then Harrington got up and said he might as well get going, too. That was a long subway ride ahead of him, he said. And then we all said what a shame it was that we had to go to the office on Saturdays.

But she wouldn't let us go before we had one more highball and some fancy little sandwiches she had ready, wrapped up in a napkin in the icebox. And then it really was time to go.

I WENT out of the door first, and waited out in the hall for a minute or so until he came out. And while I was waiting out there, I was thinking what a sap he was, going all the way out to Brooklyn. And what a great couple they made, those two.

So, when we were in the subway, I said to him—I guess I wouldn't have said it if I hadn't had that last highball—but I said, "That's a damned fine girl you've got there. I know it's none of my business," I said, "but why don't you two get married?"

He turned and looked me right in the eye. He didn't look at all sore, but he wasn't smiling either. And he said, "See here, Jones. A gentleman doesn't marry his mistress."

Goose Killers

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

Senator Gerald Nye interrogates J. P. Morgan during the senatorial munitions investigation. Nye's associate, Hugo Black, appears at right

© HARRIS AND EWING

ACME

ALTHOUGH formal indictments may never be returned, the charge of murder hangs heavy over the heads of Hugo Black of Alabama and Gerald Nye of North Dakota." The Reformed Politician bedded his long lean length down still more deeply in the hotel lobby chair. "As far as public opinion is concerned, blood drips from their hands. Louder and louder grows the creeping whisper that these two blunderers killed a fine fruitful goose that laid golden eggs of publicity for ambitious statesmen who, like Gray's flower, might otherwise have blushed unseen.

"Even before my time in the Senate," and the veteran of countless campaigns wagged his head reminiscently, "the chairmanship of an investigating committee was recognized as a short cut to the front page. Given a good live issue, preferably dealing with Wall Street, money or war, especially one that permits men of wealth and large affairs to be pilloried, it is indeed a dumb senator that cannot make himself a national figure, having his advertisements run as reading matter.

"As a matter of fact, the publicity procedure of these investigations has actually been reduced to such a foolproof formula that neither brains nor imagination is required. A sensation around twelve o'clock for the afternoon papers, and another one at five or six for the morning papers. Merely a matter of careful charting so that the scarehead stuff is not poured forth in a lump, but scientifically dragged out over a considerable period, thus whetting interest to razor edge. And when you remember that a witness has no rights that an investigating committee is bound to respect, sensations are easy.

"I never missed a hearing," confessed the ancient of politics, pausing to rekindle an alleged cigar. "Brutal, of course, but highly exciting.

"No rules of evidence at all, and gossip joyously received. Without counsel or the chance to offer rebuttal, the unhappy wretches in the prisoner's dock can only lie back and pray for unconsciousness.

Senatorial Inquisition

"'Aha, so you refuse to tell where you were on Tuesday, 1923? When did you first decide on a criminal career? Do you still steal? Answer yes or no.' Best of all, the chairman, acting both as judge and jury, can issue daily statements in which he is free to attack, distort, condemn and even convict.

"Funny thing," he chuckled, "but Doctor Townsend, who looks incomplete without a poached egg, is about the only one who's ever had the nerve to get up and walk out. To make it still funnier, the Good Old Doctor, who carries his ego in a bucket, was really dying to tell everything, but when the committee began asking about the banks he'd looted, and if he wasn't the same Townsend that had been arrested in Texas for robbing church boxes, Doc wrapped a martyr's robe around his skinny shoulders and told 'em where to go. As a usual thing, however, the victims cower like rabbits.

"A great racket." Rearing his gaunt form, the Reformed Politician ridded his midriff of accumulated ashes. "And one," he continued judicially, "that might have continued to flourish indefinitely but for Black and Nye. Now, thanks to those rattlepates, the investigation game looks to have come on evil days. Where they spilled the beans was in overplaying their hands. Nye particularly. The resolution authorizing his inquiry stated explicitly that the committee was to inquire into the practices of manufacturers, sellers and distributors of arms and munitions, to examine existing legislation and treaties in the regulation and control of the traffic in munitions, and to recommend additional legislation. A neutrality bill was under consideration at the time, and the investigation had some point.

"Work in plenty and important work, but what did Gerald do?" The wrinkled weather-beaten face registered deep disgust. "Instead of trying to carry out his plain instructions, the North Dakota Beagle let out a bloodcurdling bay and turned the inquiry into a man hunt. For weeks the word went around that when Nye got J. P. Morgan on the witness stand, revelations might be expected that would shake the country to its very foundations.

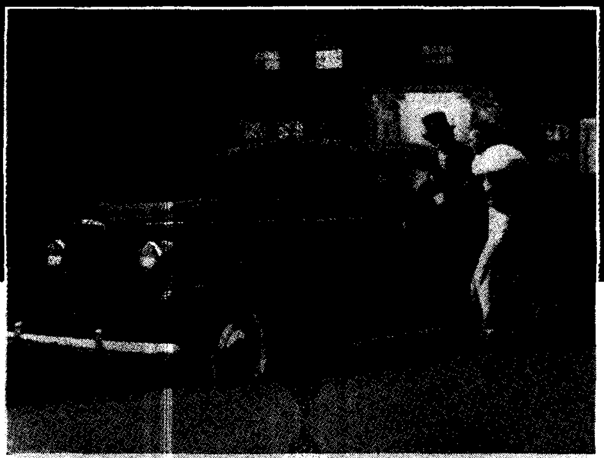
The Investigators' Greatest Flop

"Beyond the peradventure of a doubt it would be proved that the real reason behind the entry of the United States into the Great War was not German submarines, but the secret pressure of international bankers, insistent that their loans to the Allies be safeguarded. A Wall Street war! American lives poured into the ghastly hopper of destruction for no larger, finer end than the grimy profits of a moneyed group!

"Wow!" The Reformed Politician expelled his breath noisily. "Man and boy I've been in the game for fifty years, but never have I witnessed a more colossal flop. The Head Devil of Wall Street was almost childish in his eagerness to answer questions, and at the end there was not even a scintilla of evidence to prove

(Continued on page 50)

Beauty rides Secure



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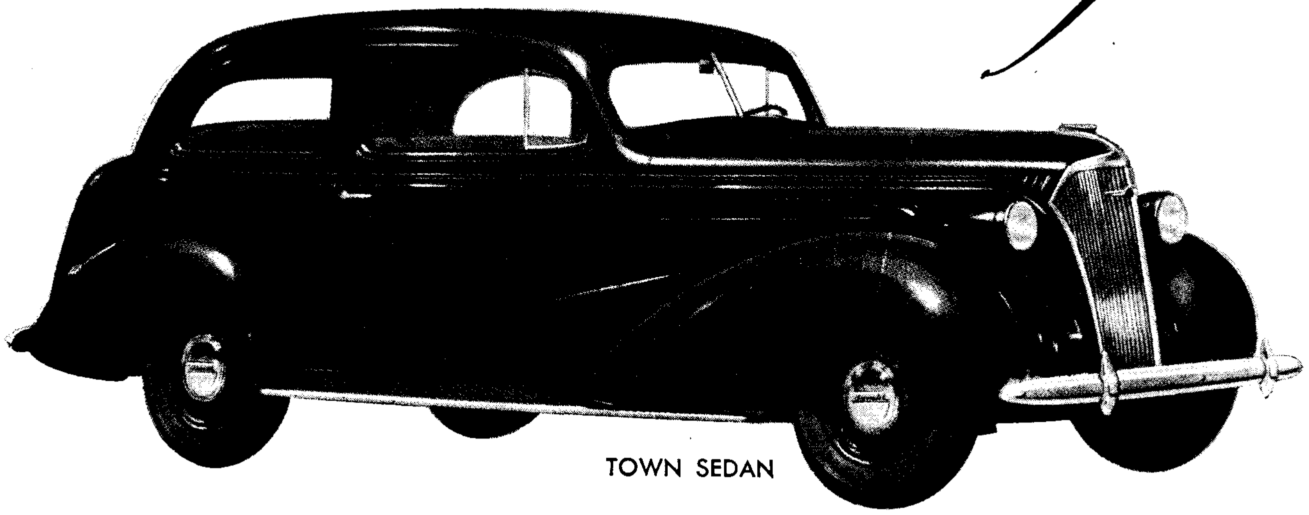
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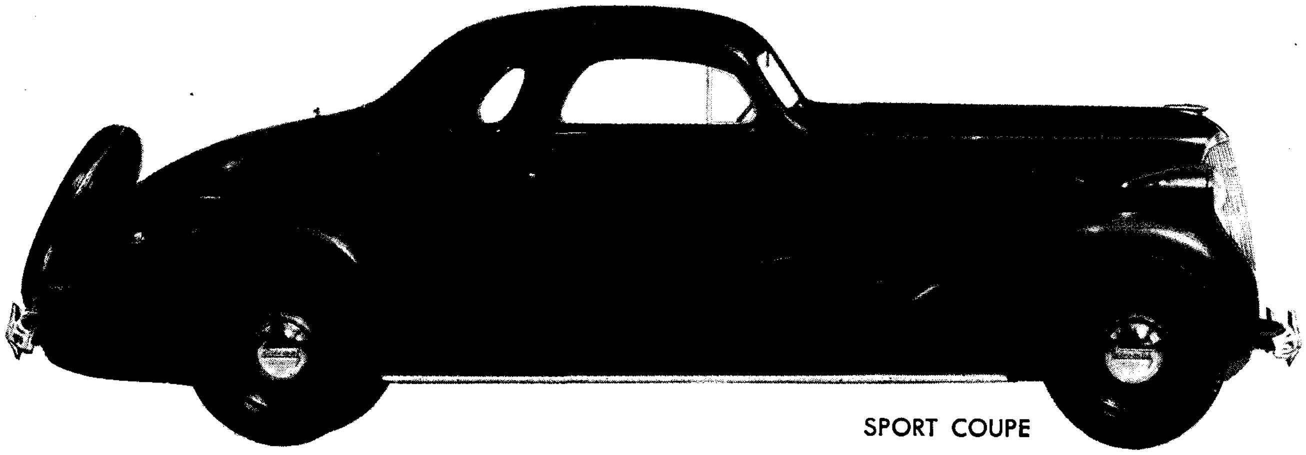
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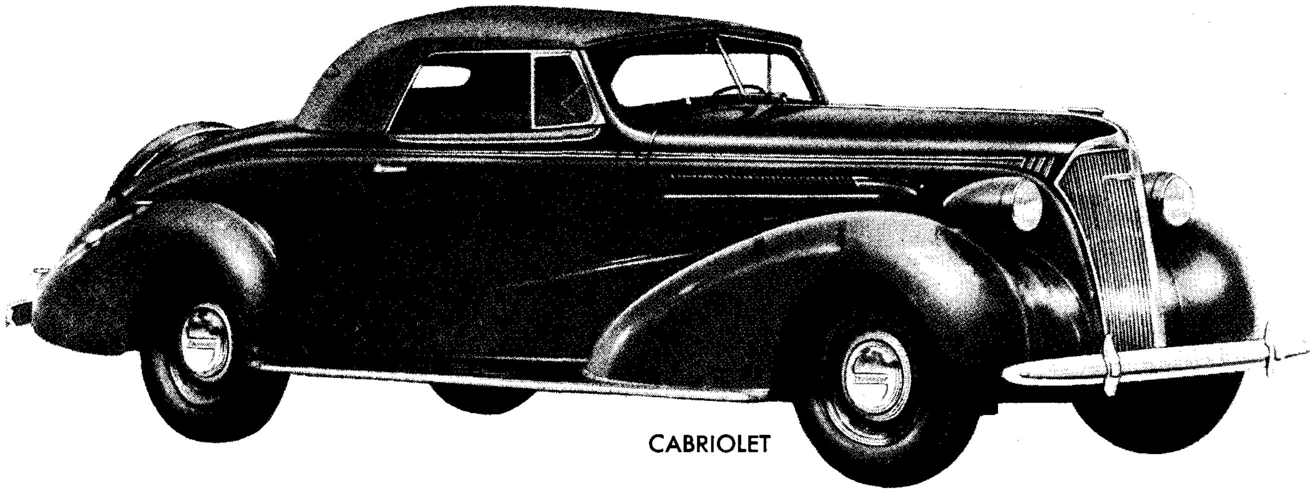
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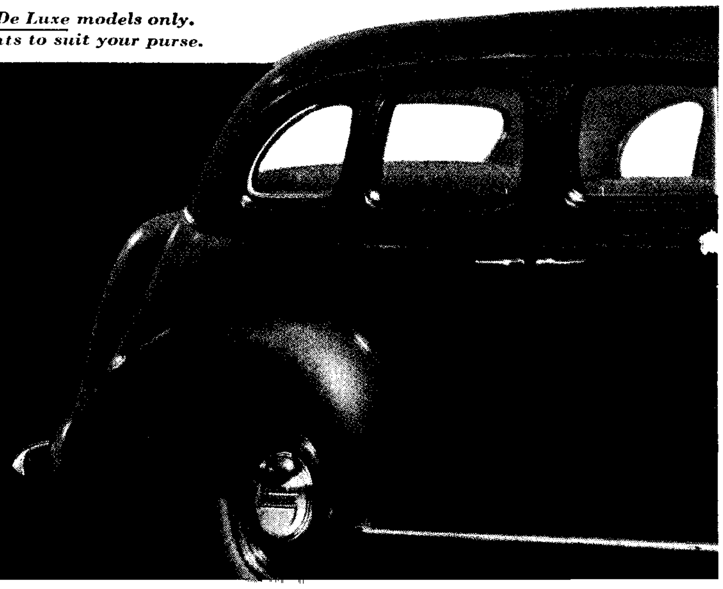

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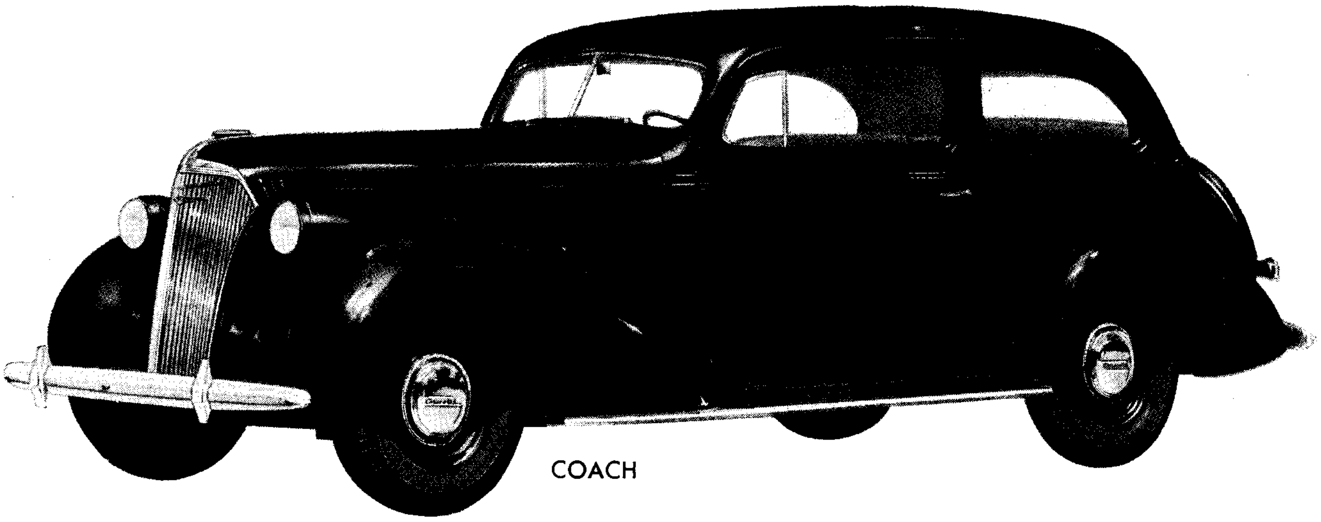

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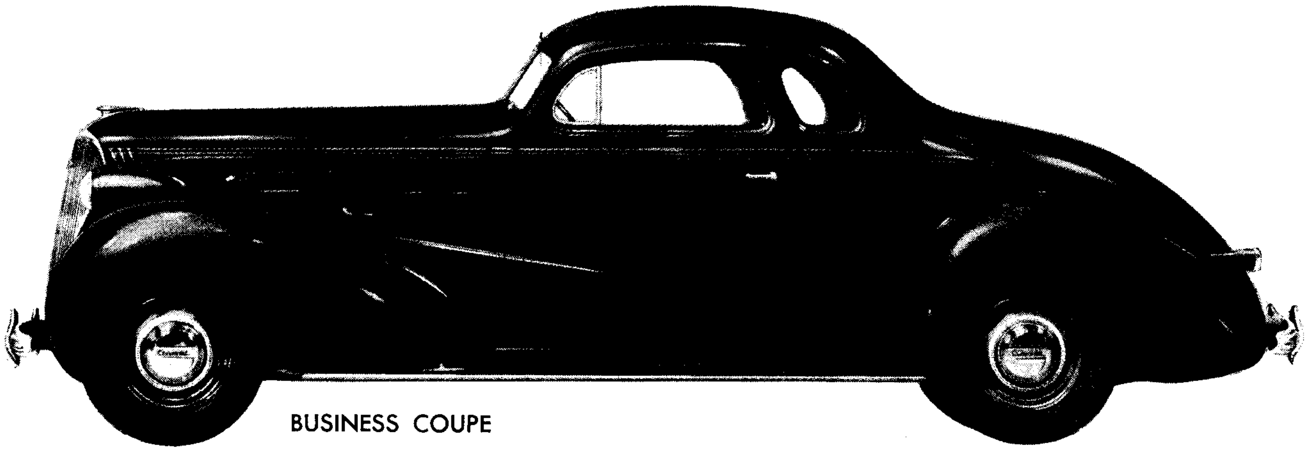

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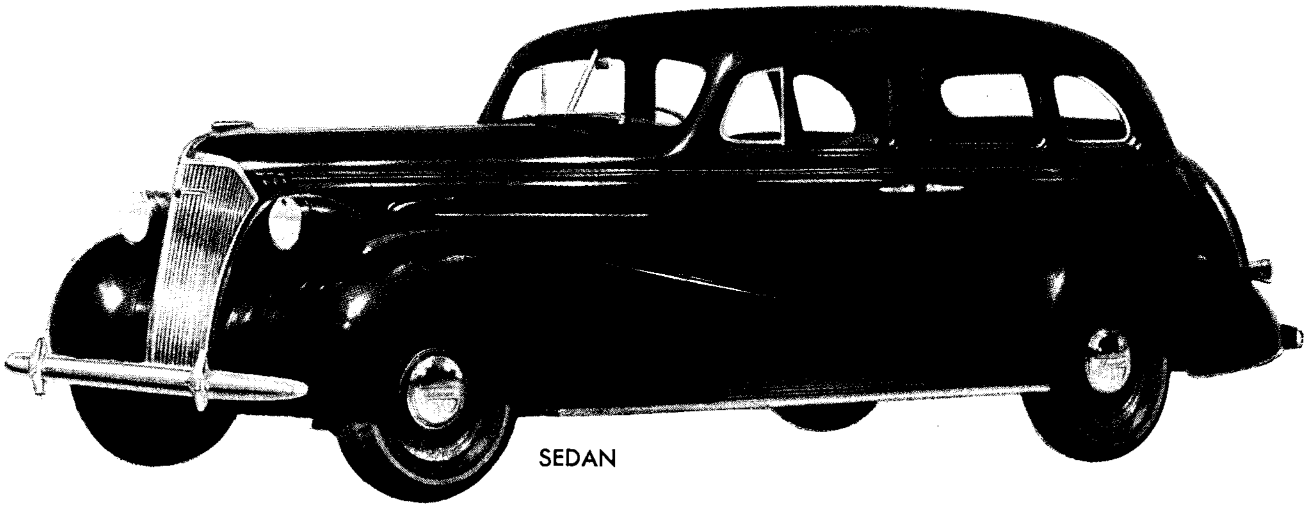

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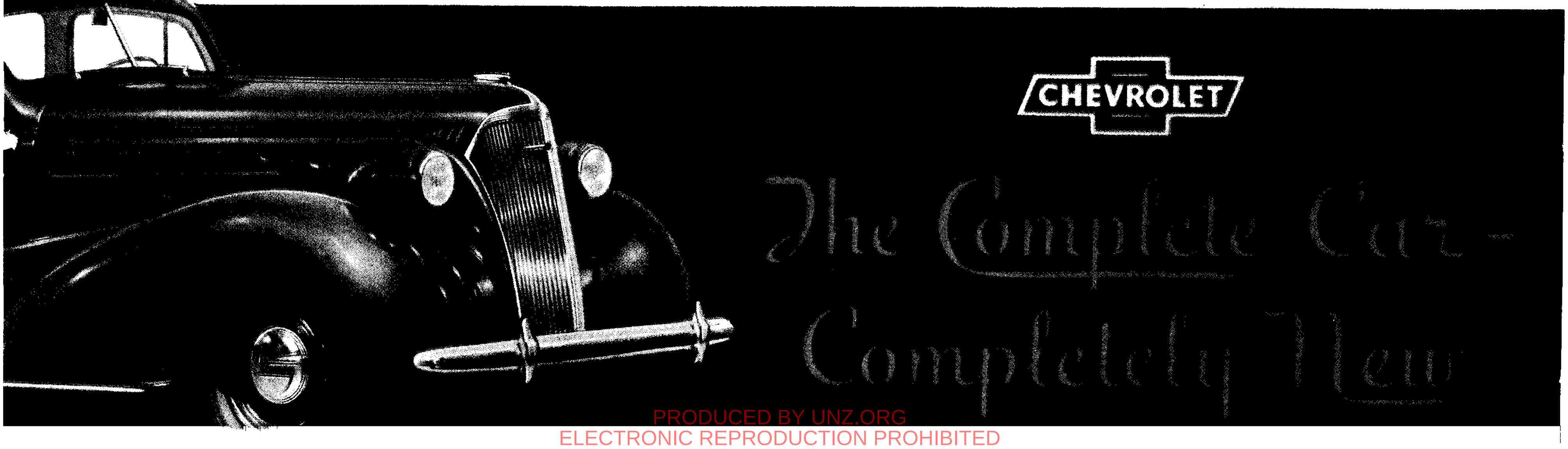

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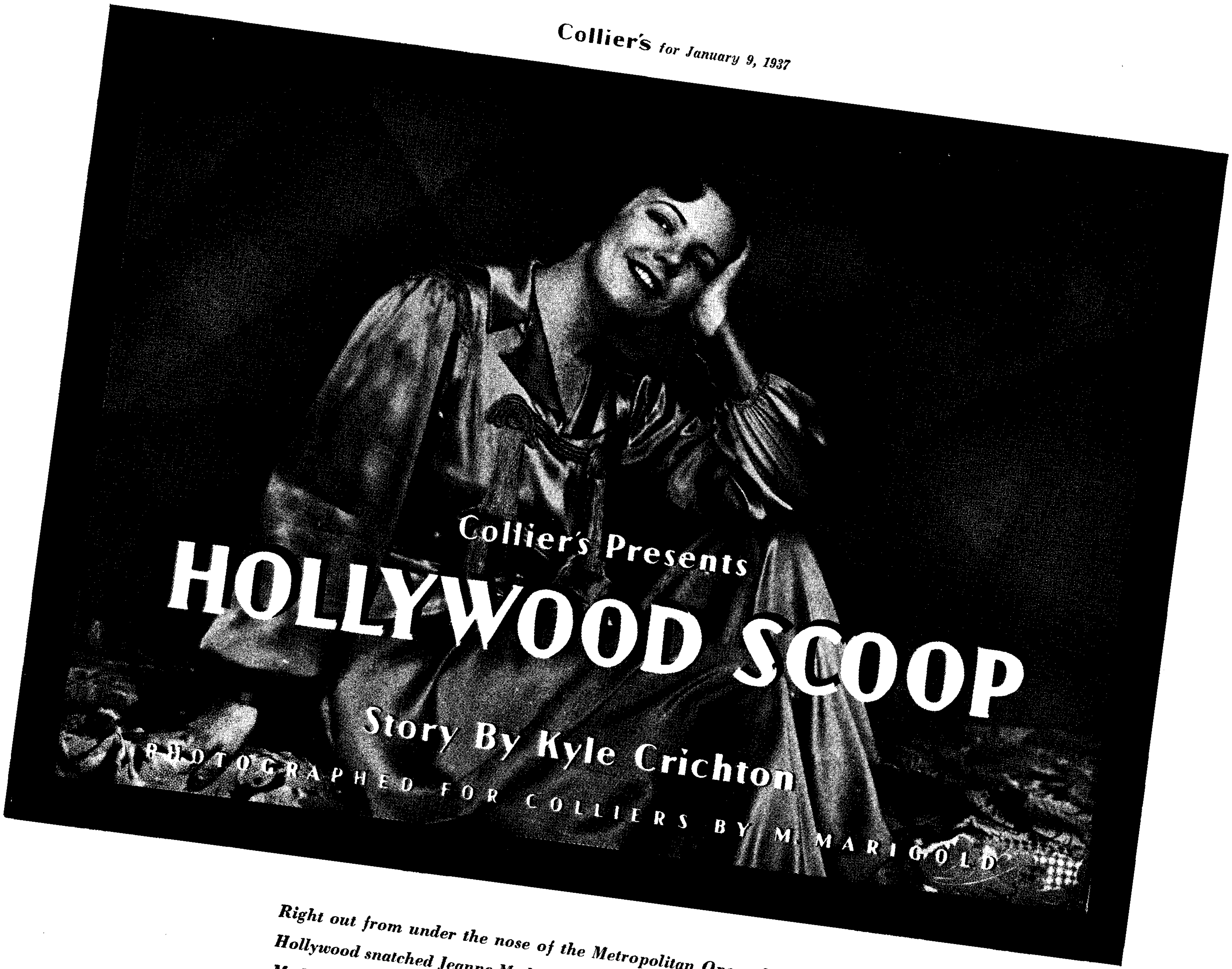


Collier's Presents

HOLLYWOOD SCOOP

Story By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIERS BY M. MARIGOLD

Right out from under the nose of the Metropolitan Opera Company Hollywood snatched Jeanne Madden to sing in Stage Struck. But Miss Madden is still headed for the Met: the West Coast is just a detour

THE thing to do if you want to rescue the most from Hollywood fame is to get yourself born in Scranton, Pa. Just why Scranton should take on in the manner of a city which has collectively won all prizes in the Irish Sweepstakes is not so apparent but it possibly has something to do with the precarious life of all Scrantonians. In a place where your front lawn is likely to disappear into the bowels of a hard-coal mine, it is pleasing to know that one of the citizenry is safe, and likewise famous.

So if Scranton got out the band and the *Maennerchor* when Jeanne Madden *started* for Hollywood, one can imagine the scene when she returned as the heroine of Stage Struck, in which Dick Powell held her tenderly in his arms and crooned. The scene, in short, was cataclysmic. There was a proclamation by the mayor, flags flew at full mast from the city hall, the Kiwanis Club missed its weekly luncheon and dug into its coffers to purchase a platinum-lined compact for their Jeanne, and the police turned out to a man to wallop any scoffer who refused a hearty huzza when the little girl appeared.

"Harry Madden was a great guy," said the cops, "and his kid is a great kid."

They edged up eagerly as if hoping that somebody would contradict them.

On all sides it was agreed that the story of Jeanne Madden was another American saga. One week she is in New York studying with Queena Mario and the next she is headed for Burbank and the leading role with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell.

Before that she had been the little girl of Harry Madden, who ran the Holland Hotel in Scranton.

"No bar," they say proudly about the Holland. "Probably the only hotel in Pennsylvania without a bar."

Harry Madden took his fun out in singing and the whole family was musical. The legend about Jeanne is that she sang her first aria at the age of eighteen months. It is fully established that she appeared at a banquet at the *Maennerchor* at the age of two and a half and almost got suffocated for her pains. The stunt was to have little Jeanne pop up out of a basket of roses and delight the assembled guests. The only trouble was that Papa Madden had not tipped off the first speaker, who straggled along for the better part of an hour while little Jeanne lay dormant in the basket and inhaled the scent of roses. Mr. Madden was to say "Jeanne!" in a suggestive voice at the proper time but he obviously couldn't be hollering Jeanne when the chairman was being reminded of something that Hans had said to Rosie.

The old residents recall the incident with pleasure.

"When Harry finally did get a chance to call the little girl," they say, "she didn't pop out at all. Harry had to lift her out and she looked as if she was strangled. But just as soon as she got her breath back, she sang her little song. Everybody liked it."

The Choir Wasn't Interested

It was a musical family, the Madden family. Mrs. Madden played the piano (still accompanies Jeanne, as a matter of record), brother Ralph played the fiddle and Jeanne played the cello when she was not singing. Harry also sang and led the trio. Jeanne (no Hollywood name) still feels a little bad because she never got a choir job in Scranton.

"They had quartets instead of big choirs, and paid money," she says. "I never got in on that."

Harry Madden sang in a quartet (not in church but on any likely occasion) with Dan Jones, who turned out to be the father of Allan Jones, who is also a Hollywood star. They were particularly good at clambakes and smokers, having a repertory of humorous numbers to lighten Asleep in the Deep, and Down by the Old Mill Stream.

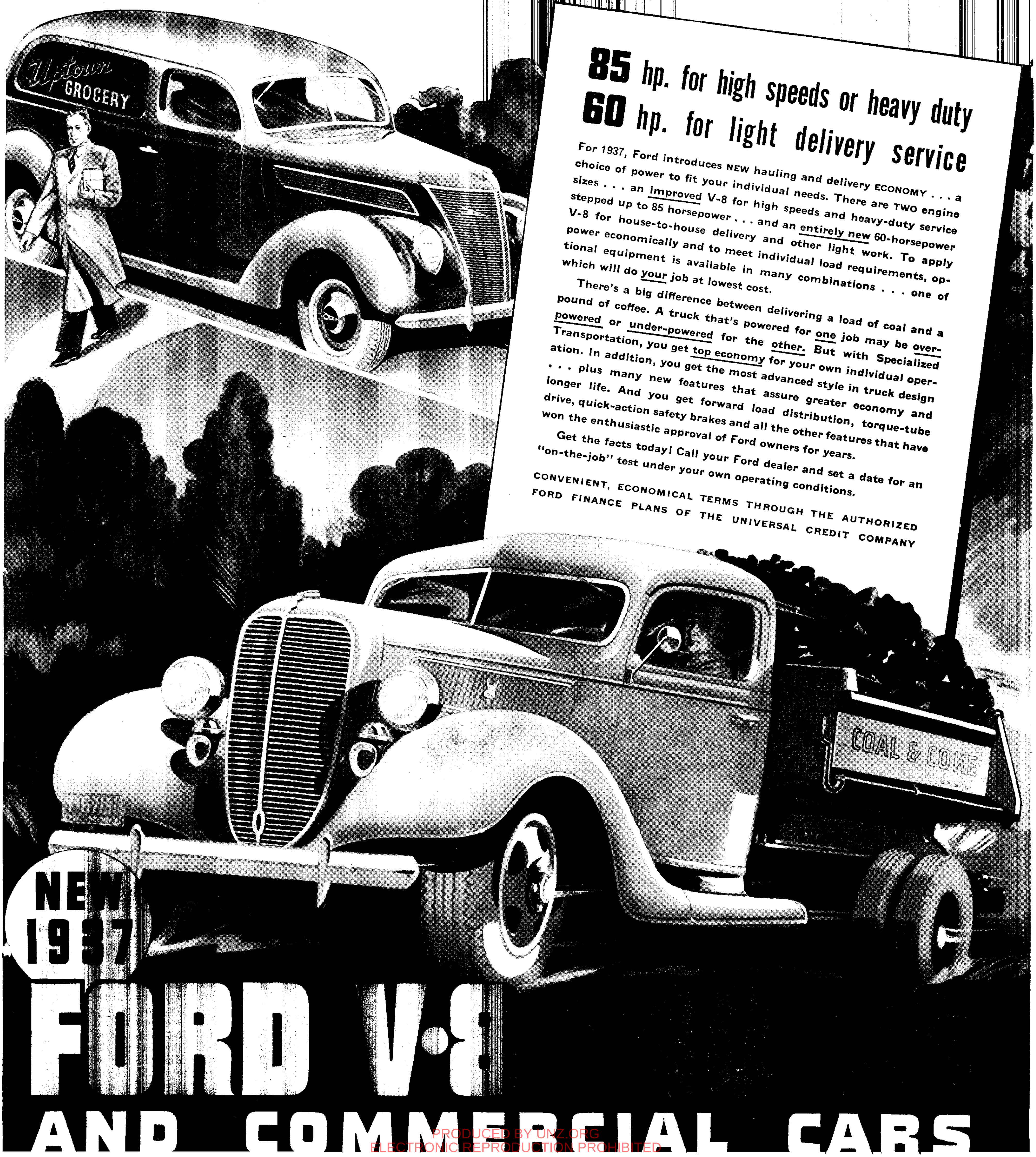
Jeanne in the meantime was going to grammar school and later to Central High. She sang at the Kiwanis Club and became a soloist with the *Maennerchor*, those beer-scoffing German gentlemen who liked to tear off a strip of melody upon any decent occasion. She studied music, played in the trio at home and helped out in the rush period at the hotel.

"Not the best hotel in Scranton," says Jeanne, "but about the third best."

Harry Madden had been a farmer at Newfoundland, Pa., before coming to Scranton. During the war he owned both the Marquette and Holland hotels, which were side by side, but later he gave the Marquette up. The best trade was in outside catering and what brought the real money were the D. L. & W. railroad binges.

"We had equipment to handle 1,200

TWO V-8 ENGINE SIZES



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meals at a time," says Jeanne. "The D. L. & W. used to have safety meetings where they ate first and then had talks about how they should keep the trains from banging into one another. We've had the same Negro chef for twenty-five years and he used to cook up the stuff at the hotel and then we'd drag it out to the shops. He'd start work early in the morning on the chickens and vegetables. He made the chicken gravy in a washtub."

Papa Madden and Jeanne sang at these affairs. Mr. Madden also had another achievement which set him apart from the ordinary artist. In the first place, he always kept a stable of horses. In the second place, he trained them so they would stand at attention while the Madden voice poured forth. What followed then was the appearance of Mr. Madden on horseback singing before the grandstand at county fairs. From that it was only a short step to politics and the office of Register of Wills, which he held for ten years.

The Maddens had a little farm in the Poconos and Jeanne spent the summers there, playing tennis and swimming.

"By the time I was old enough to ride, the depression had come along and we didn't have the horses," says Jeanne.

But there was still money enough in the business to send Mrs. Madden and Jeanne to New York, where she entered the classes of Queena Mario, the Metropolitan Opera soprano. She was with Miss Mario for three years, studying such roles as Gilda, Lucia and Traviata. On the side she studied Italian and had her stage coaching from Miss Mario.

She Tried to Be Natural

"I wanted to be an opera singer," she says. "I still want to be one."

But up to this time she had done no real singing, had made no money from music and was studying along with her eye on the Met. What changed her life, temporarily at least, was a Welsh baritone named Moyln Thomas, who inveigled a Paramount scout into hearing her at an afternoon party. Out of that grew a Paramount screen test and then silence.

"What happened?" says Miss Madden. "They weren't impressed, I guess."

About that time Minna Wallace, sister of Hal Wallace of Warner's, had come east to find a singer for Stage Struck. She heard about the Paramount test only after she got back to the coast, but sent for it and Miss Madden was hired.

They called her on a Friday, the contract was signed on Saturday and she was ordered to leave New York by Wednesday night. With that in mind she went up to Scranton to say goodby to the folks and found half the town gathered in the hotel lobby.

The studio was in such a rush to get her to Hollywood that they practically dragged the train through Kansas, and then she waited ten weeks before they started the picture. Mr. Powell had eaten something that stuck in his throat or he had wrenched his neck; in any event his voice was temporarily gone and they had to await its return.

Jeanne had never acted in her life, but she got along all right.

"I did what they told me," she says, "and tried to be natural, but I always had the feeling I was talking out of the back of my head. When I heard my singing voice on the screen, I thought it was pretty bad, but I think I know why. My natural voice tends to be a little heavy and Miss Mario was making me keep it lighter, higher. That's so it could be heard above a big orchestra in opera. For recording you have to keep the voice rounder. I'll do that next time."

In Hollywood she had what might be termed a dull life. She studied her part, went to bed at nine every night, got up at six in the morning, and hoped that not too many people on the set would realize how inexperienced she was. When it was nearly over, a boy friend came out from the East and she had to think up some way to amuse him. Because of her father's illness, her mother had gone back to Scranton and sent out Jeanne's grandmother to look out for her. Jeanne asked Joan Blondell and Dick Powell if they would mind having dinner with her at the Cocoanut Grove and they said they wouldn't and she ended up there with her boy friend, her grandmother (aged seventy-five) and the celebrities, and they did a lot of laughing and considered that life was all right even away from Pennsylvania.

Shortly after this *les frères* Warner were looking at the first completed rushes of Stage Struck and rubbing their hands. In all modesty they agreed that it was slightly short of a masterpiece and that Miss Madden had some distance to go in approaching the public appeal of Grace Moore, but that she was certainly a find. It was then that they hastened her back east to open the picture in Scranton.

"The WORLD Premiere," cried the newspapers in her home city, "and little Jeanne Madden will appear in person."

Jeanne appeared, said a few words and sang her father's favorite song. That was the sad part of the ceremonies, for Harry Madden had died several months before.

Her Only Embarrassment

Then Warner's brought her down to Brooklyn, where she whacked a bottle of champagne over a new sound studio and nearly got damaged in the endeavor.

"It kept bouncing back at me," she complains. "It wouldn't break."

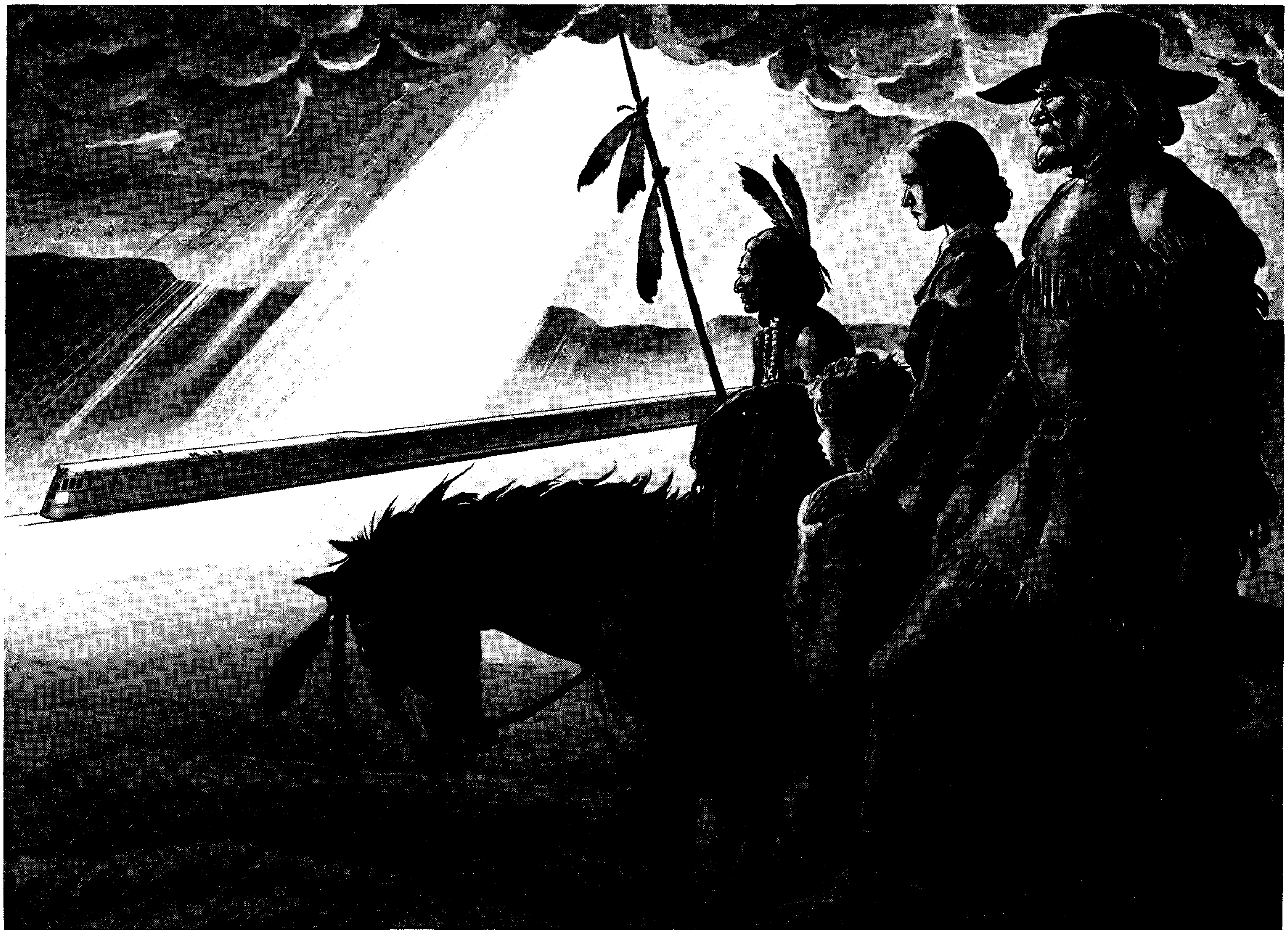
In New York she looked up her old singing friends, went down to gaze longingly at the Metropolitan Opera House, and met the usual members of the press. What they found was a nice little girl of eighteen with a turned-up nose. When it came time for cocktails, she took tomato juice. She likes to dance but she doesn't smoke. As between Hollywood and grand opera, there is no question in her mind.

"What's the fun of it if you can't do your best?" she asked. "The Met may not mean much to most people, but if you have ambitions to be a singer that's where you want to be. The movies are fine and they treated me the best in the world, but it's discouraging when you practice a number for six weeks as I did and then they decide not to use it. What's left are a few popular songs."

But she has one of those seven-year option contracts which allows her three months off a year and she can be an opera singer if anybody wants her badly enough. If the movie maniacs like her as well as Warner's anticipate and only a fraction as much as Scranton did, the chances are that opera will be much like the farm in Vermont where all Hollywood writers are someday going to retire to write that book. A few do it, the gents with a hard nature. The embarrassment for Miss Madden will come if she ever reaches the Metropolitan. She'll find then that what the Met stars are breaking their backs to acquire is a good Hollywood contract. The world never seems to get quite straightened out.

Gregory d'Alessio

GREGORY D'ALESSIO



TO DENVER BY DARK!

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Those who went before saw visions in the thin smoke of lonely campfires, in heat haze on far horizons, in the dust pluming up from the wheels of Conestoga wagons and the Overland Mail, in the grey clouds that hung over the stampeding buffalo.

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PHILADELPHIA AND DETROIT

BUDD METHODS SAFELY ELIMINATE DEAD-WEIGHT

New Shoes

Continued from page 14

casts they'd made and undeveloped photographs of the footprints.

"You bring that dead guy's shoes?" O'Malley asked them.

They hadn't.

"You better send for 'em."

"Have you got some idea?" they asked.

"I wouldn't call it no idea. I got a hunch the shoes that are on that dead guy belonged to the guy that killed him."

They were surprised.

"You wait a while," they told us, and they went into an inner office.

We waited half an hour and a cop brought in the dead man's shoes, and we waited another half-hour and the two cops came out to us with the shoes and a lot of photographs.

"You had it right," they told O'Malley. "Mister, you're a smart policeman. This killer traded shoes with Cafford after he had killed him. We don't see the sense in that." They showed us the shoes and then the photographs. "When he went in that toolhouse, the man that wore these shoes took long steps with his toes turned out, and when he came out, he took shorter steps with his toes straight ahead. That shows it was a different person. We've got some luck for you: forty-nine men out of every fifty wear their soles out first on the outside and in the back; the fiftieth man wears 'em out on the inside and front."

"Who says so?"

"We say so. Those figures are correct, O'Malley; they got 'em from the shoes of soldiers. This killer was one of them fiftieth men. There don't any two men in the world wear their soles out in exactly the same way; every man has his own pattern; it's as different as their fingerprints. You bring us some old shoes that belong to one of them fiftieth men and we'll tell you by his pattern if you got the killer. We'll tell you some more about him: the way he steps shows he's about five feet seven inches tall. He ain't a fat man but he walks with his feet apart the way a fat man does. He probably weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds."

"What color is his hair?"

"Quit kidding us, Detective."

"Why did he change shoes with the man he murdered, O'Malley?" I asked when we had left headquarters.

"You got as good a right to guess as I have."

I LEFT him. He was going to see the federal men to learn if he could get a line on how Cafford's niece was to be located. I saw him the next day but only for a few moments. He had some police pictures of Cafford which looked almost as though the man were alive.

"How goes it?" I asked.

"Why, not so good. I still think we won't ever find that killer. We got a little information. You was right about one thing: Cafford went to that boatyard to meet a longshoreman. He told a warehouseman some guy had telephoned him and he had to go there, but he didn't know what it was all about. He seemed some worried. They pinched the longshore guy and got him at the precinct house. He says he didn't have no appointment to meet Cafford. Says if somebody telephoned he didn't know nothing about it. Says he brought stuff ashore for Cafford sometimes but he never asked no questions what it was."

"How about the longshoreman's shoes?"

"They don't match the prints."

He phoned me the day following.

"We got that niece," he stated. "They got her at headquarters and I'm going over there."

I met him at headquarters. The girl was dark-skinned and startlingly beautiful. She refused to answer any questions.

"That dark dame look like she was that dead guy's niece?" O'Malley asked me.

I said it was hard to tell.

"Well, I got no time to try to make her talk. I'm moving fast."

He had a newspaper with a list of ships sailing and he had the dead man's watch. We took a taxi across town to where a police launch with half a dozen cops was waiting. A small man was with them, poorly dressed, who was carrying a briefcase, and O'Malley called him "Doctor." We went down the harbor to the bay where there was a rusty freighter. Her stern said Santa Philomena and we went aboard her. It was plain the ship was about to sail.

"WHAT is this trouble?" the captain demanded of us.

"You got a killer on this ship. We're here to pick him up."

The skipper didn't like it very well, but he couldn't do anything; there were too many cops. They got everybody up on deck and lined them up, and O'Malley took out the dead man's watch and laid it on the deck, and the "doctor" opened his briefcase and took out a small forked stick and put it on top of the watch. The men in line stared nervously. Then the "doctor" picked up the stick carefully by its forked ends between his two forefingers so that the pointed end hung loosely down, and he went and stood with it in front of the first man in the line, while O'Malley stood near him holding the watch. But nothing happened. The "doctor" stood in front of the second man, and nothing happened, and the third and fourth and fifth men. When he stood in front of the sixth man, the stick began to tremble. It shivered more and more and swung to and fro and then straightened stiffly up till it pointed at the man's chest. The man was white as chalk; he uttered a choking cry and tried to jump over the ship's rail into the water, but O'Malley grabbed him.

"Come on, fellow," O'Malley said. "You're going with us."

They brought the man's things up on deck and we looked them over. We found a broad-bladed knife and a bundle of newspapers which told about the murder. There weren't any shoes. We put the man and his things into the launch and went back up the harbor.

"How about it, guy?" O'Malley asked.

"Truly," the man said, trembling and staring at the bottom of the boat, "I executed that insect and I had much reason."

We took him to headquarters and they took him and the girl into the inspector's room.

"Tell me about this, O'Malley," I invited.

"Well, what we didn't know that guy we took off the ship just told us. He says his name's Joe Branco. Him and the girl are South Americans. She is his wife. She come one time as a passenger on a ship with him just for the trip and she run away from him in New York. Every time after that that his ship come to New York he looked for his wife but he couldn't ever find her. Only lately he learned that what happened was she run away from him to be with Cafford.

"WELL, he knew where Cafford was and he had learned that Cafford done smuggling and he knew what longshoremen handled stuff for him. This Branco had some other guy on his ship call Cafford up and say one of them longshoremen wanted to meet him at that boatyard but he didn't say for what. A guy like Cafford, who is doing crooked jobs, don't usually disregard it when he gets a message from somebody working with him that he has to see him, so Cafford went to find out what was up. When he got there he found this husband waiting for him. He admits he went there intending to knock Cafford off whether he learned anything about his wife or not."

"How you caught this man is beyond my understanding."

"Why, that's kind of simple. I thought at first, the same as you did, that this was some smuggling murder. There was blood under Cafford's upper part and blood on his shoes, but there wasn't no blood between; and then I seen his shoes was laced so tight he couldn't have walked in 'em. So I figured they must have been put on him after he was dead.

"Well, why? I guessed the killer had got blood on his shoes and was afraid to go around that way. That looked like he had to be going where people would see him, and I figured that showed he hadn't come there in no boat. Then I and you seen Cafford's landlady and she said he had a niece. It didn't look natural that people that knew Cafford hadn't never seen that niece and couldn't tell who she was. So then I wondered might this be a woman murder?

"Them laboratory cops told me I was right about the killer changing his shoes, and they also said he wasn't no fat man but he walked with his feet apart the way a fat man does. Well, now, a sailor walks like that. I figured I better go looking for a sailor and a woman. That meant I had to find that niece.

"The federal guys couldn't give me no help; they'd watched what Cafford done along the river but not nowhere else. But a guy that sees a woman regular meets her somewhere and it's usually in some restaurant. I had a lot of pictures made of Cafford and we give 'em to some cops and had them go to all the restaurants where I thought Cafford might have went, and in one restaurant they recognized the guy. They remembered the woman, too, and give us her description, and some cops recognized her on the street and followed her to the apartment Cafford had for her.

"I WENT to her apartment but I couldn't find nothing to tell who she was, except in a bureau drawer I found some pieces torn out of newspapers that give the arrival and departure of ships, and one ship called Santa Philomena had its name in all of 'em."

"Wait a minute!" I interrupted. "Why did she keep those scraps?"

"I guess, no reason. She just stuck 'em in the drawer and didn't never take 'em out—people do things like that. She had to watch when this Santa Philomena was in New York and lay low so her husband wouldn't find her. Well, I didn't know that then. It turned out that Santa Philomena was just about to sail. So I had to pick the right guy off that ship without knowing who he was. So, how to do it?

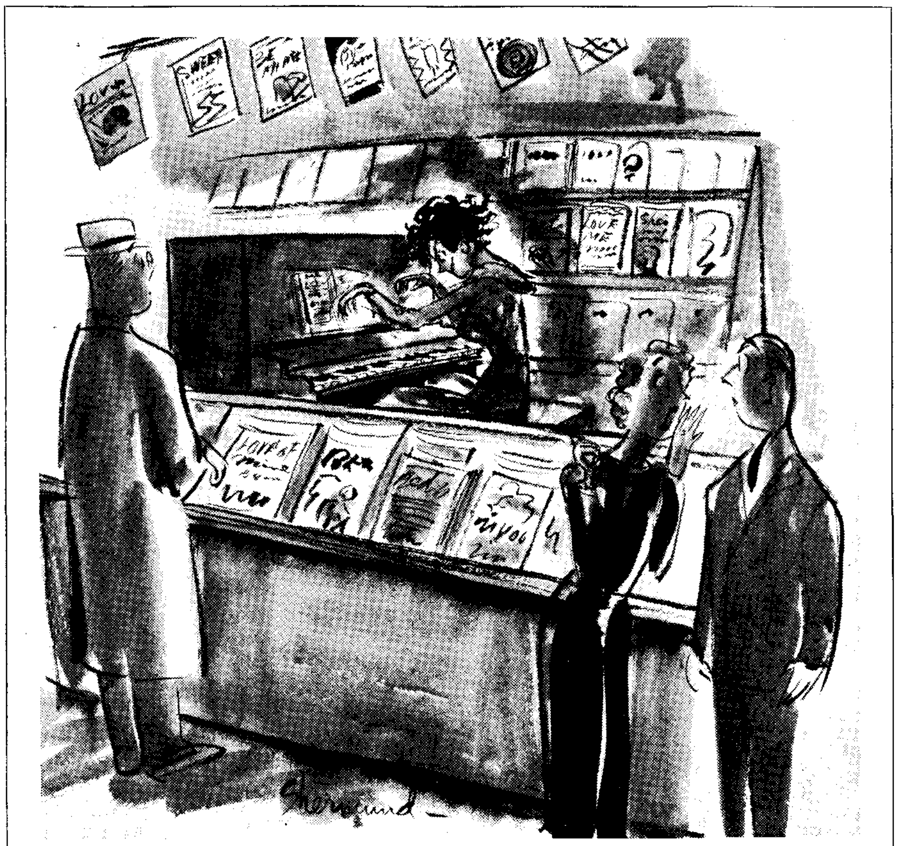
"I wondered was there some hocus-pocus I could work to make the guy himself show which he was. Well, sailors are superstitious. I figured could I make this murderer think I had some way I could pick him out, he would get scared and show it. So then I remembered a guy down on the Bowery that got drinks in bars by having people hide things and pretending to find the things with a forked stick, and I sent a cop to get him and tell him what I wanted of him. When we was picking out this guy, he was to leave the stick hang down as long as I held Cafford's watch in my right hand, but if I took the watch in my left hand, he was to make the stick point at whatever guy he was standing in front of. You seen how it worked. Well, I don't take no credit for it. I was pretty sure from when we first got aboard that Santa Philomena that Branco was the guy we wanted."

"You were?" I asked, surprised. "How did you know that?"

"You always try to make out you don't see nothing. You must have noticed the dumb guy had on new shoes. If he had borrowed some old shoes off some other sailor I wouldn't have been so sure."

"You worked this all out wonderfully," I complimented him.

"Well, I expect them laboratory officers will get the honor for it. I wonder will they make Joe Branco walk up and down his cell until he wears his new shoes out, so they can prove he is the right one."



"Miss Boyce is playing one of her own compositions again" B. SHERMUND

Smooth Going

Continued from page 15

forward. Forget, now and forever, that vicious dancing-school command, "Toes out." It's responsible for countless feminine clumsinesses and hip bulges because it turns your leg bones slightly in the hip sockets, deranging your muscles and balance in the whole area. Shift the right foot half a length ahead of the left and then, *keeping your heels on the ground,* sink down through the knees and ankles as far as you can without either buckling at the waist or lifting your heels. Now try with the left foot ahead. Can't go very far at first, can you? And just feel the pull on those taut Achilles' tendons.

You know what the Achilles' tendon is, don't you? That vital tendon that runs from the back of your heel to the back of your knee actually tying your foot to your leg. It is terribly important both for control and connection, but women have artificially shortened it by pegging up their heels from two to four inches. That's the real trouble with the outmoded lady who says that her arch is too high for low heels. It's not her high arch but her atrophied Achilles' tendon that keeps her so stilted, for prolonged shortening changes it from strong elasticity to a stiff leatheriness that's practically incurable. If you want to be a smooth walker and dancer as well as a good skier or skater, save your high heels for parties.

Well, anyway, stretching this tendon back to normal is one of the main reasons why you need this exercise. So keep it up faithfully and eventually you'll be able to get right down to your heel. Don't cheat, though. Don't let your heels rise up, or curve your back, or let your hips ride out behind. It's the ski-crouch you're practicing and unless you carry your hips well forward under you and keep your upper body in upright balance with your head centered over your hips, you'll soon be heels over head in the snow. That's the ideal posture line-up, anyhow, for grace and poise. And as proof that you need exactly the same limberness and crouch control for skates as skis, you will find this same exercise in the skating textbook, except they recommend crouching with one leg thrust forward like a Russian dancer.

A Little Footwork

The next thing to limber up is your feet, for in winter sports if you cramp your toes you cramp your style. That's another reason why women are slower to master them than men. Narrow-toed, high-heeled shoes have made their feet so rigid they might as well be stumping along on a pair of blocks, instead of using the twenty-nine bones and goodness knows how many joints Nature has provided in each extremity. Wiggle and stretch your toes and foot joints as hard and far as you can and see how good it feels. Almost like the satisfaction of a good yawn, isn't it? You need every bit of that play and mobility to keep your ice and snow balance—notice the air space in a pair of ski-boots. And the expert skater has such perfect joint control he could do a pirouette or jump without even lacing his shoes. Incidentally, when you've got your foot joints and muscles back to work, you'll save yourself everyday tripping and tumbling as well. It isn't weak ankles that throw you so much as weak feet, feet so soft that if your weight hits them a little bit wrong they simply reject it. So here is a good foot strengthener and limberer, recommended by Sig Buchmayr, founder of the Sugar Hill, New Hampshire, School of Skiing.

Stand on the right foot with the right arm stretched sideways. Lift your left knee as high as you can while *keeping your upper body erect.* Again we caution you, no cheating. Cheat on skates or skis and you pay with a nose dive. Hunching over as you bring up your knee won't help your figure either. Now rise on the toes of the supporting foot, balance there a few seconds, and sink back again. This is a good, sound test for your balance. If you pass it you're pretty good—you've the makings of a chorus girl, a smart nimble one in the front row, as well as a winter-carnival queen. Repeat the same standing on your left foot, left arm stretched sideward, right knee raised.

Stair Practice

You can put in some good homework on this exercise every time you go upstairs, for graceful, slenderizing stair-climbing is essentially the same motion—except, of course, you don't exaggerate it by carrying your arm outstretched or lifting your knee like a prancing pony. When you hoist yourself upstairs by planting one toe on the tread, pitching your body forward and dragging up the other foot, you look tired and clumsy and you're ruining your figure as well by thickening your back and putting the entire muscular effort on your rear end, right where the muscle development is least welcome. But when you put your whole foot on the stair, then rise on the toe and jack yourself up in one upright piece, you go up as lightly as a sixteen-year-old and give yourself some hip and toe-joint exercise that will stand you in good stead every time you need your feet.

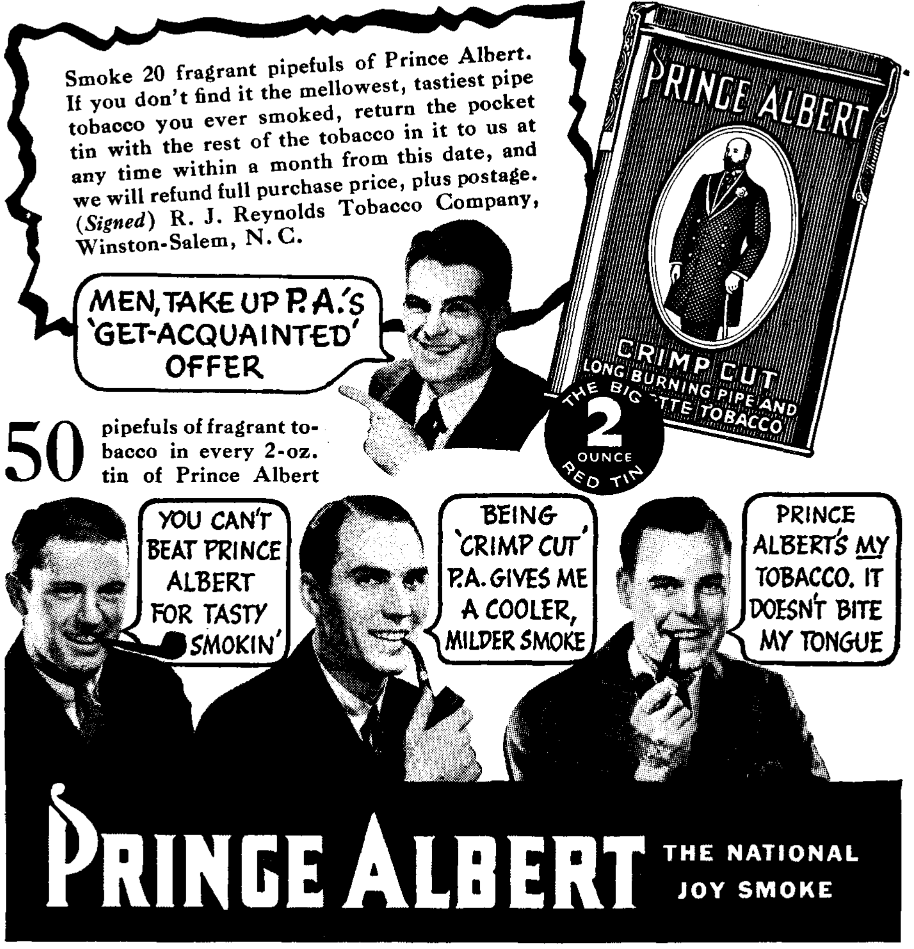
One last exercise to combine the benefits of the first two: Put a bench or a wooden-seat kitchen chair within easy reach of a wall and stand on it with your heels near the outer edge and your toes pointing toward the wall, head erect, eyes front. Dangle your left foot into space and then, keeping the right heel firmly on the chair seat, sink down through your knee and ankle. Don't look down—you're aiming for the wide open spaces where your sense of balance, not your eyes, takes care of you—but sink down on the supporting foot and rise up again without buckling in the middle or bending your head, either one of which would throw you off balance. Repeat with the other foot.

Fundamentally, the motions in this exercise are the same ones that should take you downstairs gracefully and smoothly, so that's a good everyday place to practice them. Carry your head and upper body easily erect while you bend your knee, and you'll come down like Queen Louise. It's the person who watches the step below who is most likely to fall. Watch a group of Follies girls descend a typical Follies staircase to the front of the stage. The very technique you practiced on the chair—one that dancers as well as skaters practice—is what gives them their smooth, sure carriage, and their entrance is effective because they move with their bodies erect, heads poised, eyes forward on the audience where eyework pays. Fancy a Follies girl who watched her feet! And a skater or skier who watches them won't get any farther.

So line up for the snow train—heads up, crouch muscles steady, knees, ankles and toes limber—and you'll do yourself proud when you step off it onto the steel or the hickories. You'll assume postures and balance grown familiar through workout and you won't look or feel so much a novice.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
POLYNESIAN PIPE
I'VE SEEN PIPES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, JUDGE, BUT NONE FROM THE POLYNESIAN SOUTH SEA ISLAND GROUPS
FRANKLY, THE SOUTH SEAS ARE A POOR HUNTING GROUND FOR A PIPE COLLECTOR
SMOKING IS A FAIRLY RECENT INNOVATION THERE. LET ME FILL MY PIPE AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT
PRINCE ALBERT? SAY, DO YOU MIND IF I TRY IT?
CAPTAIN COOK, THE EXPLORER, WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN TO DISCOVER MANY OF THE ISLANDS. NATURALLY, THE BRITISH SEAMEN CARRIED PIPES AND TOBACCO ASHORE
THE NATIVES TRIED SMOKING—LIKED IT—AND TODAY MAKE A RATHER CURIOUS PIPE ALL THEIR OWN
HERE IT IS—A SOUTH SEA PIPE MADE FROM A SEA-SHELL. IT MAKES A SURPRISINGLY COOL SMOKE
NO COOLER THAN THIS PIPE I'M SMOKING NOW
IT ALWAYS SMOKED HOT BEFORE, BUT WITH PRINCE ALBERT EVERY PUFF IS AS GENTLE AS A SUMMER BREEZE
OF COURSE! YOU KNOW, P.A. IS DIFFERENT. IT'S CUT SCIENTIFICALLY AND BURNS SLOWER IN THE BOWL AND SMOKES COOLER IN THE MOUTH

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

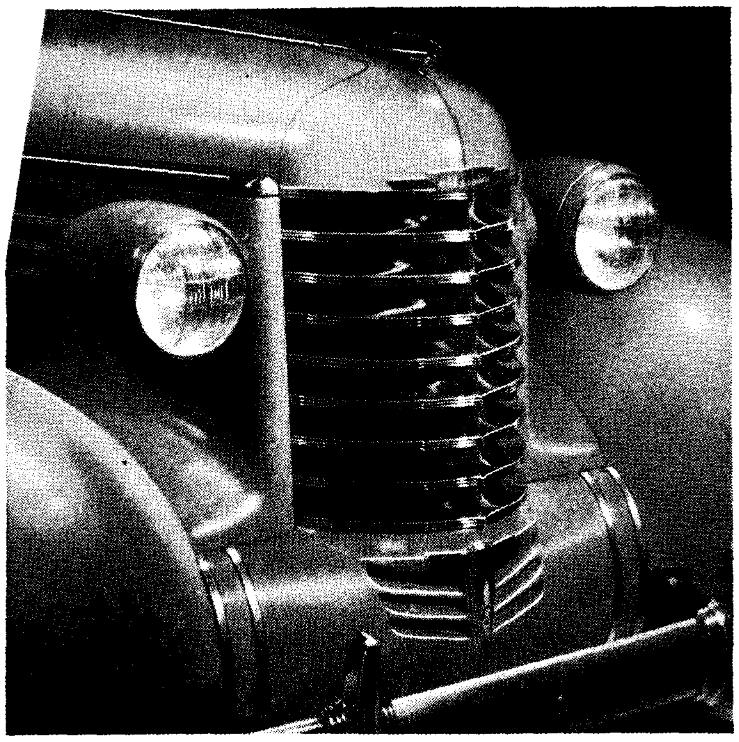


MEN, TAKE UP P.A.'S 'GET-ACQUAINTED' OFFER
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND THE BIG-ETTE TOBACCO
2 OUNCE RED TIN
YOU CAN'T BEAT PRINCE ALBERT FOR TASTY SMOKIN'
BEING 'CRIMP CUT' P.A. GIVES ME A COOLER, MILDER SMOKE
PRINCE ALBERT'S MY TOBACCO. IT DOESN'T BITE MY TONGUE
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

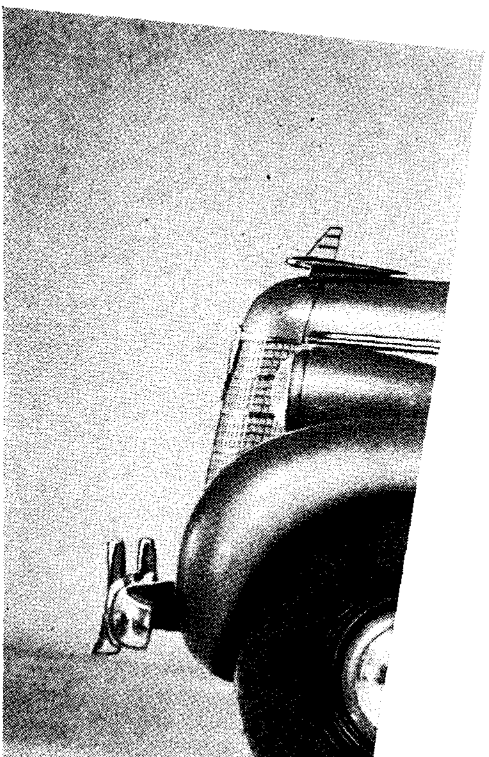
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

"OLDSMOBILE HAS SI



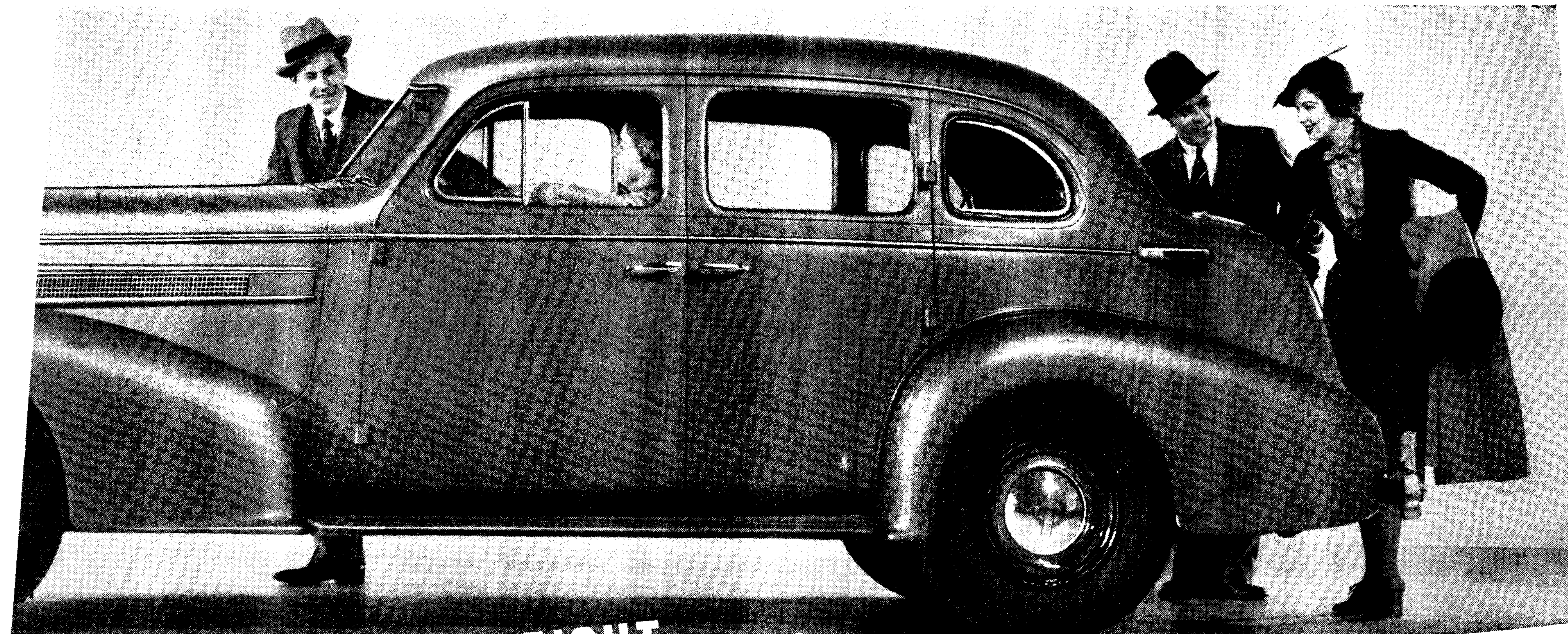
ON every side you hear it — unstinted praise for Oldsmobile's two great new cars for 1937. Motorists acclaim the big new 95-horsepower Six as the smartest and most modern car in the entire lower-priced field. They hail the luxurious new 110-horsepower Eight as the truly fine car of popular price. They are quick to appreciate that Oldsmobile has set the pace again. They recognize that Oldsmobile has established definite new value standards for buyers of lower and medium-priced cars. You, too, will find the 1937 Oldsmobiles the year's smartest buys. Make it a point to see them before you decide on any new car. Note their increased size and roominess and power. Examine their new Unisteel Turret Top Bodies by Fisher, their Triple Sealed Super-Hydraulic Brakes, their proved Knee-Action Wheels and their new Dual Ride Stabilizers. You will recognize immediately that these great new Oldsmobiles are again "the cars that have everything" . . . both bigger and finer and safer than ever . . . each with a style distinctly its own . . . and again America's acknowledged Style Leaders.



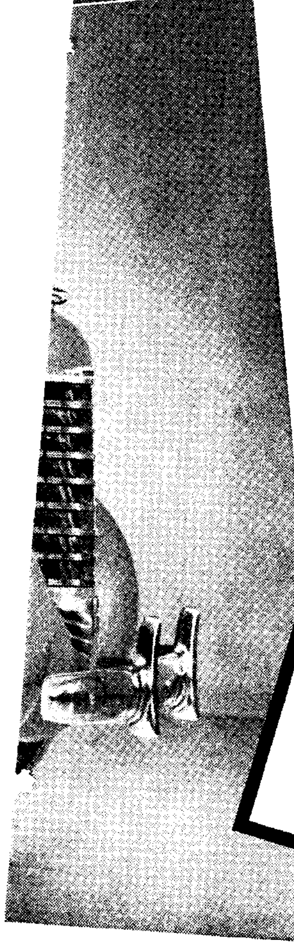
WITH A DISTINCTIVE NEW SIX

NEW 1937 OLDSMO

THE PACE AGAIN !"



Above: the Eight 4-Door Touring Sedan, $915 list. At left: the Six 4-Door Touring Sedan, $815 list.



THE CARS THAT HAVE EVERYTHING FOR 1937

LONGER WHEELBASE
LARGER SIZE
ROOMIER BODIES
LOWER FLOORS
STURDIER CHASSIS
HEAVIER FRAMES
BIGGER ENGINES
HIGHER POWER
EXTRA SAFETY
GREATER ECONOMY

New Unisteel Bodies by Fisher with Turret Top • New Triple Sealed Super-Hydraulic Brakes • Center-Control Steering • New Dual Ride Stabilizers • Proved Knee-Action Wheels • Unobstructed Floors • Electro-Hardened Aluminum Pistons • New Stabilized Propeller Shaft • Fisher No Draft Ventilation • Safety Glass Standard Throughout • Big, Low-Pressure Tires And Many Other Fine-Car Features

TWO GREAT NEW GENERAL MOTORS VALUES

STYLED TO SET THE STYLE AGAIN

PRICED TO SET THE PACE IN VALUE!

SIXES $685 and up • EIGHTS $785 and up. List prices, at Lansing, Michigan, subject to change without notice. Standard Accessories: Bumpers, Bumper Guards, Spare Tire and Tube, Metal Spring Covers—$37.50 on the Six, $45.00 on the Eight. Additional Accessories and Equipment—Optional. Taxes, Transportation, Delivery and Handling Charges—Extra. GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN

LE 6 & 8

Mansion in the Sky

Continued from page 11

custom now, but all of her that was either physical or spiritual told her that nothing could ever stale it.

Opportunities for abashed claspings, however, were rare. Life on that blazing open beach was bad enough, and made few offers of privacy, but in the jungle behind the beach it could not have been tolerated for long by white people. And at the same time if it had not been for the melting hot jungle, packed with venom, life could not have been sustained at all. The jungle gave them drink, starch, meat occasionally (what is more delicious than a bird of paradise, broiled over live coals?) and fruit. But to obtain these necessities and occasional luxuries called for almost incessant labor on the part of Able Seaman Brown.

Without Brown's genius of craftsmanship and invention the five and Hazel would have famished, parched, and in the end gone naked and died. Able Seaman Brown made him a blowpipe from a smooth hollow stem and brought down birds of paradise and pompous blue pigeons. He tricked and trapped scalefish and shellfish. He located and outwitted the delicious sea centipede. He often swam the mile of lagoon water to the barrier reef and brought home sea snails. He impounded and evaporated sea water and made salt. From the inner bark of the wild hibiscus he made a coarse stiff cloth to cover the impending nakedness of all. The shirts and skirts which he made for Hazel had a certain smartness, a certain *je ne sais quoi*.

With the help of the little pitiful chest of tools salvaged from the equipment of the Number 4 lifeboat, he built, almost singlehanded, three houses.

THE first house that he built was for Hazel. The second was for the swabs, and over the house which he built for himself he took more time and spared fewer pains.

Able Seaman Brown was a superior person. Superior persons live in superior houses and collect superior belongings. The framework of Brown's house was of glistening, ivory-white hibiscus poles. The walls were workmanlike panels of woven pandanus leaves. Some of them could be opened and shut to entice more ventilation or to shut off too much. The steep-sloped roof was a neat thatch of coconut fronds, from which rain water literally bounced. Certain bundles and valises and a dressing case, belonging to persons who had fallen out of the Number 4 lifeboat and perished, had not fallen out. Brown appropriated the dressing case, not because the fittings were of silver, gilded to resemble gold, but because it contained an old-fashioned razor, a shaving brush and a stick of soap. It contained also a small mirror and a pair of scissors with which once a month he cut his rebellious hair short, or had Hazel do it for him.

He had a natural gravitation toward property. First and last he had salvaged enough of the late Number 4 lifeboat to have built a much smaller but still serviceable vessel; and there was much speculation as to when he intended to start operations. But Brown was a great one to keep his own counsel. And having at no time the intention of building another boat, he could not with certainty name the day on which he intended to start building her. Nevertheless he appeared to place a high value on the salvaged keel, planks, ribs, knees and copper bolts, and in spare moments sawed—thanks to the tool chest—many of the planks into two-foot lengths and stacked them in his house. Why he did this was only known to himself. The general notion was that if a smaller boat were going to be built, it would be logical to use shorter planks.

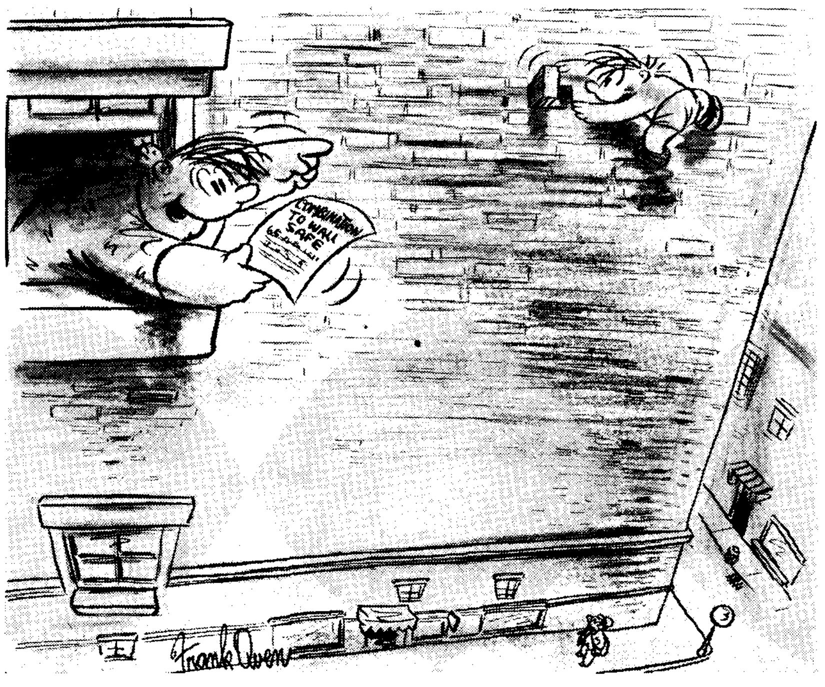
The sextant, compasses, parallel rulers, pencils and roll of charts, which the officer who was to have commanded the lifeboat had safely stowed in her just before he himself fell out, were among Brown's most cherished possessions. And often at noon he took the position of the place they were in just as if it had been that of a moving ship at sea. But it was not until he was dead certain of the position that he went seriously to work with the two-foot lengths of planking. Into each piece he carved the word "Help." And just under that the latitude and longitude in which the help was needed, and at the bottom he signed his name: Brown, A. B.

SECRETLY at night, whenever two or three planks had been got ready, Brown launched them in the lagoon in the hope that one or another of them would be found, afloat or cast up, and bring help.

While the five swabs remained as they were, Able Seaman Brown grew rich in goods and predominance. He had the pride of providing most of the food and drink, and most of the common sense. Supported and sheltered in sufficiency, if not in luxury, each of the five swabs felt that justice had never been done to him and that he deserved a larger share of the things which made life agreeable.

Philbert
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"Not yet!—three bricks up, and behind the fifth one to the right is where you keep your nickel!"

Of the five, Winship was the chief troublemaker. One day he took word to Brown, and not without insolence, that a meeting to discuss affairs and ways and means had been ordered by himself and the other four. Able Seaman Brown accompanied Winship to the meeting. He listened patiently to all the complaints, and then spoke:

"Share and share alike?" he said. "Why? Without me you could not exist. I am rich—rich in the gifts that make the world go round. You are poor. All you know is taking whatever you can get and asking for more. Now you're hankering for what's not mine to give. So I say no. Wherever a few people are gathered together there has to be a kind of government. In this blasted, forsaken neck of the woods *I* am the government."

"From now on," said Winship, "everything will be settled by vote, and I'm for pulling up stakes and getting out of this."

"Are you deaf?" asked Brown. "Don't you hear the cannibal drums at night?"

"What's the good of living along this way with nothing to look forward to?" said Slaughter, who claimed to be an expert accountant. "Better a knock on the head and a quick finish."

"I move we take a chance," said Winship.

"Second that motion," said Slaughter. "All those in favor say Aye."

"Aye," said the fat man, Parsons. "There's such a thing as friendly natives. I'm for taking a chance."

The uncouth Andrews brothers exchanged glances, nodded their heads irresolutely and voted in favor of the proposition. Brown and Hazel voted against it.

"Overruled," said Winship. "We go."

"A bit late in the day to make a start, isn't it?" asked Brown placidly.

"And besides," said Parsons, "we ought to collect a good parcel of coconuts to take with us."

"That'll be my job," said Brown. "Come along, Hazel, and help me carry 'em."

BROWN stopped at his house long enough to get the hatchet from the tool chest.

"They'll be wanting this," he said. "And they won't get it."

"But you acted like we were going with them. Aren't we?"

"No. We are going to a coconut tree—the tallest one you ever saw. From the top you can see the lagoon and the ocean for miles and miles."

"I wish I could climb like you. Couldn't you take me up pickaback?"

"I'm not sure, but there's more than one way to play Tarzan."

The top of the chosen tree, taller by thirty feet than all her brothers and sisters, was rich with nuts in all stages of ripeness. The trunk, as is usual with members of this family, was not perpendicular to the jungle floor and slanted boldly toward the sea; the day was breathless and the magnificent crown of fronds resembled a gigantic carving.

Brown gave the hatchet into Hazel's keeping and said, "Bring it along when you come."

He grinned because of the bewilderment in her face, spat on his hands and began to climb. No part of him but the palms of his hands and the soles of his bare feet touched the trunk. He went up rapidly, and just before he disappeared among the fronds he looked, in Hazel's eyes, to be no bigger than a small boy. He shouted down something which she did not catch. And then she saw, swinging clear of the treetop and descending, what looked to be two loops at the end of a string. But the string developed rapidly into a rope of beautifully braided palm fiber, thicker than her thumb, and tied into a double bowline. Able Seaman Brown, it would appear, had foreseen an emergency.

He shouted directions until Hazel got the hang of the double bowline, and sat herself into one loop and crooked her legs through the other. The arrangement was really two of the three really important elements of a chair. The suspending rope tightened, and in a moment Hazel swung clear of the ground. She clutched the taut rope and the hatchet with unnecessary vigor.

"If you get scared," called Brown, "shut your eyes, and don't drop the hatchet!"

BUT she didn't have to shut her eyes. She could look straight up into his and see them grow bigger and brighter and bluer and bluer and not be dizzy at all.

Able Seaman Brown was well blown when he lifted her onto the little platform which he had made in the top of the great tree, but he kissed her and made her welcome and said she was a brave girl. After which, he explained the strategy of their position.

"But couldn't they starve us down?" she asked.

"And what'll they be doing? We've got green nuts and ripe nuts and a hatchet to open them with."

As the shadows lengthened they heard the voices of the others calling to them and to each other. But as darkness came on, the five swabs gave up their search and returned to the beach. There they found that their fire had gone out, and they had no means or skill to kindle another. What had become of that man Brown, anyway? He simply rubbed sticks, boy-scout fashion, and eventually fire came of it.

Parsons began to complain. He was hungry and thirsty.

"You hadn't ought to've talked so fresh to him," he said.

"Shut up," Winship said, and glowered at the sunset, which resembled a monstrous fire but gave out no heat.

The five swabs were not able to make the early start which they had planned for the following morning. The camp was almost destitute of supplies. The malcontents would be able to keep alive for a time but they were in a bad way. They spent the better part of the day hunting for Brown in the skirts of the jungle and calling to him. They shouted themselves hoarse but there was no answer.

Able Seaman Brown was in no mood to pity the five swabs and help them.

"They *would* have it so," he said; "they've made their bed. And we're not so much better off ourselves. We can last longer than they can, and that's about all."

During the night the wind had dropped to nothing, and just before dawn, Brown, sleeping with one arm under his head, was wakened by a sound which for some seconds he mistook for the beating of his own pulse. He awakened Hazel. She had never seen him really excited before.

"Listen," he ordered.

She sat up and listened.

Chug—chug—chug—a steady, rhythmic, purposeful chug-chugging! The dawn was beginning to touch the cloud edges with a golden rosiness. The lagoon was glassy still.

"She's off to the right there," said Brown, "just behind the point likely . . . Gee, what a break! . . . We'll be seeing her."

A few minutes later a clipper-bowed two-masted schooner nosed out from behind the point and moved slowly into the clear.

She looked to have been newly painted and flew the Australian flag.

"But they won't see us!" cried Hazel.

"The swabs will see them," said Brown. "And make plenty of noise, and they'll see the swabs and send in a boat. So we'll never be able to say now that the swabs were of no use at all."

And presently there was borne to their ears a far-off hullabaloo of shouts and yells.

"Government ship," said Brown. "And we may as well get a move on, ourselves."

When they came to the edge of the jungle and the head of the beach a boat was heading for the spot where the five swabs, now in a delirium of joy, had gathered. Brown and Hazel crossed the beach and stood beside them, and for some moments were unnoticed.

BUT Brown in this moment of what he felt to be a great personal triumph did not wish to pass unnoticed, so with a touch of swagger, he said:

"See what comes of foresight! Maybe now you swabs will get it into your thick heads why, when you voted to move from this place to some other place, I voted no."

"And maybe if we'd had the sense to move we'd 'a' been picked up sooner," growled Winship.

"Not a hope, my lad. That pretty little craft out there was invited to call for us here in this particular place and not in some other place." And he boasted unforgivably, and told how he had sawed the little planks, and carved them and set them adrift. "Dozens of 'em," he said, "and dozens. It took time and it took patience, and it took brains. But it was worth it. For see now what comes o' taking time, leaning hard on patience and being born in the aristocracy of them that has brains. See what comes, slipping so pretty toward us, over the little waves—*white* men rowing a white boat—rescue!"

LIEUTENANT BECK in command of the Iolanthe had come ashore himself to have a first view of the shipwrecked party. He was keeping a diary and beginning to think well of it.

Stepping ashore briskly, he looked the group over. His eyes finally came to rest on Brown.

"Are you the leader?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, name of Brown, able seaman."

He stepped forward and at the same time, an arm around her waist, for she had gone suddenly faint and tottery with excitement, drew Hazel forward with him.

"Lucky for us, sir," Brown said, "that you got my message."

"Message? What message?"

The five swabs snickered.

"If you didn't get the message, sir, might I ask how you happened to find us?"

"Accident, my man," said the officer. "just one of those things."

The swabs snickered. It is always a pleasant thing to see a great man suddenly and completely deflated.

But the deflation of Able Seaman Brown was not to last forever. During the next eighteen months, in extraordinary parts of the world, no less than seven of his patiently carved S O S messages were picked up afloat and ashore, and Hazel, who knew how to hold a man's love, said: "It proves absolutely that if we hadn't been found by accident, it was only a question of time before we'd have been found by design. And all owing to you."

You Fly the Atlantic

Continued from page 9

it will preserve the American service from being merely a feeder to the empire trunk route.

Technical problems of the Atlantic no longer hide terrors from the operators. There is nothing to be found here that has not been threshed in actual practice over air lines somewhere, or in the laboratories. Widespreading fogs, and "icing up"—well, it is always possible to cancel. Indications are that the hemispheres will be connected by service as reliable as that over continents.

England is considering four transatlantic methods: the Empire Flying Boats; the Short-Mayo Composite Craft; the Albatross type; Catapult service.

The fourth item has little chance, for catapult planes cannot be landed upon rough waters; nor, if they get down, can they be lifted aboard the pitching mother ships. Moreover, catapulting would be impossible for passengers because of the cracking strain upon the neck. Catapult pilots are specially trained and braced to withstand this peculiar and deadly shock.

The third, or "Albatross," phase is the one about which Imperial Airways are saying least. Only this much is known: it is a huge landplane, capable of carrying a pay load of mail and passengers with awesome speed, nonstop from the base in the Irish Free State to Newfoundland. It has been constructed in great secrecy, with persons outside the highest military and government circles scarcely aware of its existence. Its performance is unknown; except for vague, fantastic suggestions that some day, in some plane, it will be possible for you to leave Ireland at five o'clock and reach Newfoundland the same five o'clock—due to the four hours' difference in time. And perhaps the Albatross will be that ship!

Aviation's Siamese Twins

The Short-Mayo Composite Aircraft is by all odds the most interesting development yet attempted in transoceanic aviation. I was given the privilege of seeing in the factory the first of these strange, futuristic birds of commerce; by now it is making tests. The Composite is designed for mail only: it is made up of two planes, one on top of the other, a Siamese twin of aeronautics.

In flying, the utmost expenditure of power is that necessary to get the plane actually into the air. The greater the load carried the longer must be the run from a standing start before "flying speed"—that is, speed enough to overcome gravity, inertia, and other forces that keep us earthbound—is obtained. For long nonstop flights, such as those over the Atlantic stages, large amounts

(Continued on page 42)

New Year's Eve comes once a year
Morning-After we don't fear—

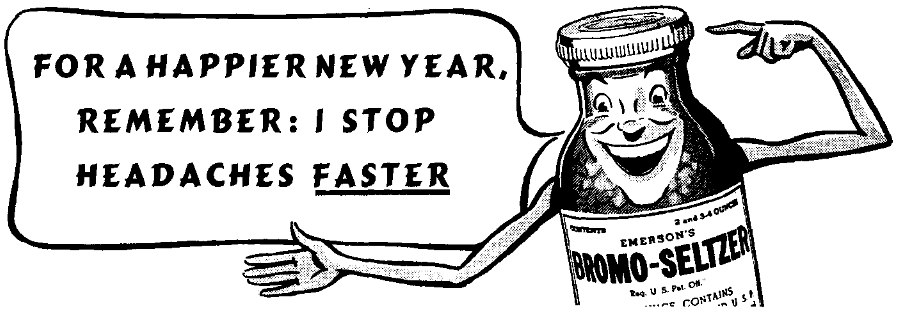
Rah, Rah, Bromo-Seltzer!

IF our rollicking friends above seem a bit exuberant, who can blame them? They're having a wonderful New Year's Eve—yet on New Year's morning, they'll be feeling just as good as new!

Their secret, as you may have guessed, is Bromo-Seltzer. Take their tip and let it start the New Year right for *you!*

Doctors have proved Bromo-Seltzer stops next-morning headaches *faster* than any other remedy they've tested. It settles an upset stomach, too. Soothes jittery nerves. Reduces excess lactic acid in the blood caused by overindulgence.

So here's the merriest kind of New Year's Eve—and let Bromo-Seltzer clear the fog on New Year's morning!


FOR A HAPPIER NEW YEAR, REMEMBER: I STOP HEADACHES FASTER
EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Rightly called "A

LAST YEAR the two million freight cars on American railroads traveled more than 19 *billion* miles.

Yet every minute of every day *the location of every one of these two million freight cars is known* and recorded by the railroads.

Railroad men are rightly proud of the magnitude, the utility and the efficiency of this far-flung and intricate job of railroading. One of them in a recent address accurately pictured it in these words:

"Consider the fact that any shipper anywhere on this continent may today load a car of freight whether on a team track, at a station, or on his private siding;

"— that more than a hundred thousand such cars will be loaded each day at nearly that many different locations, and consigned to nearly one hundred thousand different destinations;

"— that these cars will be marshaled in trains, and tonight will be hauled all over this continent for delivery to their hundred thousand consignees;

"— that all this is done without further thought or anxiety on the part of the shipper;

"— that the coordination between railroads is so nearly perfect that each of these cars moves under constant supervision and control from origin to destination, moving freely and interchangeably in any train, pulled by any engine, or if necessary repaired anywhere en route with standard parts at standard cost!

"A moment's consideration of that free flow of continent-wide commerce demonstrates it is no overstatement to say that it is *a daily and hourly miracle of effective coordination,* not planned out all at once in any grand scheme, but worked out, bit by bit, by practical railroad men in the carrying out of their daily task."

GO PLACES — NOW — BY TRAIN

Rates are low — Safety, Speed and Comfort greater than ever before!

NO other transportation in the world can match the American railroads for speed with safety. And every modern convenience contributes to your comfort when you go by rail. Practically all through trains are air-conditioned—cleaner, quieter, healthier. You have modern lighting, excellent food, restful seats, comfortable beds, plenty of room to move around, and you get there on schedule. Yet with all the improvements railroads offer today, fares have been steadily lowered both in coaches and Pullmans.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

daily miracle"

On such simple slips as these is kept the constant record of the daily movement of freight cars on American railroads.

DO YOU KNOW

—that the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile for an average revenue of less than a cent?

—that the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years?

—that by increasing the efficiency of operation the railroads have cut fuel cost a half billion dollars in the past ten years?

—that 45 cents of every dollar the railroads take in go for railroad payrolls?

—that the railroads maintain their own "highways"—a quarter of a million miles of "line"?

—that 1,600,000 children are educated every year by the school taxes paid by the railroads?

—that railroad fares throughout the United States have been reduced as much as 44%, and that Pullman accommodations now cost one-third less than before?

—that you are far safer on a railroad train than you are in your own home?

BETTER BRAKES FOR GREATER SPEED

As our commerce has called for bigger and faster freight trains, the research staffs of American railroads and air brake companies have worked together to produce better and better brakes—brakes which are not only powerful, but smooth enough to ease trains to a stop without jolt or jar. The latest of these developments, the "AB" brake, is the product of $2,326,000 worth of research in laboratory and on the road. More than a thousand research engineers, engaged on scores of projects, are constantly employed in America's railroad and university laboratories. By their skilled and patient efforts—

PIONEERING STILL GOES ON!

AFETY FIRST—

iendliness too!

(Continued from page 39)

of fuel are essential. In order to carry profitable *extra* weight, or pay load, landplanes, as now known, would require for their take-off runs a ground area far in excess of that available on any existing airports. In taking off flying boats, “pontoon suction” is added to the difficulties of getting clear. Although sufficiently large expanses of protected waters are reasonably easy to find, there is the factor that very long take-off runs—whether on sea or land—are for various reasons not safe. There is a relation between the weight carried and the burden of work thus put upon each square foot of the airplane's wing surface. This is known as “wing loading.” The wing loading is very high and unsafe and beyond the normal capabilities of planes which are crammed with fuel necessary for long-distance hops. That is why the take-offs of such ocean flyers as Lindbergh and Mollison were hazardous and spectacular.

In theory the Short-Mayo Composite eliminates this “take-off” problem: the wasteful expenditure of fuel, and the disproportionate size of ship in relation to pay load, necessary in order to get transatlantic planes into the air. The upper component, which is the one that will make the long flight, is really a flying gas tank. Its hollow metal wings are used for gasoline storage.

The two ships are fastened, by a secret device, for the take-off: the upper component heavily loaded, the larger, very powerful, lower component lightly loaded. With the eight engines in motion, the run starts; the lower component with all its power and capabilities available for helping to “boost” the upper component into the air with a load of fuel and oil that it could not possibly lift from the surface within a safe distance, if at all.

And Each Goes Its Way

When the attached planes have climbed to a safe altitude, say 5,000 feet, and squaring-away speed for the upper component has been obtained, the release is sprung. The two components separate rapidly, in a vertical manner.

The upper component is off on its long haul with all the great speed of four motors. Portsmouth to New York is a feasible hop, the designers believe; or to Montreal, on the Empire run.

The lower component, meanwhile, has returned to the base to mother another upper section; or it may have gone off on a comparatively local flight of its own; Portsmouth to Gibraltar, say. With 1,000 pounds of mail, and in the teeth of a sixty-mile head gale, the upper component will be able to fly direct to New York; or even to a port hundreds of miles south of that—Charleston, or Norfolk. Either component may be operated as a self-sufficient unit, within its own normal load class.

It is with the Empire Flying Boats, however, that transatlantic flying will soonest come into your personal experience. These are the ships that are slipping off the production line into the water at Rochester now; 28 of them in the first contract. Some are destined for the Empire routes to the East and South; others for the transatlantic run. Number Three, the Centaurus, I saw getting her last fittings; she is for the Bermuda leg, the first over-Atlantic foreign line that will reach the United States. This is Britain's answer, long anticipated, to the “Clipper” ships; and for the moment the victory is hers, because for speed, comfort, style and gadgets the Empire Boats have no peers now in the air.

Each has four Bristol “Pegasus” 740 horsepower motors; carries a crew of 5; weighs 18 tons loaded, with accommodations for 24 passengers on day and 16 on night stages. That, of course, represents best performance; on the long transatlantic hauls, her passenger carrying would have to be pared down—some cut out for mail, some for reserve fuel. The crew has a bridge deck to itself, forward; the passenger quarters run into two decks, rising by little steps as you go aft; and there is a real promenade, obliterating the old criticism that you are too cramped during long hops.

Chairs That Really Recline

Attention to small items, which in sum make comfort, has been extraordinary; for example, the chair mechanism. In planes heretofore, if you wanted to make use of the reclining features of your chair, you hauled, and perspired, and cursed, and called the stewardess, and she called the co-pilot, and he went back for a spanner wrench, and finally they knocked you down and sat on you until the next airport—whence you were carted to the asylum to spend the rest of your days cutting little chairs out of cardboard. One of Short's best engineers spent two years and scandalous amounts of pounds sterling on the Empire Boat chairs. There is a knob on the end of each arm; you touch it delicately and the chair stretches you out to any length within the limits of decency. Once down, you fear you will never get up again. But a gentle touch, and here you come as neatly as a tax rise. Your reporter tried every chair on the Canopus, the Caledonia and the Centaurus—searching for a failure—and he was the only one.

“Do you happen to remember whether he was bald when he came in?”

J. M. ANTHONY

Rochester proudly calls the Empire Boats the “Queen Marys of the air”; the shabbiest urchin on Medway bank can recite specifications to you, down to the last of the 6,000 individual blueprints. The boats are air-conditioned.

The share of the United States in transatlantic flying will not lag, for all this grandeur. Clipper Ships now building will match the boats in performance—and, it is reasonable to believe, style; although it is not yet possible to view and to appraise this side. For the Bermuda run, when the Centaurus or one of her sisters is here Pan American will bring up a Clipper from her South American east-coast run.

Sikorsky, Martin, Douglas, Boeing—all the major United States builders—are competing in the huge flying-boat market now. They have read portents in the skies. Douglas claims a range of better than the maximum Atlantic nonstop distance, with a passenger load of 12, for his 32-passenger boat. Pan American has signed with Boeing for six new Clippers which—this is only a promise, as yet—will equal the Empire Boats in speed, exceed them in weight and size, and carry up to 45 passengers on a 2,500-mile hop—600 miles greater than the Newfoundland-to-Ireland stretch. These clippers are two years off, at least.

The routes over which you will fly the Atlantic, next year and the next and the next, will not be the same as those over which you have sailed it. Newfoundland has been only a name to ship passengers; the second or third day out from New York there is a cold wind, and you sniff wisely and tell first-time sailors, “Oh, yes, the Grand Banks, you know. Always this way, here!” When you fly the Atlantic, however, Newfoundland will be an actuality to you. The Empire-route agreement—settled in Ottawa before the British missions went to Washington—is for operations shared by the Irish Free State, England, Newfoundland, and Canada. The United States can participate throughout with full reciprocity. The route will be either Portsmouth or Southampton Water, in England, to Limerick, Ireland, to Newfoundland—where a great base has been constructed on Lake Gander—to Montreal. Each of the four governments involved undertook to arrange airports, radio, meteorological, and other facilities. The Empire route will be extended south from Newfoundland to Bermuda, Puerto Rico and Jamaica, thus connecting with the Pan American routes to South America.

The Hop to Bermuda

Bermuda to New York will be operated as a purely accommodation passenger service, with British and American ships alternating the flights. New York's linkage to the England run will be via Newfoundland. However, the optional transatlantic run, perhaps seasonal, perhaps merely a choice adding flexibility when mean weather prevails to the north, will be from England to Portugal, the Azores, Bermuda, and New York. In either case, the air voyager who drops among the coral Pleiades of the Atlantic, on t'other side of the Gulf Stream from our mainland, will have a memorable experience in tranquillity. Because this will be the first division to open for passengers, because the virtually local nature of its service will bring it into range of countless Americans who may never fly the whole way to Europe, and because a trip to Bermuda henceforth will be for northeastern Americans no more serious than a week end in the country, Bermuda's share in the transatlantic and in the Empire schemes is of peculiar interest to us. Under the chairmanship of W. J. Howard Trott, a Bermuda commission expended nearly two hundred thousand dollars, and scads of patience and taste, to prepare for the new day. There, now, on gemlike Darrell's Island, close by Hamilton town, you can see the transatlantic airway port ready for your delighted arrival from the sky. When your ship has been fished out of aquamarine waters, and trundled glistening upon the runway in front of the hangar, you will be received in a Custom House which is faithful in design to the lovely typical Bermuda cottage. The United States-to-Bermuda service can be started the moment an Empire boat arrives from England and a Clipper is fetched north. The operation will be fifty-fifty, English and American; with as many trips as the traffic will bear.

A third transatlantic through route, over Iceland and Greenland, with the shortest water hops of all, is being considered for good-weather months. The longest water stretch would be from the Azores to Newfoundland or to Bermuda—about two thousand miles; or less than the first stage of the Pacific run, 2,500 miles from Oakland to Honolulu. The Number One route has for its greatest water division the stretch from Ireland to Newfoundland: 1,900 miles.

The U. S. Ports of Entry

In the United States, not only New York City—but Norfolk, Charleston and Baltimore are being considered as ports of entry. It is certain that exigencies of weather and traffic will make desirable the designation of more than one of these places. There will be air connections overland from virtually all points in the United States to the Empire terminal at Montreal, and to the American eastern seaboard points. The air-mail flights definitely will be undertaken this summer; possibly two a week in each direction. It is not likely that passengers will be carried before 1938; by then, however, a four-times-per-week schedule is expected. It will take you four to six hours to fly to Bermuda; a day and a night to fly to Europe: that is, at first—until the boys really get warmed up.

Transatlantic schedule flight—a dream, from Alcock and Brown to Lindbergh; a goal since Lindbergh—is no longer conjectural. It is here; in your life, in these fortunate great years of man's accomplishments. You have seen herein the first ships in which you will fly the Atlantic; but the operators are looking beyond to the next type. After a Leviathan, there is always a Bremen; after a Bremen there is always a Normandie. Air-cooled and liquid-cooled gasoline engines of more than 1,000 horsepower are now ready in American and English factories; Diesels, almost as powerful, are available in Germany. In short, the motive power will not fall behind the purposes of the plane builders; and plans have been worked up for flying boats of more than 50 tons dead weight. The wings of the future grow in thickness in proportion to their increase in spread; which means that before long you will saunter up and down a promenade inside the front edge of the wing, and nothing in front of you, as you stare through glass windows, except the horizons of the earth—and of the mind.

Riverman's Daughter

Continued from page 17

to his sweetheart in time to strike blows for her, and it stuck in Chip's craw to have this pint-size stranger turn out to be the hero. All he could think of was that it shouldn't have happened anyway. So he turned to Julie and said: "What'd I tell you about coming on this train?"

Julie bit her lip and stared at the snow. "They're advertising Aroostook seed potatoes in Bangor. I—I brought you all the dope."

"I said any other train, didn't I?"

"Oh, don't!" Julie's head was high and her hands twisting. She turned and gave the little codger a glance that would melt icicles and said: "I was well protected."

The little man's eyes sparkled. He grinned and off came his derby.

"My name," said the little man, like he expected cheers, "is Ralston W. Pascuma. Could you direct me to the Mopang Company?"

Julie gave Chip a nod of no consequence. "He's in charge here. His name is Chip Ash."

"Who'd you say you were?" Chip said.

"Ralston W. Pascuma. Probably you know of me as 'Smokey' Pascuma."

Chip's face worked like he was chewing a mouthful of warmed-over nails. "Your fame hasn't reached my ears. What's it all about?"

"I am the champion wood chopper of the East."

The crew was all gathered in a circle, their faces wide open with grins. Chip points to me and said: "Here's Uncle Jeff Coongate. He'll be sixty, time the ice goes out. He'll take you."

Smokey Pascuma looked me over from my felt boots to my fur cap. "Give me some respectable competition," he said.

"I'm your man," Chip said. "You asked for it. Uncle Jeff, warm us a couple axes."

The bohunks got two big peeled spruce sticks off the pulpwood pile and trigged them on the depot platform while I warmed two axes by the depot stove. Chip never even bothered to shuck his mackinaw. He gave Smokey a ten-second start before he made his first cut. Still, when he saw the little jasper lay open a smooth deep scarf on the front side of that spruce, I expect Chip wished for them ten seconds back. But Smokey slowed bad on the back scarf, and Chip finished with time to burn. But he was impressed, because he made out to yawn, and said: "Now you can tell 'em how to split up old grocery crates back in Boston!"

SMOKEY shivered in the cold, and shrugged like a good loser. "Just come from there," he said. "I went to Bangor to ship for the Mopang Logging Company. All my life I've been demonstrating before audiences in cities, advertising axes and stuff. But I never been in the real woods in my life."

That brought another laugh from the bohunks. "Did the Mopang hire you on?" said Chip.

"Yes. Where do I begin work?"

"Fifteen mile upriver, on foot."

The little man's face almost fell apart. "I couldn't make it! It's too c-cold!"

Chip got to him in two steps and grabbed him by the lapels of his coat. "The Mopang paid your fare to work in the woods! You'll work—*now!* Or else pay back full fare!"

Smokey stared Chip straight in the eye. "You'll get what's coming to you, tough guy! Don't forget that! See?"

Chip turned, and started the bohunks on the sled track. Then he reached for Julie's suitcase, but Smokey Pascuma already had it. They both put it on the sled. My freight wouldn't be unloaded for some time, so I put Aunt Sue and Julie aboard the sled. Chip climbed on and we started for the boardinghouse. Behind the seat, Chip and Julie sat on a pile of tarpaulins, and I could hear them talking: "Darling," Julie said, "you haven't said a word about those seed potatoes."

I glanced over my shoulder. Julie was leaning close to Chip, but Chip sat straight up. "I heard you told Ruffy Morse my farm wouldn't grow anything but hock weed," he said.

Julie's voice got shaky: "That was a rotten trick you played on that little man—after he had defended me."

Time we got to the house they were both pretty grim.

I STOPPED by on the way back with my freight and found Smokey sitting as close to the stove as he could get. Julie and Aunt Sue had helped him off with his shoes, and wrapped his feet in a bed quilt. Beside him was a cup of hot tea, and he was shaking all over, like a twig in a current, while Julie hovered and fetched for him. "Are you warm now, Mr. Pascuma?" she said.

He grinned. "Not since Labor Day, when I won the log-rolling championship in the big tank in Chicago."

Chip came in with an armload of dry birch in time to hear this. He dumped the wood in the box and said: "I can make it warm for you, any time you want to get on a log with me!"

"At your own risk," said Smokey. "I wouldn't want to be responsible."

Julie came in to pour more tea for Smokey. While she was tucking a shawl around his shoulders, Chip said to her: "I'll try to get down to the dance, honey. If—if you'll go with me. Will you?"

"I can't say, just now. I'm very busy."

Next morning, the yard boss at Camp Nine sent Chip away over to Pistol Ridge to tend a crew. Chip left me a message for Julie. He would try his best to get down to the dance; but it was a rough trip, and he might be late.

I never got down to Privilege again for over two weeks. The ice was wasting fast on the lakes and the river would break loose any time. In the soft sledding I didn't make town until after dark—the night of the dance. I was stomping the slush off my boots on Aunt Sue's front steps, when Julie opened the door spang in my face. "Sh-h-h-h!" she said. "He's asleep!"

"Who's asleep?"

"Smokey, the—the poor dear." I tiptoed in and got a look at Julie's face in the lamplight. She was near played out, her eyes just shadows. "Oh, Uncle Jeff," she whimpered. "He's been sick unto death! D-do you think he'll get well?"

There came a moan from the downstairs bedroom, and we catfooted in. Smokey lay there in bed under a foot of quilts. Julie turned up the lamp and took his hand in both of hers. She bent close to him and whispered: "Are you any better?"

"Every time you come into the room I feel better," he said.

They looked at each other a long time without speaking. The turn things had taken, I thought it was a mighty lucky thing Chip Ash was on Pistol Ridge. I hadn't more than half got the good out of that thought when the door opened and there stood Chip himself! He looked at Julie, then at Smokey Pascuma, and then he drew a sharp breath.

"Hello, Chip," Julie said. "Where'd you come from?"

(Continued on page 44)

Do This For a Cold

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in ⅓ glass of water. Gargle twice.

The Modern-Day Way

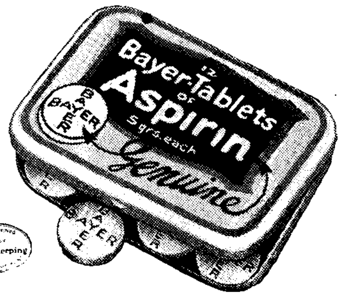
to Ease Cold and Sore Throat Quickly

The modern way to ease a cold is: Two Bayer Aspirin tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on. Repeat, if needed, according to directions in box.

At the same time, if you have a sore throat, crush and dissolve three BAYER tablets in one-third glass of water. And gargle with this mixture twice.

The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will act to combat the fever and ease the pains which usually accompany colds. The gargle will provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain, acting like a local anesthetic on the irritated throat membrane.

Try this way. Your doctor will endorse it. It is a quick, effective means of combating a cold. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name at your druggist's —not for "aspirin" alone.



Good Housekeeping Bureau

15c FOR A DOZEN

2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c VIRTUALLY 1c A TABLET

(Continued from page 43)

"Pistol Ridge, to take you to the dance."

He'd walked twenty-two mile, cross-country in the slush, and was wet to the belt. "I can't leave Smokey," Julie said.

Chip never opened his mouth at all, just stared at her. She said: "Why don't you go to the dance alone, Chip?"

"If Ruffy Morse is there, I *will* go! He can *have* the farm!" Chip walked over close to the bed and looked down at Smokey: "I hear all over town how you said you'd have beaten me chopping if it wasn't for a swollen hand. No alibi, huh?"

Smokey rose up on the backs of his elbows. "You're a liar! I haven't been out of bed for two weeks, nor said anything!"

"Say that over to me again, when you get well!" Chip said.

"I'll feed it to you with a spoon, if you say!" Smokey lay back in the bed and Chip went out.

Chip never went near the dance, and in the morning he streaked back to Pistol Lake.

The way the snow was in the woods, you couldn't work a horse, and I had to lay over in Privilege. This gave me a chance to observe things shaping up between Julie and Smokey Pascuma. Only for Julie and Chip, I would have liked the little cuss.

I got a minute alone with Julie one day, and I said: "Honey, it's none of my business. But don't you think—?"

"You were right, first thing you said, Uncle Jeff!"

I WAS sitting on the gate of the dam one noon when the first two logs came drifting down side by side. Sometimes two'll run that way for miles. I watched some more come, and some more, and I knew Chip and his crew were driving Slewgundy Heater. By midafternoon, the deadwater above the dam was full of logs, and there were seventy men strung out on the sheer waters and bracket booms working with pick poles. Not long after, Chip showed up. He was river boss, and I don't wonder. Pistol Dam to Privilege in five days!

The town turned out to watch. Julie and Smokey came down by and by. He had Julie's fly rod that Chip had given her, and was going to show how he could cast. For all I know, he may be able to lay a hundred foot of line, but this time he had out only about ten, when a little trout rose from under a boom log and grabbed the fly. He reached down to unhook the trout. The trout gave a squirm and Pascuma jumped—like most anyone would.

Chip Ash was leaning on his cant dog near by. "What's the matter, sister?" he said. "Too slippery for you?"

"If it was a log, and me on it, I wouldn't care about that."

"We got some good slippery ones in the river," Chip said.

Smokey rested the fly rod against a gate post, and set his hat solid: "Show me!"

While Smokey changed boots with Whitewater Hatch, Chip had one of his men dog a green beech butt into the shallow water. That's the first I ever saw Chip put over a stunt like that; but Chip wasn't himself. Smokey gentled himself aboard the log, tested Whitewater's calks, and poled himself into deep water. Green beech sinks, and this log was no exception. Smokey crawled out, dripping, onto a bracket boom. He was madder than a hot wasp, but Julie was madder.

"That was dirty mean, Chip! You know he's been sick!"

Chip had the river crew laughing with him, and he didn't even look at Julie. He walked over to the boom and said to Smokey: "Like to ride one in fast water?"

"If it'll float," Smokey said, "and you're on the other end!"

I don't know whether it was the river rats egging him on, or fear that he'd lost Julie, or just hot blood that made Chip say what he did. "A mile above here there's a rapid called Slewgundy Heater."

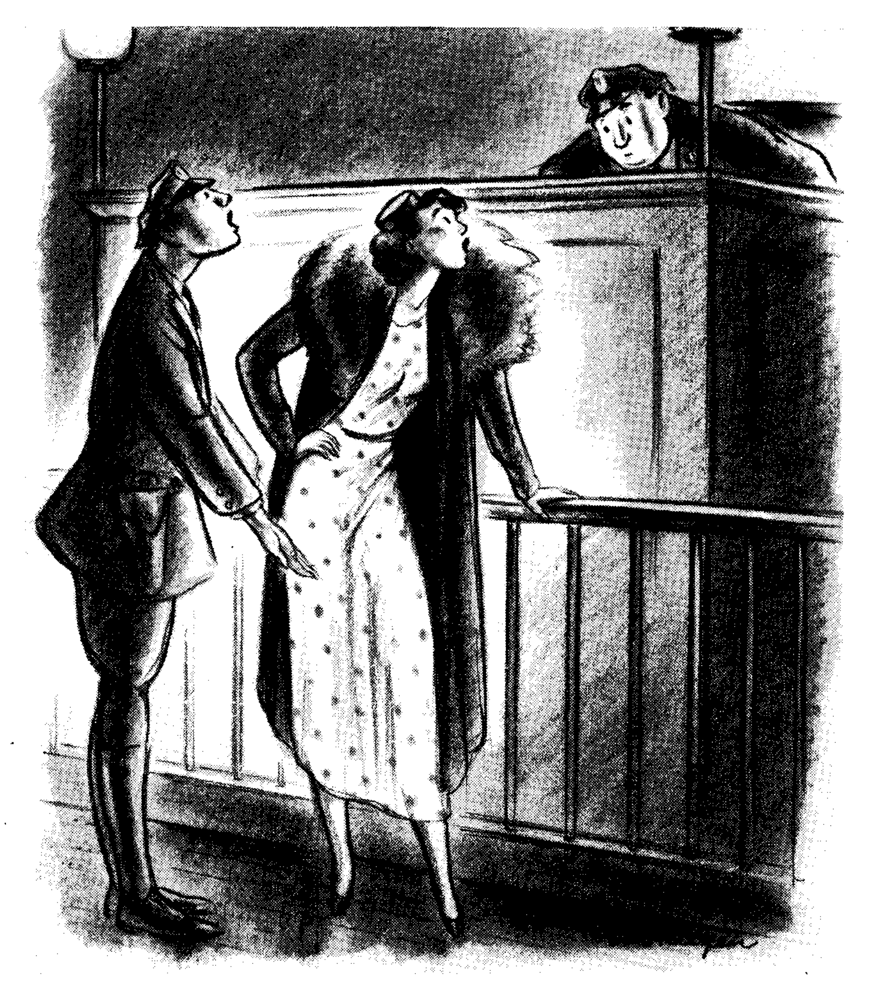
"What about it?"

It was that quiet you could have heard a bird sigh. "Half a mile above the Heater," Chip said, "the current picks up fast. There's a forty-foot pine keyed to the bank there. We'll ride her down toward the Heater—and the first man to jump off is the color of cowslips. That's yellow!"

"You named it," said Smokey.

The current was strong, boiling, and deep. As they poled out to midstream, Chip's face looked like a chunk of granite. Smokey's was wary as a lynx's.

The spectators followed downstream along the shores, whooping it high for Chip. He and Smokey were testing each other. Sometimes they watched eyes, but mostly they watched feet. Chip outweighed Smokey maybe fifty pounds. He could start and stop the log quicker. This was offset by the little man's footwork. That had me guessing! He was spry and spunky as a yellow jacket, and never once looked to see how close they were coming to the rapids.



"I pinched her for speedin', Sergeant, and now she says we'll have to be married!"

W. VON RIEGEN

CHIP had the log turning so the spray flew. The bark jumped from under their calks. Both of them must have been running as tight as they could go. Then Chip jumped and came down solid with his calks braced. He stopped the log in about two steps. Then he looked up as if he'd expected to hear the splash of Smokey falling in. But there wasn't any splash! Smokey swayed, waved his pole, and caught his balance! He grinned like a cat in a salmon can.

The log had run down close to the first pitch of the Heater. Julie Ireland was following along beside me, but I never knew it until she grabbed my arm and said: "Jeff—Uncle Jeff!" I looked away from the river a second. Julie's face was white as pine ashes. She was measuring the distance to the first pitch. It was growing shorter fast. You could hear folks yelling—some of them for Smokey, too!

When the wind was just right, you could hear them snarling out on the log. Then I heard Smokey yell to Chip: "Come on! Do your stuff, riverman!"

IT'S a wonder we didn't break a leg trying to keep abreast of that log! You didn't dare study your footing for fear you'd miss a trick. They were trying to outrun each other, and Smokey was faster! Sometimes Chip's boots were half in the water. His legs worked like pistons, and he lost his balance once, and had to throw his pole away! He finally saved himself by stopping the log by sheer weight. "Too fast for you?" Smokey yells.

At that the crowd hollered so you could hear it above the rapids. Then it was dead quiet. The log was within thirty yards of the drop-off! Here the current made in close to our bank. You could see their faces plain, glistening with sweat. Chip was pretty near beat out, and twice his calks nearly tripped him. Smokey started the log bobbing, and both men were watching each other's feet when the log bunted an underwater boulder. The lurch took Chip's legs from under him, and he pitched backward into the river. And Smokey turned a back somersault on the log!

We were all lined up along the falls now, so you couldn't hear the yelling. You could just see everyone waving, and their mouths open. Smokey was into Slewgundy Heater on the log! Some will claim he went under water three times going through, but it couldn't be so. All I know is, he must have been nailed to the log, and a heap of luck nailed there beside him. He came through slick as a willow, and beached her on the big bend below! I came up in time to hear Pidge Morrison say to him: "Why didn't you jump and swim for it after you dumped Chip?"

"I can't swim," Smokey said and that had the river crew rooting for him to a man! They boosted him up and started for the Privilege Dam. And right then I happened to remember Chip! I looked around and didn't see him anyplace. No one remembered seeing him after he fell off and I could feel the gooseflesh sprouting along my spine. I went back alone. It was a quarter of a mile to where he'd gone in. I found him on the bank with his head in Julie Ireland's lap. He was unconscious, and his left arm looked out of plumb.

"What—what happened?" I said.

"When he fell in he hit his head on a rock. I—I think his left arm is broken, too."

"Lawd A'mighty! How'd he make shore?"

"I swam out and got him." I noticed then how she was blue with cold, and wringing wet. Her voice was pretty trembly. "The rest of you seemed to be just thinking of the new champion."

That girl! While everyone was watching Smokey go through Slewgundy, she had swum out and brought Chip back. "But I thought you and Smokey were—"

"Uncle Jeff," she interrupted, "you can keep a secret, can't you?"

"If you say so, honey."

She looked down at Chip. He hadn't flickered yet. Then from her shirt pocket she took a wad of wet money. "Give this to Mr. Pascuma and say goodby, and thank him for me, will you?"

"How come you're toting his roll?"

"It wasn't his, until just now. It—it was my life's savings." She brushed the wet hair from Chip's forehead. He hadn't moved. "I—I hired Mr. Pascuma after he finished his exhibition at the Boston Sportsman's Show. He won the title there, in the big tank."

"*You* hired him! What for?" I felt kind of strangled.

"Because I knew he could beat Chip. Because I knew that until *someone* did, Chip would go on and on the way Dad did—until the river got him! He'd never quit as long as the bohunks cheered him. I told you once you had no idea how I love Chip!"

Julie's lips twitched, and a couple of tears squeezed out of her eyes. "Everything got out of control. I made my mistake when I planted that story in town that Smokey said he could beat Chip if his hand hadn't been swollen. He couldn't beat Chip with an ax if he had four hands! Then—oh, Smokey got sick. I *had* to take care of him, and Chip thought I was falling for him. Then they both got sore and pulled off *this* crazy stunt!"

She stopped and looked into the rapids. "You know what happened to Dad, out there. How do you think I felt—with that log getting closer and closer and closer? Chip wouldn't jump. You know he wouldn't. He hasn't got nerve enough to admit he's scared. No man has. Oh, I hate men—all of them—" Her voice kind of softened away then, and she smiled a little. "Except Chip. I love Chip. Smokey is really nice, too. *You're* nice, Uncle Jeff—sometimes."

Chip opened his eyes, and that ended the talk.

ABOUT planting time I came downriver on wheels to pick up a load of tar paper, lard, citronella, and a cook for a bark-peeling crew. Mighty near as far as I could see, the Privilege depot was tiered up with barrels of potato seed consigned to Chip Ash. I ate my lunch and fell to reading the year-old newspaper it was wrapped in while I waited for the train. One item made me grin. It told how Ralston W. "Smokey" Pascuma had just won the hundred-yard dash in the indoor swimming-pool down to Boston!

The Starry Flag

Continued from page 13

direction. I was told to wait until the people were out of the garden, and then go into the legation. Are you better?"

Richie thought it all over. It was too hazy to understand. "Somebody," he said, "must have punched me." The roaring seemed to die down; the Boxers had passed the walls and were headed for new loot, samshu, opium. "D'you know," Richie said, sitting up and drinking again, "I remember bits of things. Coming here. Waiting. That was the worst. Well . . . the Boxers arrived. I wanted to tell about them."

Native converts, refugees, were shuffling down Legation Street, broken, weeping China-fashion, tearlessly, a mob of terror-stricken Chinese who had come to the legations after the first wave of destruction; outside, in the Tartar City, men, women and children lay hacked to pieces, some moving, others motionless.

Dorothea Case said, "All of your work . . . destroyed."

"That's right," Richie agreed. This was the first Bartlett endeavor to vanish; somehow he, Richie, son of Dick, grandson of Rich, great-grandson of the first Richard, should have done something about it. "You have been good to me," he said. "Perhaps I can repay your kindness some day."

Dorothea Case said, "I've got to laugh." Her face was white and drawn. "At any other time," she went on shakily, "I'd say you could officiate at my wedding. It will probably be my funeral now." She lifted a hand. "We were told nothing could happen. Nothing. Even Allen said so."

"Nothing is going to happen," said Richie, "to you."

The refugees continued piling through the Ha-ta Gate. The old tower, outside, caught flying sparks, and the great rafters of Burmese teak were ablaze; flames spurted through the roof, so close that Richie saw them reflected in the girl's shining hair. Her lips were trembling now; she said, as if to herself, "I don't want to die."

Richie thought of that when he stumbled off to the storehouse, where missionaries cared for the natives. A Bartlett stubbornness took him there. If he went to his own legation, he would be Richard Bartlett, and there would be honor accorded him; he did not want any.

THE assembled missionaries saw only a tall young man with dark, burning eyes, and accepted him without question; as he helped, he fought to keep sleep away, to keep from slumping down. The men around him talked constantly. One of the missionaries shrewdly suggested that the mandarins feared the loss of taxes and the destruction of the family system, and were in accord with the Boxers. All agreed that what the Boxers were doing was no worse than the slaughtering of noncombatants after the capture of Port Arthur. A gaunt missionary, probe searching for a jingal slug, said, "There is hatred here. Have we brought peace?" He shaded his eyes. "Do we search for peace?" he demanded soberly, "or . . . profit?"

The lamps smoked; there was blood and quivering flesh in the hot night; when men died there was peace. Richie thought suddenly that it was not profit alone which caused bridges. He, the dead engineers, never thought of profit. They thought of steel. Things had to go on. He, a Bartlett, had to go on. Not for profit, nor conquest. Well, then, why? He didn't know. It was the old missionary who sent him to a pile of quilts, where he slept.

All night long the diplomats, officers, gathered in whispering groups. The walls were guarded, plans made and unmade. The diplomats were positive that the Dowager Empress would send protecting troops, but the Chinese soldiery, company by company, were deserting to the Boxers.

It was five in the morning when Richie woke. During the night, he heard as he worked, the Palace had informed the legations that they must leave Peking; the diplomats were in complete and jealous disagreement about everything, and so were the officers. In an hour bullets were flicking in through the few windows, and the apertures were bricked; in another, men, in a half dozen languages, were calling for water, for the easing of bandages which the heat made unbearable; by noon, Richie was sent with a request for more surgical supplies, for iodine, carbolic, bandages and shrouds.

HE KEPT well down behind the building walls. The French were squatted behind loopholes, engaged in preventing Boxers from firing an outbuilding; the Italian legation was smoldering.

The sun was fierce, smoked hotter by flames. It flooded the walls of the Imperial City with rose-golden light, and blackened the Tartar Wall into shadow. As Richie kept in shelter, he could hear the Chinese trumpets, blare on blare, as his grandfather had said the first Richard Bartlett heard them in Canton. White men, even then, had not been wanted in China; a hundred years later, they were still hated.

When Richie entered the legation used as a base now by all nations, he expected supplies would be willingly furnished; he met excuses, and slowly became more angry than he had ever been in his life. Bickerings, jealousies, fears; no wonder the Chinese despised white men. About him beat bitter complaints because converts, driven to the legations, must be fed, because sailors had already tried to visit the Chinese schoolgirls, because the missionaries were willing to do anything . . . save fight. Allen Markham had shaken a finger at him; a man who drank, the attaché had shouted, should have no scruples about bearing a rifle. Even to this Bartlett had remained silent. In the end it was decided that the supplies might as well be granted, although to this there were dissenting votes.

So these, Richie thought as he returned to the makeshift hospital, were the men who had followed his great grandfather to China; he wouldn't fight beside them under any circumstance. Cowards. Bickerers. Each nation jealous of each other nation, each after what he could get, after advancement . . . after profit. Profit to himself. His ancestors had tried to build. To pioneer. In some way he felt that their work had been clean, real; here, now, were vultures, picking China's bones.

He lost his temper completely when he was back in the storehouse. "Look here," he said to Dorothea Case, the instant he saw her, "you could've been killed coming across. Haven't you any sense?"

The girl said, "Haven't you any manners? Even the women are arguing," she said to him. *I* want to do something."

"Like walking down the street and being shot," Richie broke in. "There isn't a Boxer within a mile who couldn't spot your hair."

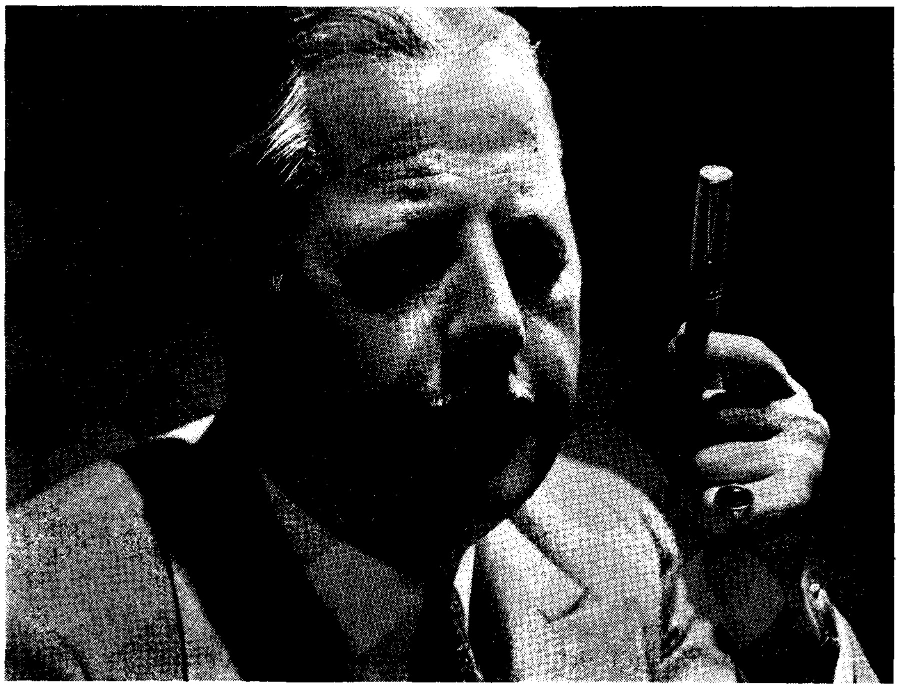
"Perhaps," the girl said solemnly, "Boxers aren't partial to redheads."

Richie flushed, and then grinned. "I

(Continued on page 46)

"A COLD"

Be *doubly careful* about the laxative you take!



WHAT is one of the most frequent questions the doctor asks when you have a cold? It is this—"Are your bowels regular?"

Doctors know how important a laxative is in the treatment of colds. They know, also, the importance of choosing the *right* laxative at this time. Before they will give any laxative their approval, they make *doubly sure* that it measures up to their own strict specifications.

Read these specifications. They are very important—not only during the "cold season," but all year 'round.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Ex-Lax checks on every single one of these 8 specifications . . . meets every demand so fairly that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes for their own families.

For more than 30 years, mothers have recommended Ex-Lax to other mothers. And Ex-Lax has given complete satisfaction, not merely to thousands of families—but to millions. It has grown, slowly but surely, to the point where today it is used by more people than any other laxative in the whole wide world.

DISCOVER THE TRUTH FOR YOURSELF

Anyone who has ever used Ex-Lax can explain in a moment why Ex-Lax is so universally popular. It is thorough. But it is gentle . . . It is effective. But it is mild . . . It gives you the most effective relief you could ask for. But it spares you all discomfort. No nausea. No stomach pains. No weakness. That's why it's such a favorite not only of the grown-ups, but of the youngsters, too.

EVERYONE LIKES THE TASTE OF EX-LAX

Perhaps you have been taking bitter "druggy" mixtures . . . Then change to Ex-Lax, and find out how really pleasant a good laxative can be. For Ex-Lax tastes just like smooth, delicious chocolate. It pleases the children as well as the older folks.

All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer, you may try it at *our* expense by simply mailing the coupon below for a free sample.

When Nature forgets— remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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(Paste this on a penny postcard)

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

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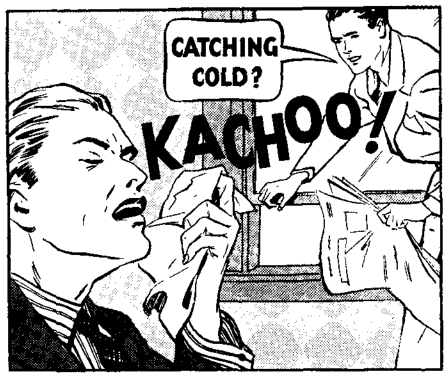
Address..........
City.......... Age..........
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)


CATCHING COLD?
KACHOO!

BE SENSIBLE

● When you feel a cold coming on, here's the thing to do: Get to bed early tonight. Rub "Ben-Gay" on your chest and back. Put on an old pajama top. Cold congestion is quickly relieved by this simple method—air passages clear up and you feel more comfortable.

This 40-year-old formula of Dr. Jules Bengué, of Paris, has worked wonders for millions of people. Be sure you ask for and get the original "Ben-Gay."

COLDS
LUMBAGO
RHEUMATIC PAINS
NEURALGIA
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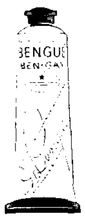
STIFF, SORE MUSCLES



RUB PAIN AWAY WITH
BAUME "BEN-GAY"

Prelude to a Party

As fresh pineapples are a traditional part of a luau menu, so has natural pineapple juice become the favored party beverage among smart Island hostesses.

Sparkling and bright—a tonic when you are tired and bored—that's the way you want a party to be. And that's the way Dole Pineapple Juice tastes. It's natural and unsweetened. You get the true pineapple flavor and tang because of the exclusive Dole Fast-Seal Vacuum-Packing Process.

DOLE
PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII

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(Continued from page 45)

said that?" The girl was smiling. "I suppose," he said as grudgingly as he could, "there are a few things you could do around here, and I can take you back later."

There were steaming bowls of rice, bamboo shoots, tea; around them were the wounded, in a room behind, the dead, shrouded in white cloth, booted feet pushing through the fabric in which they were sewed; outside, the gun was hammering methodically at the northern front, with rifle fire slowly cutting down Japanese who clung to their post. From the girl Richie heard that relief was bound to come, and that the nations would soon smash their way up from the coast; they had talked a little about that, but more about themselves. Snatches of things. Not until late in the afternoon had Richie said, "If you were a minister's wife, you know, everybody'd patronize you. Detroit today, Duluth tomorrow, Denver the next year. You'd probably teach brats in Sunday school," and she, gently, gravely, had said that being the wife of a diplomat would be much the same, different scenes, different places.

RICHIE said, "I see," and the bottom dropped. It would have been wonderful to have let her think he was what she supposed; he would have known absolutely that she thought of him as a man, and not Richard Bartlett. He told himself immediately that it was all nonsense; he'd never seen the girl before; he liked her, and that was all. She was, of course, marvelously lovely. A good companion. And he was forced to recall that every Bartlett had married a strange woman. "I hope," his father had said, "that Richard comes home with someone who, at least, can speak English." The man was Allen Markham; it was difficult for Richie to refrain from comment.

When the din over the Wall diminished, it was the attaché who came; Markham was displeased. "My dear Dorothea," he said, "this isn't the place for you." To the missionary, "There is to be a sortie at seven. We require thirty converts to drag back the gun we'll capture. That is an order. Have this man here accompany them, and relay orders." The missionary nodded, but specified firmly that Brother Richie must be unarmed, must not take part in any fighting. Markham glanced at Bartlett; the scorn with which he said, "He won't," made Richie bite his lips. Only the girl saw how his fists clenched.

Out of the gate the raiders slipped, volunteers mostly, a handful of Italians and Japanese in blue; the alley outside the Wall was deserted, for the Americans had made it an unhealthy place, but when the party turned the corner and sighted the gun perched on a high barricade with dead men at the base, Boxers appeared by magic, savage men in white, yellow, green tunics, red trousers. A little Japanese officer beat the air feverishly with his equally tiny sword; a dum-dum entered a volunteer's chest cleanly and then splashed through; fire rained down from the adjacent roofs. The converts were slashed down as the armed men retreated. Richie had someone's gun, and used it as a club. Into the tremendous fusillade was blended the Boxers' cry of Kill! Burn! and through it shrilled a bugle in retreat.

Beside Richie, the Japanese officer screamed as a bullet, molded in Japan, opened his side; Richie had him under one arm, and with the other hammered down a Boxer who attempted to slash him, and then he ran back toward the gate. He was under it when he felt the limp body stiffen; he placed the man down like an automaton, raised the rifle and fired carefully, deliberately. . . .

"My son," the gaunt missionary said, "I regret it, but you cannot work here with us. Victory must come from prayer, not killing. I am very sorry."

Richie was sorry also. He slept that night in a makeshift barracks.

The raid's failure, reports had it, was because someone had fired his weapon too soon, thus warning the Boxers. The Italians blamed the Japanese, who blamed the volunteers, who shifted it again to the Italians, until it was remembered that a missionary had been with the converts, and then all blamed him. Richard Bartlett. So the officers did not want him for fighting, nor the missionaries for the hospital; for him to have gone to the legation and proven his name would have helped no one but himself. Therefore, he had not done it; instead, he worked with the coolies.

As the first night was, so were the following nights, save that the beleaguered men risked no other counterattack. Days, weeks; shot, shell, stink, pariah dogs, the Chinese children starving, defenders killed, defenses leveled . . . and built up over and over, with Richie laboring with the Chinese. And more troops came, and the Boxers pushed closer, and the defenders were dying.

Dorothea Case found Richard Bartlett where the coolies waited for their handful of cooked rice; she caught him by the hand, pulled him away. "This," she said, seeing how thin he was, "has been my fault. Allen resented my being at the hospital that day. He said that it was you who shot too quickly. For everything, I'm sorry."

"Sorry because you were there?"

Something curious, electric, passed between them. She said, "In a few days more the Boxers will be in." Roar on roar came over the Wall. She had not let go of his hand. "I must tell you," she said, "what otherwise I would never say." They were eye to eye. "Even if . . . if we were saved . . . I would not . . . not marry—"

Richie understood. He was entirely honest. "I have dreamed of you by night, by day," he said. This was the girl. The strange woman. He knew how his father must have felt, in Formosa; you saw a woman; you knew, somehow, that she was the one you must have. "You were here, waiting, in Peking," said Richie.

"And you came," Dorothea said. "It seems so . . . what's that?" A gun, a second, a third, very far off, of different timbre; a battery of six guns coming into action. "It will make no difference," she said. "The Boxers are digging under the Wall, making a long tunnel; there will be an explosion, and then . . . tonight . . . tomorrow . . . you see, I had to find you, so you would know. Not about that. About me."

Richie began to shake a little. "I've seen one explosion," he said. He seemed to grow taller. "Mining under us, are they? Sapping? Going to blow us off the earth? I'll show them something! I'll teach them a trick they don't know!"

SHE tried to hold back, but he held her tightly by the arm as he strode clear into a grave council; he released her only when he pulled a long, worn wallet, sweat-stained, from his trousers pocket, and slapped it on the table. He saw out of a corner of his eye that Allen Markham was rising angrily. The rising diplomat. "Gentlemen," Richie Bartlett said, "suppose you investigate this. The photograph on one of the papers doesn't flatter me, I warn you. And I suggest that you waste no time about it." He cut down Markham's protest with, "A diplomatic career is going to hell if you open your mouth once more."

An elderly man, peering from the document to the man in the dirty coolie jacket, said slowly, "I don't know what we can say, Mr. Bartlett. If you had—"

"Don't say anything," Richie suggested. "I was a rotten missionary, and a rotten fighter, but I'm better at other things. Show me where the Boxers are mining, and give me coolies. Immediately." He grinned suddenly. "I can't let the legations fall, gentlemen," he said; "not now. My fiancée would lose faith in me. . . ."

There was the cursed Peking dust on the ground, and next a curious soil of stone and debris; below was heavy, workable clay. Richie dropped his shaft at a sharp angle, getting beneath the Chinese sapping. He intended wrecking the upper tunnel, nullifying the Chinese efforts.

A Russian, alone, charged the Boxers; a British marine, after bayonetting a Chinese brave, lay shrieking, "So warm! So warm!" in the hospital. There were new banners waving, yellow, gold, maroon, black, as more troops, Manchu cavalry, bodyguards in sky-blue tunics, crowded into the city. The attack increased in violence, where additional fury had not seemed possible; there was hand-to-hand fighting at the barricades. Then, at the very height, a stunning, complete, absolute silence.

Richie, at the tunnel mouth, thought, They're ready. They think they'll breach the Wall here. He ran a ladder up and climbed it quickly, looking carefully over. He saw the dead outside, but not the living; saw the pink walls of the palace. Approaching it was a dense mass of men in white tunics and dark trousers. Boxers? Or bannermen of the White Banner? Or—his hand was about to give the signal—or Russian infantrymen of the line? As he stared, unable to move, across his vision came men in khaki, a flag, and to his ears, shattering the silence, the humming patter of machine guns, the cough of a Gatling . . . underneath the starry flag, civilize 'em with a Krag. . . .

WHAT he shouted he never knew, but he was no longer alone on the Wall. The wildly cheering prisoners, and Bartlett, saw British troops, with turbaned pioneers before them clearing the barricades; saw the French Colonial Infantry in blue nankeen; saw, hurrying desperately, Japanese soldiers. All hurrying for Peking. The world into China. China hadn't wanted the world. Not ever. Not now.

He came slowly down from the Wall. There was noise and crying and laughing, and the Americans pushing out again, under feverish orders to attack the palace. Soon there would be looting. The Americans were hurrying to reach the palace before the Japanese; Richie heard the marching song again, fainter, blurred. Underneath the starry flag, civilize 'em with a Krag . . . or a Mauser or Lee-Enfield or Snider or Lebel. . . .

Aloud, he said what his grandfather, in Canton, had said solemnly before: "We have always traded fairly." He, who was not a trader, hoped to build strong, honest bridges, but if he had a son, he could ask nothing better of him than that he trade fairly.

Dorothea, when he found her, was unsmiling; he held out his hand, and she took it. Richie said, "Well," and they both smiled. "Have I told you that I love you?" Richie demanded.

"No," Dorothea said. "You called me a redhead." A little unsteadily, but clearly, she went on, "You seemed curious about them."

Richie wondered what he had said; neither of them spoke of the attaché; that was forgotten. It seemed safe to say, "Was I?" and, "What about?" How lovely she was! He drew her closer.

The girl raised her lips. "About . . . about this," she said, and, as they kissed, Richie's arms closed around her. The marching song . . . underneath the starry flag . . . was faint now, but had the men in khaki been shouting it beside him, even so he would not have heard it.

Deep West

Continued from page 20

unison from Running M's porch chairs. Jubal Frick was there, but it was Cash Gore's voice that laid a toneless challenge on Benbow.

"Who's that?"

The front door stood wide, with lamps throwing a fresh, butter-yellow beam through it. When he stepped onto the porch he had to cross that light; and Cash Gore's voice came again.

"You're draggin' your picket, Benbow."

Night's wind roved the yard, bringing up the scent of dust and drying grasses; bringing up, too, the scent of trouble. One man had retreated around the corner of the house, but a dark knot of Running M hands emerged from the shadows and stood at the porch's end—waiting. Jubal Frick's breathing came sighing out of him and Cash Gore was a thin, still shape. Benbow caught it all—all that it was and all that it meant; and stepped through the doorway. "Jubal," he said, "come in here."

Jubal Frick followed him and then Cash Gore walked in and closed the door and rested his thin shape against it.

"Jubal," said Benbow, "your foreman's a scoundrel. You know it?"

HE LOOKED at Cash Gore when he said it and saw the light of Gore's eyes change, throwing out a gleam that was ironic, that was somberly amused. Jubal Frick brought up both his hands and rubbed them down his gray cheeks. He had been a proud, peppery man once, as Benbow recalled; but the look on his features was deadened and furtive. Without looking at either Gore or Benbow, Frick muttered: "Go out a minute, Cash. I'll talk to Jim."

Gore said: "You can talk. I'll listen."

"Cash," Frick groaned, impotently angered, "why don't you get out?"

"Jubal," said Benbow, "is this your ranch, or ain't it?"

"I'll answer that," broke in Gore indifferently. "He owns it. I run it." He showed Frick a dry grin. "I'm a good foreman, ain't I, Jubal?"

Frick jerked up his head and met Benbow's glance with a dull resignation. "I guess," he said slowly, "you can see how it is for yourself."

"Sure he can see," put in Cash Gore. "But what do you see, Benbow?"

Another rider came out of the canyon, his pony's fast-striking feet telegraphing along the hard earth. He came up to the porch, his voice sounding clearly through the wall: "Cash here?"

Another man spoke softly. Cash Gore's eyes widened a little, cold and wicked in the way they watched Benbow's face. The arriving traveler was being warned, but Benbow lifted his voice so that it would carry through the house wall: "Come on in, Riley."

"Smart," gritted Cash Gore. "Was that what you wanted to know?"

INDIAN RILEY opened the door, pushing Gore aside; and came into the room and shut the door. He stood beside Gore, a short and round-bodied man with huge shoulders and a copper skin, against which the color of his eyes established a brash light. He said quickly: "What's this, Cash?"

Benbow spoke up: "I thought you'd come here, Riley, but I wasn't sure of the tie-up between you two. So I thought I'd find out. You liked the shootin'?"

Riley's dark, moon-shaped face went blank; only his eyes showed what he felt, suddenly rolling out a faint wildness. He didn't say anything.

Gore said: "So now what you got?"

"I never condemn a man till I see him stealing. That time will come, too, Cash."

"Men that know too much don't live."

"Maybe so," gravely assented Benbow.

There was a thought here that loosened Cash Gore's lips and fashioned them into a semicircular half-grin. Indian Riley stirred away from Gore, prompted by an unspoken impulse. Jubal Frick backed across the room, out of range. The edge of that fast-traveling thought had struck him, too. These other three men made a triangle there, with Benbow watching what went on. He had his hat tipped back and his palms rested on his hips; and his long jaw lay in its silent, stubborn line.

He said: "Move out to the porch. I've found out what I wanted to know."

Indian Riley cast a swift side glance at Gore. Rash instinct stirred his flat lips. Gore remained wholly still, weighing all this in his secretive way. Benbow's talk crept into the stillness in a sleepy, suddenly tuneless manner:

"All right, Cash. I'm willing."

Gore jerked his head faintly higher. "Wait," he said. "Open the door, Riley."

Indian Riley obeyed, standing in the aperture, slowly adjusting his thoughts to the change that had flashed over the room. He said to Gore, "Well?"

"Go on."

Benbow moved for the door. Riley gave way and then Cash Gore stepped cautiously backward to the porch. Out there, Benbow saw the shadows of other Running M men ranged across the darkness. They had all come forward. They were waiting and listening—Cash Gore's crew. He slid over to his horse and stepped up to his saddle. Nobody stirred, but trouble whirled around the yard in mute violence and Benbow felt all those eyes targeting him in this darkness. He sat there alert and not sure, one arm idle at his side, his big shape stiffened against the break that might come.

Cash Gore's voice was as dry as dust; it was thin and remote—and touched by hatred: "I never underestimate a man, Benbow. But you were a fool to ride here."

"No," said Benbow quietly. "I came to tell you something."

"Tell it," droned Cash Gore.

"This outfit is crooked, which I know without proof. But I'll wait for proof."

"You can go on waitin'," said Gore wickedly.

"I can wait. But when the day comes that I trace a Hat cow to this outfit," said Benbow, "I'll be back here." He let that fall, seeing all those Running M shapes shift and turn on the edge of the yard. Then he added coolly, "And I'll wipe you off the map, Cash."

"Sounds tough," droned Gore.

"It'll be tough," murmured Benbow.

Cash Gore intoned: "Better get off the place."

Benbow said nothing more. Pulling his horse gently away from the porch he swung a little, holding the shapes of the Running M crew with his scrupulous attention, and thus drifted around the corner of the house. When he got by the corrals he threw the pony into a gallop and raced up the canyon.

Indian Riley said: "You had him, Cash. Why'd you let him go?"

Gore said noncommittally: "There's other places and other times. What you want here?"

"They poured lead into my houses."

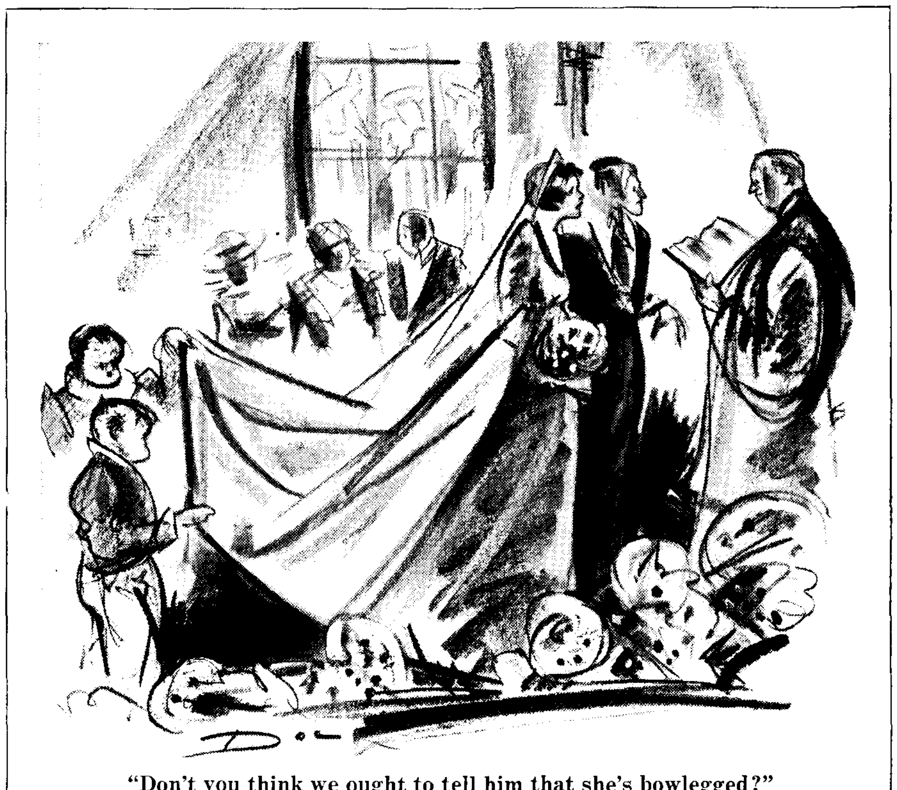
Gore said: "We'll pour it back. Ride along."

HE WAITED until Riley galloped away. Then he went into the house. Jubal Frick sat in a chair, his fat arms limp across his spread knees. Frick stared up at Gore, uncertainly, with a dumb anxiety in his eyes. "Cash," he murmured, "you're too brash in front of company. I—"

"Be quiet, Jubal," interrupted Gore. "And next time we have company you keep your damned mouth shut." He stood there momentarily, letting the strict and altogether arbitrary weight of his mind play against Jubal Frick; and then he lifted his watch from a vest pocket, saw the time, and left the room.

He stepped into his saddle and said to the crew loitering about the porch, "Stick here," and rode out from the ranch. A few hundred yards away, at a point where the timber ran fully down the Ramparts to the edge of the valley, he turned into the pines and stopped. A

(Continued on page 48)



"Don't you think we ought to tell him that she's bowlegged?"

GERALD GREEN

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different!

Start now to build

good general

resistance

It's so much better to prepare for winter discomforts *in advance* than to try and cope with them after they have started.

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So start a new program this winter. *Before* winter conditions bother you, try something to help you build good general resistance. Get acquainted with *Adex*.

Adex gives you the protective benefits of Vitamin A, an important aid in building good general resistance. Adex also provides extra "sunshine" Vitamin D.

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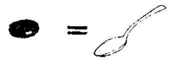

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

Her mother taught her this sensible rule...
Never to let more than one day pass

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Ever since she can remember, there has been a box of Olive Tablets on the bathroom shelf just as a reminder not to let more than one day go by without doing something to assist Nature.

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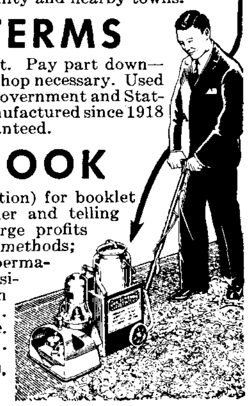

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D.D.D. Prescription

(Continued from page 47)

man rose up from the scattered rocks there. He said: "I've been waiting here a hell of a long time."

"Your friend was here, Clay."

Rand said instantly: "What'd he want?"

"Just a visit."

Rand said, after a thoughtful pause: "Some day, Cash, you'll die. I know Jim Benbow when he gets his back up. I know what he can do."

"So," murmured Gore. "And what's your ticket, Clay?"

"Me?" said Rand. His voice sank to a lower note, to a saddened and frustrated tone. "I think I died when I took up this game."

"For a corpse you make a good livin'," suggested Gore dryly. "Anyhow, I got a job for you. Ride up through Hat's timber and see where they got the stock held. It's time for a little business."

BENBOW rode directly from Running M to Rho Beam's traveling outfit in the Yellows. Rho and Pete Cruze and the other Hat men attached to the wagon were hunkered around the fire. And one other man—the Traveling Kid who had done his boasting in the Block T yard—was also there. He had been talking, for Benbow could see the noncommittal expression on the faces of the Hat riders. They had the kid's number already.

Veersdorp got up to rustle a supper for Benbow. The kid stared closely at Benbow and said then, in his half-insolent way: "Guess I saw you this mornin' at the weddin'."

"That's right," agreed Benbow. Veersdorp came back with a bait of short ribs and potatoes on a tin plate; and a cup of coffee. Benbow fell to eating and for a little while let the conversation slide around him. The kid said:

"I never forget a face. When a man's on the run he's got to be careful that way."

"Sure," agreed Rho Beam. "You can't be too careful." The smooth way he said it lifted Benbow's glance. Rho's left eyelid fluttered faintly at Benbow, but nothing stirred the grave expression of this bully-chested, black-haired *segundo* of Hat.

"Yeah," growled the kid. "I been in some tight spots."

"Guess you've had to kill your men from time to time," suggested Rho Beam gravely.

The kid flashed him a half-distrusting look. "Well, I've had my troubles. But I'm still alive."

"Tells the story complete," said Rho Beam, permitting admiration to shade his talk. "I slaughtered that two-year-old, Jim."

"How's the stock running?"

"Pretty high up in the timber. Fat this year, too."

"We're shipping again this week, or next. Cut out five or six carloads and hold them here. I want big, mossy horns. Then I want you to start drifting everything else down from the high timber. I'm counting on a heavy winter and it won't do to have the beef caught up there in the deep drifts."

He had finished his meal. Rising, he inclined his chin at Rho and presently the two of them were beyond the fire, beyond the kid's big ears.

"He ain't dry yet," opined Rho. "But he'll stub his toe, the way he talks. You want Pete Cruze to stay with me? Who's going to keep an eye on the canyon?"

"Never mind the canyon."

"Changed your mind?"

"I've found out what I wanted to know. And I don't want anybody shot."

Rho Beam said, "All right," in a way that wasn't quite satisfied. "But we're bein' rustled plenty." He walked back to the fire. Benbow turned to the cook wagon and got a fresh quarter of beef that Veersdorp had wrapped in a gunny sack. He stepped into the saddle, holding the meat across his thighs. "Kid," he called, "come here a minute."

The kid rose unwillingly and took his time in walking over. His thin, immature face tipped toward Benbow, half sullen and half uncertain.

"Listen," Benbow told him gently. "You're welcome to ride any part of Hat country. But just as from one man to another, don't talk so much. There's some people around here that might cause you trouble."

The kid grumbled, "I can take care of myself," and went back to the fire.

Benbow watched him a moment, irritated and yet troubled. The kid was greener than grass, just a boy impatient to be a full man; and he rode now in a country that had no mercy on innocence. He thought of this and dismissed it from his mind and went away from the camp, going along the edge of the Yellow Ramparts.

This was the main-traveled trail from which other trails switched off, either to the higher hills or to the plain below. From its occasional vista points he made out the faraway glint of Hat's lights and the remote blink of other ranches nestled along the edge of Two Dance Range entirely across the prairie. Wind brushed downslope, ruffling the trees, and suddenly it was crisp and cold, carrying on the hint of winter. He was thinking of Cash Gore at that moment and of Indian Riley; thinking of them in relation to Hat.

It was his way, to balance all things against the ranch. He could not escape that loyalty. It was a condition of his being, a singularity of reasoning that made all things good if they were good for Hat; and all things bad if they were bad for Hat. There was this simplicity about Jim Benbow, with always a slowness in coming to judgment, and always a hard adherence to those judgments when he had made them.

But while he bored into the problem of Running M, he was also conscious of the night world around him, scenting the wind, catching the quality of the surrounding shadows. And so he saw the shape of horse and rider in the trail when still fifty yards away. He let his pony trot on, meanwhile tightening his shoulders, meanwhile letting his right arm swing closer to the gun in its holster.

THE man's voice reached toward him, flat and unfriendly: "Who's that?"

He recognized Joe Gannon's voice and drifted on until he was a yard from the man. Downgrade, not more than a mile, Gannon's ranch lay at the edge of the prairie, its house lights shining.

He said: "What's up, Joe?"

"Benbow? That's all right. Thought it was somebody else." Gannon's voice eased away from its high-keyed tone. The man's sigh cut the night air. He moved himself nervously around the saddle.

"Trouble?" suggested Benbow.

"You seen Clay Rand?"

"No."

"He was driftin' around here before dark."

"Going home, I suppose."

"Home?" growled Gannon. "Home, hell! Listen, Jim. You tell him something for me. Tell him to stay away from my place or I'll kill him on sight!" Then he let a swift grunt of wrath fall out of him and whirled his pony around. He said, "I know what he's done," and raced headlong down the hill toward his ranch.

Benbow went on along the main trail a half-mile and curved into another one which led him upward through the full blackness of the pines. He thought to himself, Clay's a fool, with a deep bitterness. This full-blooded friend, this smiling and handsome man, was, in many ways, as unstable as sand. It made Benbow think of Connie Dale again—and then morosely close his mind. There was no hope to be had there.

Three miles back in the Yellows the trail slid down into a twenty-acre meadow set like a shallow bowl into the forest. A creek flowed windingly across the clearing, and by the creek a small house sent out its glow. A dog barked furiously when Benbow forded the water; and then a woman came to the door and stood in tall and shapely silhouette against the light.

Benbow said: "We killed a beef today, Karen. I brought you a quarter."

Karen Sanderson's slow voice lifted to a musical and pleased tone. "Come in, Jim."

PASSING by the Gannon ranch at dusk, Clay had seen Eileen standing in the yard. There was no particular thought in his head concerning her then; only a knowledge that he might have married her had he wished. But after meeting Cash Gore he came back along the main trail, dropped quietly down the Ramparts and halted in the trees near the place. Thus he saw Gannon leave the house and ride up the Ramparts. A little afterward Eileen came to the porch and stood with her back to one of its posts, looking out across the valley in Hat's direction. There was nobody else here. Gannon's handy man, he knew, had gone to Two Dance. Leaving his horse, he went on across the yard. She heard his footsteps and turned; he was at the base of the porch before she recognized him.

A quick, gusty breath fell out of her: "Clay!" And then she was in front of him and he could see the dark and desperate look on her face. He laughed a little, reaching out for her, and having his way with her.

"Kid," he said, "why'd you marry that fellow?"

"Don't, Clay. He's a good man."

"Sure," said Rand, smiling as he said it. "But you don't love him."

She said: "How do you know?"

"Eileen, honey. You don't. Or else you've been lying to me a long while."

"No," she told him, dully. "No, I never lied to you. Maybe to a lot of other people, but never to you."

"Then, why?"

She said: "I'm twenty-five, Clay. Almost an old maid. That's why."

"With all the valley men to pick from—"

She said, "Clay," in a breaking tone. It stopped him instantly. It erased his smile. He stood there, hearing bitterness come out of this girl. "All the valley men! No, Clay. The valley men remembered I had been going with you. Joe's the only one who didn't mind that."

He said, "I'm sorry, Eileen."

"Then why are you here? Joe's good enough to forget I was your girl. But he won't stand you around. Go on away. We're through, Clay."

He said in that easy, teasing way: "Eileen—you sure about that?"

She put her hands behind her and stared at him. "Now I know something about you. You don't care much for things you can have. It's the things you can't have that you always try to get."

He took her by the shoulders and kissed her again. She didn't resist him. She didn't draw away. It was Clay who, hearing the swift slash of a rider racing down the Ramparts, stepped back. He said, "I'll be here again, Eileen."

She said, half in despair and half in contempt: "What for? To sneak around at night? You fool, I loved you—and you knew it. Don't come back—don't ever come back!"

"I'll come again."

He was out of sight and she was crying. Joe Gannon's horse rattled along the rock of the lower half of the trail.

Eileen turned swiftly into the house and went to the mirror tacked to the living-room wall. She pressed away the tears with her fingers and stared at herself with a strange, dead feeling in her heart. There wasn't any mercy in her eyes for the woman she saw, only a belief that that woman was old and hopeless and lost. Gannon, coming rapidly into the room, saw her standing there.

"What's the matter?"

She didn't turn. "Nothing, Joe. I just don't like to be left all alone."

He came over, not touching her. He said, humbly, "I didn't mean to. It was just a chore. Listen, I'll do whatever a man can to make you pleased."

She whirled about at once and looked up at this tall, homely man whose face was beginning to show the hollows of a hard-worked life. Her tears were fresh again. "You're a damn' kind man, Joe. I'll do my best by you. You won't ever have reason to complain."

"I've got no complaint, Eileen."

She went across the room and into the bedroom, closing the door. Gannon dropped his glance to the floor. He pulled out his pipe and packed it and stood there, sucking stolidly at the smoke, his shoulders rounded. She was unhappy and he knew it; and knew why. There wasn't any power in him to handle that unhappiness and nothing he could say to her that would help. Being a man who had seen time change and erase many things, he had hoped she would some day forget Clay Rand. It was his only hope, and one to which he doggedly clung. Presently he went to the door, calling quietly:

"Where do you want me to sleep?"

JIM BENBOW carried the quarter of beef into the kitchen and went back to the log house's only other room. Karen Sanderson stood against a wall, not saying anything for the moment. She was a big, hazel-eyed girl with tawny blond hair massed above a wide forehead, above a gravely serene face that had its own kind of beauty; a sturdy woman who had done a man's work in these hills and still kept her cheeks smooth and her hands white and slender. She didn't talk much, but when she did there was always in her slow words the inflection of something strong and richly emotional hidden far down. She had a way of looking directly at a man, quietly and without shyness, as though to appraise him and store that appraisal away in her head.

She said, "Sit down, Jim," and went into the kitchen to pull the coffeepot over the stove's hot lid. She was, Jim thought, thoroughly German in the way she kept the coffeepot ready for whoever might drop in. Building himself a cigarette, he looked around at the perfect order of the living room. She had come to this country as a stranger, two years before, and still was a stranger in many respects. Big Jack Dale had helped her locate this homestead and the Hat men had put up the log cabin. All the rest of it she had done alone, chinking in the crevices with her own hands, wielding the saw and hammer like a man. She owned a milk cow, some beef stock, a few chickens, and a garden that she had plowed and planted and tended. In almost every way she was self-sufficient, asking no favors she couldn't repay; friendly with the valley folks, yet saying nothing of her own history.

She handed him a cup of coffee, and stood back against the wall again, her eyes quietly on him. She said: "You're riding late."

"Going up to Cherokee."

"It is not a friendly town, for you."

He said: "You've learned a lot about this country."

"I listen."

He had finished. He carried the empty cup into the kitchen and returned, and stood there, a big and solemn man whose features were touched by the hint of unruliness hard-curbed. "Ever get lonesome up here, Karen?"

She said, "Yes," quietly. Her lips were long and pleasant in the way a woman's lips should be. There was a generosity about her, and a courage. Her eyes were proud, with something in them that seemed to carry the image of Benbow backward into deep and distant places. Color tinted her cheeks more deeply as that silence ran on.

He said: "Then what?"

Her shoulders shrugged that away. "Loneliness is something we must all stand."

"I know."

A ripple of pleasure broke the even, dreaming gravity on her face. "I thought you would understand that."

"Why?"

The melody of her voice was slower, it was softer. "We are a little bit alike."

HER personality stirred him in strange ways. He couldn't help saying what he did, bluntly and without trying to temper his meaning. "You ought to have a man, Karen. You're missing too much."

She smiled at him, her hazel eyes glowing. "Perhaps," she murmured. "Perhaps." And when he turned out to his horse and got into the saddle he saw her posed against the light again, tall and strong and still. She said in a demure voice, "I'm grateful for the beef. Will you come again?"

He said, "Yes," striking at once up the meadow trail and passing into the solid blackness of the timber.

The trail swung eastward in steady ascent, threading its way toward the broken backbone of the Yellows. Five miles from Karen Sanderson's meadow Benbow reached the lip of one of the many low passes which broke through the ragged spine of this rugged range and came into Cherokee.

Cherokee was a hotel, a saloon, a stable, a store and three other frame houses seated in the pine forest. It sat on the edge of the reservation, by daylight doing its lawful trade with the Indians, by night selling its liquor illicitly to the reservation and sheltering all those fugitive men who rode the hills for their own secret purposes. A dozen Indians crouched along the hotel wall; half a dozen squaws sat in the ramshackle buggies, stolidly waiting. A few white men stood at the hotel door, and at the stable's arch. Benbow saw all this in one quick, thorough glance and went on to leave his horse in the stable, out of sight. He said to Ambrose McRae, the owner of the stable, "I'll be back," and headed for the saloon.

It was a touchy little town, its nerves keyed to catch the sound of any arriving rider. Benbow realized this the moment he stepped inside the saloon. A man was at that moment sliding quietly out the back way. Two others had withdrawn to the far end of the bar, and stood there now studying him with an aroused, friendless intensity. Donner, the proprietor, came forward and said, "How, Jim," in a cool way. His saloon was dangerous ground, a spot frequented by the fiddle-footed ones and a poor place for any Two Dance ranchman to be; and Donner, carrying water on both shoulders, had long ago learned to ask no questions and to answer none. He reached to the back bar and produced a bottle and glass, watching while Benbow took his drink.

Benbow said: "What's the weather going to be?"

"Indians say a hard winter." Donner quit talking, his head bowed thoughtfully over. Those two men at the bar's end were altogether still, their silence an attentive and listening silence. "Nights are gettin' cold already up here."

Benbow laid his two-bit piece on the bar. Donner shoved it back with a soft, fleshy hand. "On me, of co'se. Glad to have you pay the visit."

The two men came behind Benbow on the way out. One of them said, "Donner." Donner's glance lifted and then Benbow felt a signal being made behind him, for Donner's sake. Afterward they left the place. Benbow stared at the saloonkeeper and saw the man's expression definitely freeze up. Whatever the information passed, it sank instantly behind the surface of Donner's eyes.

There was at once the sound of wagons rattling down Cherokee's street. Turning to the saloon's doorway, Benbow saw all the Indians rising from the walk to their wagons and putting this town behind them. It was a thing too definite to be accidental; it was like the answer to a warning softly spread along the street. Benbow crossed the dust casually and stepped onto the hotel's porch and took a seat there, his back to the hotel wall. From this position he saw a man stop at the stable's black archway and take root there. Up at the head of the street a cigarette sent its telltale glint from this night's deep shadows. And suddenly life seemed to drain out of Cherokee.

Benbow tilted his chair back against the wall, the knuckles of his down-hanging arms faintly tapping the wall. All the sins of men, all their violences lay along the surfaces of this town, ground into its very boards; and out of those boards now was the faint emanation of that wickedness, clearly registering. Cherokee had no marshal and no law. High up in the pines, it served as a refuge for those whose hatred for law was wild and everlasting. His own presence here seemed to set up an actual disturbance.

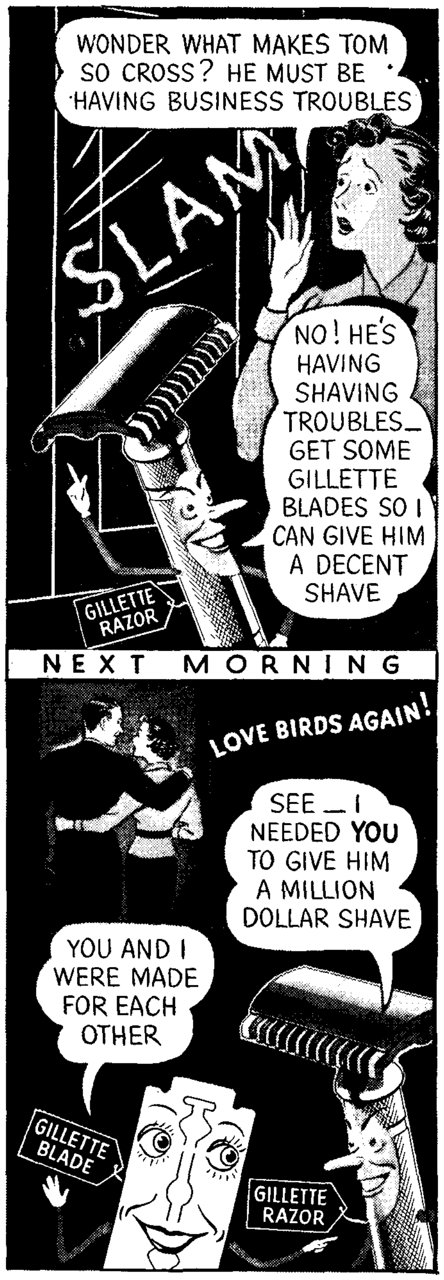
A man came out of the hotel—little Sawmill Baker, who owned it. Sawmill strolled to the edge of the porch and stood there, lighting a match to his half-chewed cigar. He bent over, throwing the match into the dust, and his voice ran its faint tone as far as Benbow and no farther. "They been workin' the north pass trails recently. You better get out of here." He turned indolently and went back into the hotel.

UP FROM Granite Canyon way came the strike of ponies' hoofs in swift tempo, that rumor bringing the man at the head of the street out of the deepest shadows into the middle dust. He was there like that when the shapes of half a dozen riders scudded forward from the timber into Cherokee. He was there, raising his hands and saying something that the run of the horses drowned out; and then he stepped aside and this outfit rounded up at the saloon. Indian Riley dropped his tublike body to the ground and made a complete circle to have his look at Cherokee's street. Afterward he passed into the saloon, the other men following.

The fellow self-posted at the stable came immediately toward the saloon and waited for the one who had been at the street's head; they followed Indian Riley's crowd into the saloon. Dust, ripped up by the horses, drifted with the slow, sharp wind. The sound of voices over there lifted strongly and then fell away. One man was speaking; the others were listening.

Benbow stirred in the chair and laid his two hands idly together. At the head of the street something vaguely appeared and quickly disappeared. The voice in the saloon quit on a rising note, and boots afterward dragged along the boards. Indian Riley came out, swinging his shoulders from side to side as he crossed the walk and stepped into the dust. He stopped there, his torso jerked into a set position; light from the hotel slanted across his moon-round face. He called, "Benbow," and stared into the darkness of the porch.

(To be continued next week)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Goose Killers

Continued from page 26

that American loans to the Allies had any bearing whatsoever on the war decision of the United States. Even Gerald was compelled to give J. P. a clean bill of health in this respect.

“Bennett Clark of Missouri, Gerald's side-kick on the committee, rushed valiantly to the rescue, and with his desk piled high with documents drawn from the secret files of the State Department, proceeded to develop the theory that the pro-Ally prejudices of Wilson and Lansing were responsible for America's war declaration, and that Colonel House and Walter Hines Page were England's stooges. The documentary debauch lacked ‘it’ as far as the press was concerned, and Cordell Hull rebuked him sharply for abuse of confidence. Doubtless, out of his despair, Nye made the fateful decision to win or lose on one final play.

“In Balfour's memoirs, he told of a dinner at the White House in May, 1917, and mentioned that it was his recollection that he had spoken to President Wilson about the secret treaties in which the Allies agreed to divide up conquered territories in event of victory. Well, when President Wilson went before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations in 1919, he made the flat *statement that he'd never heard of the* secret treaties until the Peace Conference.

“Well, Gerald put the two statements together and came out with the flat statement that Woodrow Wilson had lied. Miles away from the purpose of the investigation, to be sure, but good for headlines on the front page of every newspaper in the United States. And did Gerald get 'em! Well, sir, not since the time when Thomas H. Benton referred to an opponent as ‘the speckled spawn of a vile conjunction,’ has any such language been heard in the Senate.

A Boner of Magnitude

“Carter Glass, beating the desk until his hand spurted blood, cried out against the cowardice, miserable demagogy and incredible mendacity; shouted that dirt daubed the sepulcher of Woodrow Wilson, and declared that never would he vote another dollar to a committee whose members were so insensible to every consideration of decency.

“Talk about ganging up on a fellow!” the Reformed Politician clucked commiseratingly. “Everybody took a kick at Gerald's quivering posterior. George and Pope, members of his committee, walked out of the hearings as a protest against mudslinging, and Tom Connally of Texas wanted to know about the Lansing diaries that Nye quoted from. Wasn't it true that the widow had deposited 'em in the Library of Congress with the understanding that they were not to be made public until 1950? Gerald admitted it, but said he'd gotten 'em with the consent of the Library after approval by the trustees of the Lansing estate. The poor simp! He walked right into a trap, for Connally produced letters from the trustees that gave Gerry the lie, and also a statement from Herb Putnam, the librarian of Congress, saying he had ‘yielded to a subpoena.’

“‘What of it?’ bellowed Gerry, trying hard to brazen it out. ‘Men have no right to lock up their diaries. I'm against secret and private things.’

“‘Yeah,’ sneered Connally, ‘so are the burglar, the jackal and the hyena.’ Going on from there, Tom delicately referred to Gerry as a ghoul, and gave it as his opinion that the government would have saved money had it taken the committee's $125,000 and turned it over to an advertising agency.

“I used to think I had a thick skin,” mused the veteran, tugging meditatively at his ragged mustache, “but Gerald invites comparison with the oldest living rhinoceros. He shed attacks as though they were raindrops, and in early October actually made another and equally spectacular play for the limelight. You remember the Elliott Roosevelt release, of course. About how the President's son was to get $50,000 for selling military planes to the Soviet government.

“A boner of magnitude. All it accomplished was to lose Clark of Missouri, Nye's sole remaining friend. Denouncing the business as a cheap political trick, Bennett pointed out that the Roosevelt matter had come to the committee's attention in 1935, and had been set aside as inconsequential on the motion of Senator Vandenberg, a Republican member. That niblick stroke on the bean sent Gerald into the silence, for since then the Great Investigator has not been heard from, secluding himself in the fastnesses of North Dakota.

“But let's be fair,” urged the venerable war horse. “When it comes to assessing guilt, Black of Alabama is just as responsible as Nye for the death of *the good old investigation goose.* More so, as a matter of fact, for out of a much longer experience with inquisitorial committees, Hugo should have learned enough to avoid pitfalls. In his ten years in the Senate he has been chairman of three, a record equaled by no other member of the upper house. All fairly oozing publicity values.

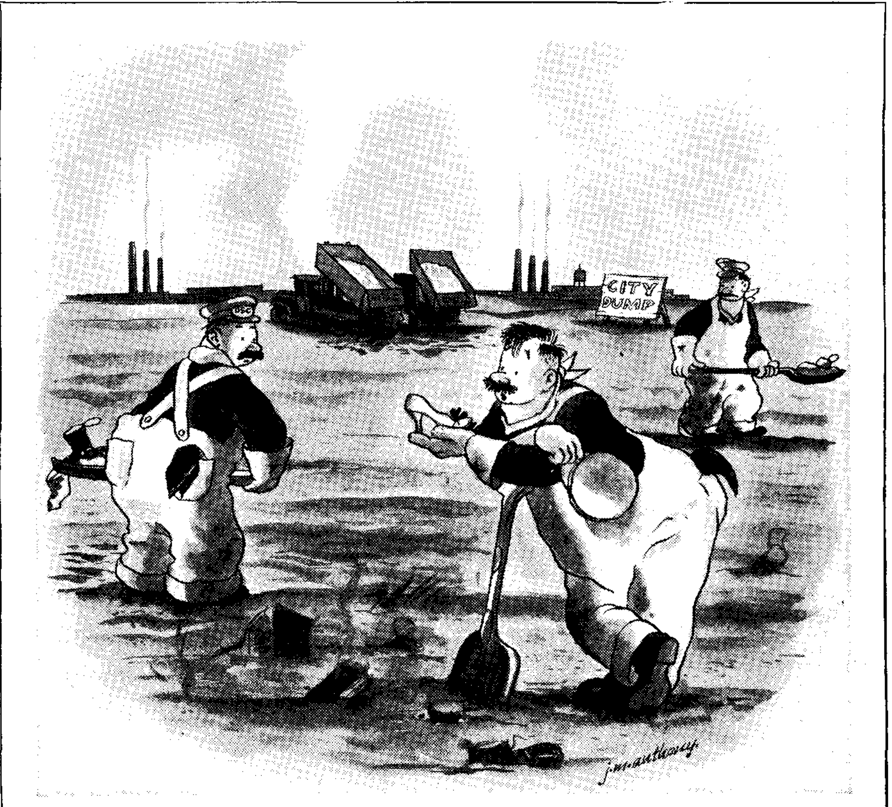
“Wait a minute now.” The Reformed Politician stilled protest with a wave of the hand. “I'm not saying the man isn't able and honest. When he ran against Senator Bankhead back in 1926, that old-school statesman dismissed him contemptuously as ‘just another damage-suit lawyer,’ but I've always said that Hugo LaFayette was more than that. He has the industry of a beaver and the pertinacity of a woodpecker, and would be one of the foremost men in the Senate today were it not for the fact that he still thinks in terms of the time when he was prosecuting attorney for his county. That's his trouble. Almost everybody, to Hugo's gimlet eye, is a potential defendant.

“Even at the risk of robbing Nye of some credit, it was Black's conduct of the inquiry into air- and ocean-mail contracts that gave the investigation business its first rabbit punch. For a while he was the newspaperman's delight, developing two sensations a day according to formula—one for the afternoon press and the other for the morning—but in time the bloodhound stuff began to pall. As chairman he made no distinction whatsoever between the honest contractor and the dishonest, and as a result of his clamor, all air-mail contracts were canceled.

Handing the Opposition a Gun

“What's that? Exactly! No question about it! The failure of the Republicans to make that cancellation a major campaign issue will stand forever as a monument to their stupidity. As a result of the chaos that ensued, the Army Air Service attempted to carry the mail, and five aviators were killed. It is also a matter of record that the government, despite Black's charges of criminality on a huge scale, has never instituted legal proceedings against a single contractor. Yet but for the determined stand of a Senate majority, Hugo LaFayette would have pursued the same course with the ocean-mail contracts, throwing 'em all out of the window overnight.

“But you've got to give it to Hugo.” The Reformed Politician was ungrudging in his admiration. “Darned if he didn't manage to land the chairmanship of another investigating committee, this time an inquiry into lobbying and lobbyists. Never was there such a man hunt, and at the end, sweating and triumphant, the whippy little Alabamian jammed a bill through the Senate that compelled all lobbyists to register and file



“Music! Laughter! Gaiety! Romance!
If only you could speak, little slipper!”

J. M. ANTHONY

the amount of their compensation and its source. Not only those who appeared before congressional committees, but before government departments as well.

"This accomplished, it was expected that the Black committee would fade out of the picture, for quite obviously its work was finished when the Senate adopted its suggestions. Instead of yielding the limelight to another, however, Hugo LaFayette stepped on the gas, and established an all-time high when he grabbed 22,000 telegrams that, in his opinion, might possibly have bearing on lobbying. His excuse, if it could be called that, was that the House had not yet acted on the Senate bill.

"Can you beat it for dumbness?" The cunning old-timer fairly groaned his disgust. "Pulling such a crazy stunt right in the middle of a presidential campaign! Handing the opposition a gun loaded to the muzzle! Why, the screams of Democratic leaders must have been heard in far Afghanistan.

A Saner, Sounder System

"Is there anything in the Constitution that authorizes these investigations? Well," and the last of the Elder Statesmen pondered for a minute, "nothing that you might call explicit. The right to conduct 'em has been asserted and conceded solely on the theory that Congress cannot legislate intelligently without the full information that such inquiries provide. Maybe so and maybe not. Now that I'm on the side lines," he added thoughtfully, "with plenty of time to think things over, I'd say it's a pretty poor method.

"What's a better way? Well, in England, for instance, parliamentary investigations were discarded years ago as useless and time-wasting. In their place Royal Commissions are appointed whenever Parliament needs the facts in a particular case or more complete information for the framing of a particular law. The chairman is usually a judge of distinction, and the membership is made up of experts chosen without regard to political consideration. These bodies drive straight to their purpose, avoiding the spectacular, and their reports are accepted by Parliament as the final word on any subject.

"Take the Banks commission as an illustration. It was appointed in 1935 to investigate the British arms industry, precisely the same task given to the Nye committee. Proceeding without noise, fury or inquisitorial methods, the commission recently reported its findings, each supported by a wealth of facts and figures. Nationalization of the armament industry was opposed as calculated to work more harm than good, but, on the other hand, the industry was declared to be a public utility, subject to government regulation and control, and to be taken over by the government in event of war.

"Certainly a saner, sounder system than the American method." Climbing slowly to his feet, the Reformed Politician shook the ashes from his vest, and adjusted the black slouch hat to a more rakish angle. "But what," he concluded gaily, "is sanity and soundness compared to the rich publicity values of a man hunt? We'll have to wait and see."

The Heart Has Wings

Continued from page 24

Dolly said, "Nonsense." She asked, "Remember Miss Mercer in the hospital? She has a brother in China. Tea planter or something. I forget. Anyway, she's crazy to go out to him. She'll go with us, taking care of the infant for her passage. Once there, we will find a good English nurse. Or a Chinese what-you-call-'em. There are doctors there, good ones. It's a modern city, Shanghai. There's excellent milk. There are places to go in hot weather."

Her mother said, "You can't, Dolly. It's madness . . ." She looked at her despairingly. She thought, And I believed her . . . so safe . . .

Dolly said, "I'm going, darling. It's a splendid chance for George. The baby and I won't stand in his way. Not us. We'll—"

"Then," said her mother, feeling sick, wondering if she would cry . . . she couldn't cry, Dolly had never seen her cry . . . "leave the baby with me."

"That's sweet of you, but I couldn't. You see," said Dolly thoughtfully, "I haven't any right to deprive George of his son. And we three belong together. Besides," she went on, smiling, "it's a long time since you and Speed have had a baby around. You'd go goofy! And," she added, "so would I . . ."

Hildreth said, "Dolly, I came out here to tell you . . . your father and I are going to be divorced. When I leave here I am going to Reno. Doesn't that make any difference to you?"

"It doesn't make sense," said Dolly. Her color had not altered but her eyes were incredulous. "You're being comic, aren't you? I mean . . . you and Speed . . . it isn't possible!"

"I'm afraid it is," Hildreth told her.

"But," said Dolly, "you can't . . . you—" she flushed now, "you love each other."

"Your father," Hildreth said flatly, "is going to marry Gail Williams."

"Gail!" Dolly jumped to her feet. She said, slowly, "Not—Gail!" And then passionately, "How *could* she!"

Her mother said, a little bitterly, "All the blame—for Gail?"

"Yes, of course," said Dolly. "Speed, oh, Speed," said his daughter, "is a sweet idiot, but he'd never do anything—uncomfortable of his own accord. And getting divorced is uncomfortable." She stared at her mother with hostility. She demanded, "Do you mean to say you wouldn't put up any kind of a fight?"

Hildreth said, "Well, really, Dolly!"

"Oh, don't sit there and look so ladylike," cried Dolly, "as if you were ready to lecture to a lot of old hens in a club! Do you think I'd let George . . . ?"

HER mother said, "You've been married less than a year, Dolly."

"What difference does that make?" She stamped across the room, whirled back. She said, "You're out of your mind. What if it isn't roses and romance now? No one in his senses expects it to be after twenty-odd years, more or less. That is, perhaps your generation expected it. Perhaps that's what's the matter with it. Rose-colored glasses and near-sight. But you and Speed are married. You've got something. It ought to be—indestructible," cried Dolly, stammering a little, as she had from childhood when emotionally aroused. "Why isn't it? I don't blame Speed. Gail's marvelous-looking; she talks his language. You don't. You never have, and you wouldn't let me. You brought me up to hate his planes almost as much as you did. That wasn't fair," said Dolly slowly, "I can see that now. A weapon against him, wasn't it? Just the same . . . you give in this easily."

Her mother was very pale. "You don't know what you're talking about, Dolly. Your father and Gail are in love."

(Continued on page 52)

"I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES"

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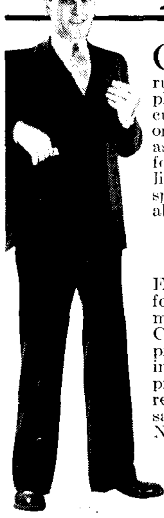

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(Continued from page 51)

"Oh, for heaven's sake," said Dolly, "love!"

Suddenly she knelt down again beside her mother and put her head in her lap and cried. And after a while she raised her head and said, between sniffles, "Well, if you will be such an idiot—look, come out to China with us . . ."

Hildreth said, "Dolly . . . You . . . you can't consider that seriously."

"It's all settled," said Dolly.

When George took her to the hotel that evening, Hildreth spoke to him in the impersonal intimacy of the taxicab. She said, "You're a reasonable person, George. Level-headed. You can't really think of taking Dolly to China . . ."

He said, "I know how you feel about it, Mrs. Harris. And how Dolly's father will feel. But . . . we've talked it over, we both believe that it's a chance for me . . . and—"

She asked, "A little more money . . . and the excitement of a strange country? You're very young, George. Have you realized what you may be risking, taking the baby into the Orient?"

He said, doggedly, "We've talked that all out, this past week. And talked to people who've lived in China, brought their children up there. And consulted doctors . . ."

Hildreth said, "I haven't any right . . ." It was dreadful to feel that she no longer had any right . . . She implored him, "Please, please think it over . . ."

He said, "I'm afraid I've cabled my acceptance."

When she was alone in the hotel suite Hildreth walked back and forth, bedroom, living room, living room, bedroom. At something after midnight she put in a call for Peter, at the Long Island house. His voice answered her, on the heels of the operator's official report . . . "I have Mr. Harris for you now."

He must be sitting in the library, she thought. She said, breathlessly, "Peter . . . ?"

"Yes, Hildreth? What's up?"

She asked, "Can you come out to Chicago . . . ? Dolly and George are going to China."

It sounded mad, told like that. It was mad. He shouted, "What!" at her and the startled, angry sound relieved her tension somewhat. She said, "Yes . . . with the baby . . . manager of a branch bank, I believe . . . they sail sometime in June . . . Nothing I say makes any difference. If you'd talk to her; and to George . . ."

"I can't get away for a couple of days," he said, "I've got a board meeting . . . it's important. But I'll be out as soon as I can." He added . . . "You told Dolly about us?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"It's all right," said Hildreth carefully, "of course she was—shocked . . . Peter, you *must* persuade them not to go." She was almost crying. She said, "All these years, thinking about her, wanting her to be safe . . . When she married George I thought . . . he seemed so *settled*," said Hildreth in despair. "Peter, come as soon as you can . . ."

PETER replaced the instrument. He felt as if his world were shattering around him. He thought, I mustn't let this get under my skin. It will straighten out. I'll make those kids listen to reason. If it's money . . . I'll increase Dolly's allowance. I can afford it. But could he afford it, he wondered, considering the settlement he was to make on Hildreth? He was a rich man but few rich men have inexhaustible accounts. I'll work it out some way, he told himself. He had to keep his head clear for the board meeting, ram this South American proposition through. He must be very careful, no word or rumor of Gail's part in this must leak out. Some of the members of the board were very conservative . . . a man, whose wife divorced him, marrying a young woman and going off at a tangent to South America to start a new venture . . . they might not like the idea very much. To be sure, he held the controlling stock but—

After the board meeting, which was eminently successful, he went to town to meet Gail for dinner. She'd said over the phone, "But I thought we mustn't," and he'd answered, "This is important. I'll pick you up at seven . . ."

ALL the way to town he thought of the meeting. He hadn't had much help. He believed he could always count on Gerry for support but Gerry hadn't done anything but listen. He had put nothing in his way, but neither had he assisted. However, he, Peter, had seen it through, practically pledged the orders, spoken of his contacts in high political places, shown what the profits would be, if they expanded. The old men had been startled, but eventually convinced.

He was to call at Gail's apartment. He rang, and rang again. She wasn't there . . . She must be there. There wasn't, at any event, any reply.

Presently the woman who lived across the hall punched the button which opened the lower door and called down to him. "Mr. Harris?" she asked, leaning over the stair rail.

He went up, two at a time. He said, "Yes . . . I wonder . . . I can't make Miss Williams hear."

"She isn't home," said the woman brightly. She was about thirty, a free-lance writer. She had blond hair and a very seductive figure. She said, "She left a note with me . . . She had to go out . . . suddenly . . ."

Standing in the hall, Peter read the note. It was a cautious document because, after all, Gail didn't know the free-lance writer very well. It said merely, "Dear Peter, I'm so terribly sorry but a few minutes ago I had word that Bill is in the hospital . . . I'm going along up . . . I'll be back soon . . . don't wait dinner for me . . . have something to eat and get back to the flat. If I'm not there Miss Stone will let you in . . . Gail."

He folded the note, put it in his pocket. He stood there and looked at Miss Stone, who hadn't moved from the open door of her untidy but attractive living room. He asked, "Would you waive formality? It appears that I've been stood up. Or . . . have you a dinner engagement?"

She had seen him several times; she had smiled at him twice on the front steps. She said, "I haven't an engagement, as it happens."

He took her to the Lafayette and they had several sidecars, a very remarkable soup, and frogs' legs. She told him all about herself. It was a fantastic story, and very interesting. And Peter listened and was extremely gay and at his most charming, and all the time he was thinking, Stands me up, does she, and rushes off to Bill Jones in the hospital!

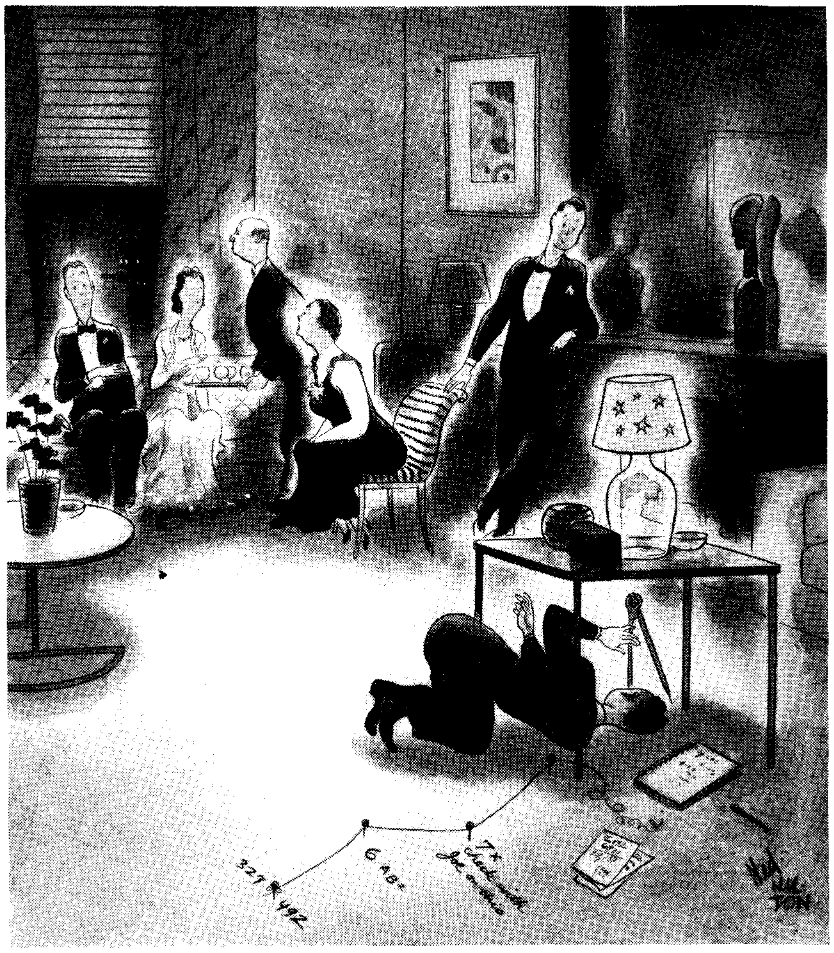
Gail reached home before they did. She heard them coming up the stairs. She heard Peter's laugh. She opened her door and saw them, the blond Miss Stone, in a fit of giggles, and Peter, with his hat cocked very much to one side. And Miss Stone said carelessly, "I ran off with your friend," and Peter said, "She saved my life. Never did like eating alone . . . Thanks a lot, and good-by . . ."

In Gail's apartment, with the door shut, "I hope," Gail said, "you had a fine time."

"Don't be like that," said Peter. "After all, I was hungry, I never could eat alone . . . And you stood me up . . . What," he demanded, "was the big idea?"

HE HAD so much to tell her, about the board meeting, about Dolly . . . and there she stood looking at him as if he had committed a minor murder.

She said slowly, "Bill's been living in this neighborhood all along. He simply moved, a few blocks away. He's been working . . . A few days ago he stepped off a curb into the path of a truck. He was downtown . . . There was nothing on him to identify him. They took him



"We don't know who he is. He's doing something for the government"

NED HILTON

to Bellevue. He was unconscious for a long time. My father has been looking for him . . . had a firm of detectives . . . recently they started looking in the hospitals here."

"Your father!" said Peter.

"Yes." She was thinking of Bill, his expression when he saw her, sulky, estranged and yet with that look of utter gladness behind it. She was remembering his voice . . . when he spoke her name . . .

She said, absently, "Yes, of course. I'm going to see that he's moved as soon as possible. I had a time getting in at all. Wrong hour or something."

Peter stood over her. He said, "Your father takes a lot of interest in Bill Jones."

She said, "Of course, he—"

"He'll get it," Peter finished for her.

"Get what?"

"The beam." He said, as she looked at him, amazed, "So that was the big idea, after all. Jones in love with you. He pulls out with the beam because you go noble and tell him you're in love with me. Now perhaps you aren't so much in love with me. So your father out of the kindness of his heart puts a private dick on Jones. And finds him . . . *And* the beam."

"He doesn't know about the beam," she cried angrily.

"No?" said Peter. "You'll have to talk faster than that, Gail."

SHE said, "He knows that Bill is working on something. I have not told him what. He offered to help him . . . let him have a lab and all that . . . *with no* strings to it, believe it or not."

"I don't believe it . . . Perhaps," he suggested, "as long as I was useful to Jones you played along? Then when through no fault of mine I was no longer useful . . . ?"

She said, "That's pretty twisted reasoning, Peter." Her eyes were angry and troubled. "Oh, why do we always quarrel nowadays?" she asked.

"God knows." He lit a cigarette, looked down on her as she sat on the edge of the big divan. He said, "I came to tell you that the South American business is all fixed up . . . with the board, I mean . . . And then, I had your note . . . You couldn't wait. What was the matter with tomorrow?"

She said, "But he was hurt, ill. I couldn't—"

"I suppose not. Well, he's not my concern." He threw the just lighted cigarette in the fireplace. "I have to go west," he said . . . "Hildreth sent for me."

"Hildreth!"

He said, "George and Dolly have some crazy idea of going to China to live. She believes I can stop them . . ."

"She's there with them?"

"Of course," he said, astonished, "why not?"

"So she sends for you, and you go. I thought she was on her way to Reno."

"So she is, but this idea of Dolly's . . ."

She said, slowly, "I see."

"Gail—"

She cried at him passionately, "I don't trust you, Peter! You can't stay alone for a little while till I get home. You have to pick up the first pretty woman you see and take her out to dinner. And you have to run out to Chicago because Hildreth wants to see you. Dolly. I don't believe a word of it, and even if I did . . . Dolly's married, she has a husband, her affairs are her own, neither you nor Hildreth have anything to say about them . . . She's no longer under your jurisdiction."

He looked at her and reflected that the young were very hard and unyielding. She wouldn't understand. Not until she had a child of her own. She wouldn't understand that your child could be married ten times over and it would still be your concern and your responsibility.

She said, "If I marry you and we go to South America . . . and Hildreth makes a mistake in balancing her checkbook or Dolly decides to dye her hair or the baby cuts a tooth—"

"You're being," he said, "very unreasonable and extremely silly."

She said, "Don't talk to me like that! I'm not your daughter!" She added, "What I am trying to say is that if after we are married either Hildreth or Dolly wants you—you'll leave me and go—"

He said wearily, "Hildreth has been my wife a good many years. Dolly's our child. You don't cut loose so easily."

She said, "All right. I *am* being unreasonable. But I'm not entirely a fool. I didn't expect you to break with your responsibilities. With Dolly, I mean. I'm fond of Dolly; I hope she likes me as well. But I did expect that you wouldn't be at Hildreth's beck and call. It looks now as if you were, more than you've been in some time."

He said, "Gail . . . you're being—forgive me, darling—stupid. You must see that Hildreth sent for me not because of herself but because of Dolly. It's a shared responsibility. You can't understand that, I suppose."

She said, "I can't understand a lot of things. Why, after you had promised me you wouldn't, you were willing, anxious, to get to a patent office ahead of Bill. Nothing you can say would make me understand that. It's a man's way of looking at things, of course. But I do understand about Dolly. *You* want to keep her a child. You don't want her and George to take their chance at the sort of life they believe will be right for them. It isn't any of your business! Can't you let them grow up and make mistakes as you did? Must you go on being paternalistic and dominant? Why should you interfere with what Dolly wants to do? It's her life, not yours. It's her generation, not yours. You," she said, forgetting her relation to him, forgetting everything but the fact that she stood with Dolly and George Crosley, allied with them, against him, "you've had your life."

She stopped, utterly horrified, her hand caught childishly to her mouth. Peter said, after a minute, "Have I?" He looked at her across an enormous gulf. "And we both thought, not so very long ago, that it was just beginning," he said.

"Peter, forgive me, I didn't mean it that way. But can't you see . . . ?" Here lay the root, she wrenched it up, exposed it to her own eyes and his, "If we're married, you've got to be mine. Not theirs. Not anyone else's. Not even Dolly's."

HE WAS afraid of her, for a moment. Young, possessive, grasping after his innermost thoughts, his every emotion. He had possessed himself in comparative peace too long. That's what he wanted, surface excitement, a swift, hard pace, but an inner core of calm, the feeling that he belonged to himself, that there was left to him some emotional privacy.

He said, "You'll learn that you can't possess anyone, Gail."

She said, "I've learned it, Peter. I'm afraid I've blundered, badly."

She watched him go out the door. There was no need for further speech. She would not share him with anyone; she must be all-sufficing for him. It seemed that she was not. And she knew dimly through her grief and dismay that when she came to examine into her heart she would be glad of this release from a bondage passionate and uncomfortable, based on the demands and responses of her healthy young senses, and on a dream and a pattern which had been dreamed and woven in her childhood.

(To be continued next week)

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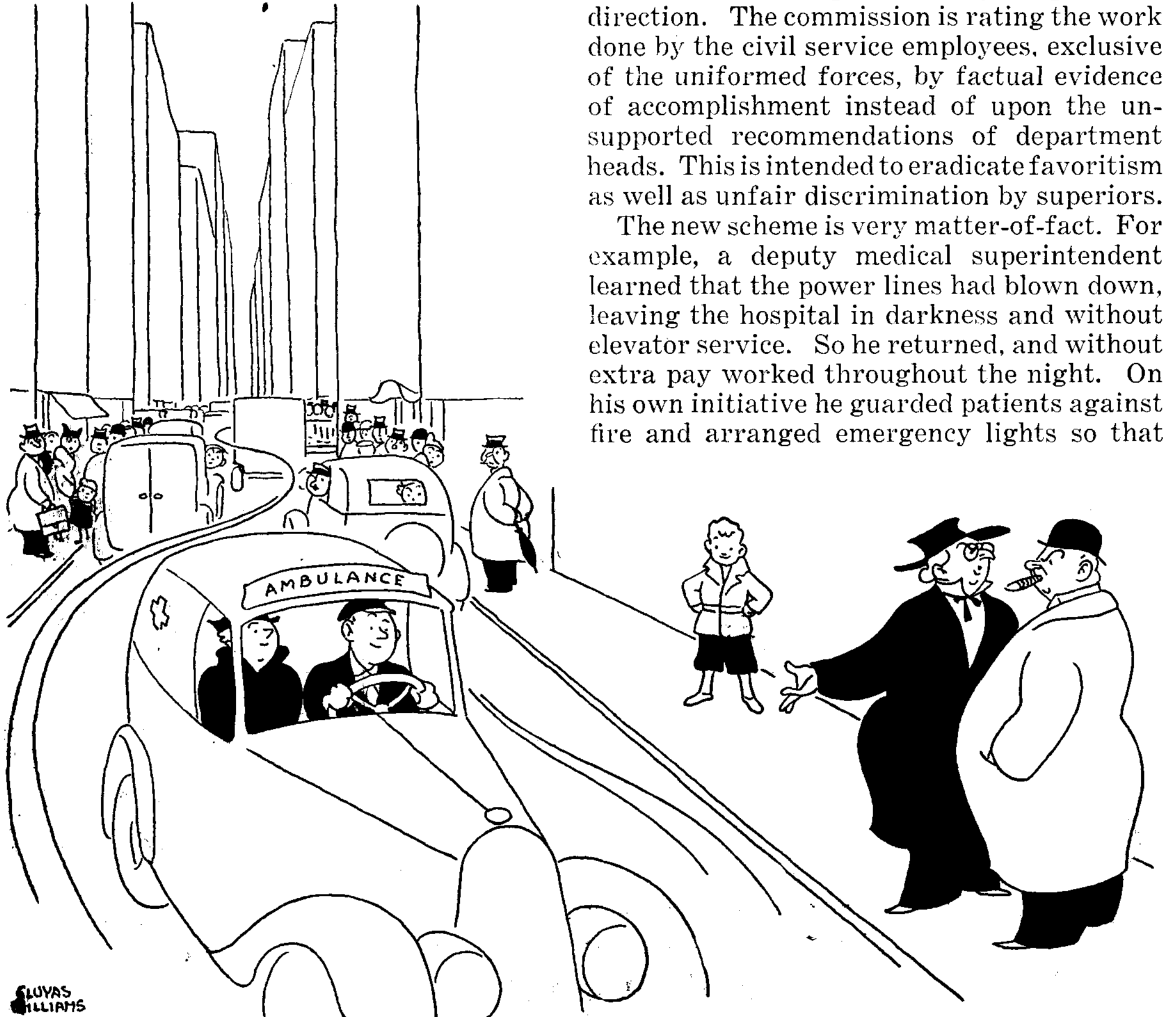
Test of Merit

If a public health officer wants to hire men to fumigate a ship he has to take men who have been tested for knowledge of geography. Yet a man may be able to recite the capitals of all forty-eight states without having acquired any skill in the use of disinfectants for the purification of ships.

The same irrelevant methods are generally used by civil service bodies throughout the country. Years ago an alert woman who was appointed civil service commissioner in Chicago created a local furor by insisting that ambulance chauffeurs be selected by their proved capacity as drivers. Instead of written examinations designed to show the applicants' accumulation of information, she put the applicants in empty ambulances and observed their skill in driving through crowded streets. The innovation did not last. It seemed to be altogether too simple and too intelligent.

Congress will soon have to reconsider the civil service. Congress would rather not. Congressmen don't like civil service. Why should they? Civil servants are decidedly not experts in getting out the vote. A congressman wants a few bustling ward heelers around election. Political appointees are distinctly more serviceable to patronage brokers than are merit employees.

But Congress can't avoid doing something about civil service this time. President Roosevelt promised it, and so did Governor Landon. Besides, emergency employees are too numerous.



The United States has at least 800,000 men and women on the pay rolls, and that doesn't include soldiers and sailors.

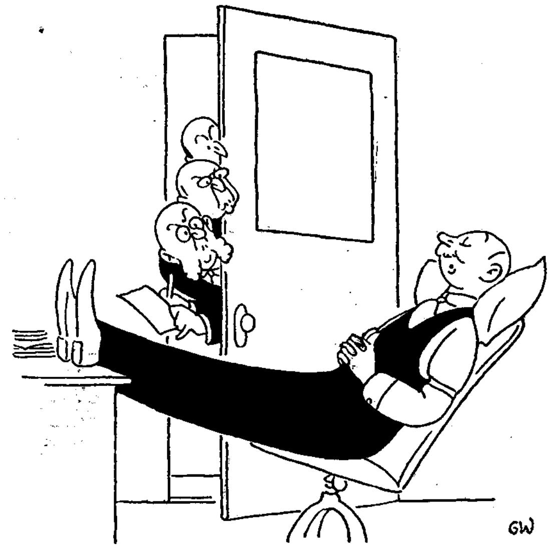
Civil service employees generally seem good because spoilsmen are obviously so bad. Poor merit tests are better than the selection of governmental employees on the basis of the zeal they showed in getting their neighbors to vote. In comparison with the methods developed in the best private business organizations, however, even civil service seems awkward and ineffectual.

It is no secret that such agencies as the Social Security Commission have experienced difficulty in obtaining properly qualified employees through the civil service lists. The new organizations have to pick their workers from those who have successfully passed examinations which had little or no relationship to the work to be done.

Two considerations are important in improving the merit law: First, the examinations should be revised so that those actually qualified by training, experience and natural qualifications may be found and selected. Second, ways must be found for promoting those who have special competence. Simultaneously eliminate the unfit and the drones. Even though public employees should not be fired for political reasons, they should not be retained unless they continue to do good work.

Mayor LaGuardia's New York Civil Service Commission is doing interesting things in this direction. The commission is rating the work done by the civil service employees, exclusive of the uniformed forces, by factual evidence of accomplishment instead of upon the unsupported recommendations of department heads. This is intended to eradicate favoritism as well as unfair discrimination by superiors.

The new scheme is very matter-of-fact. For example, a deputy medical superintendent learned that the power lines had blown down, leaving the hospital in darkness and without elevator service. So he returned, and without extra pay worked throughout the night. On his own initiative he guarded patients against fire and arranged emergency lights so that three operations could be performed. Other similar examples of this employee's zeal and intelligence were found. He was given a high rating.



Demand for factual evidence of work done brought to light many inspiring illustrations of efficiency and initiative. An acting engineer, it was learned, had devised a new type of traffic control which resulted in saving the city $40,000. Clerks, stenographers and laboratory assistants who did work far beyond the routine of their assigned duties were discovered and rated.

At the same time, effort was directed at uncovering the delinquencies of the lazy and the unfit. Unfavorable work habits were noted and entered upon the records. As the system stands, an employee is not assumed to be satisfactory merely because no complaints have been entered against him. Competence must be proved.

In revising the civil service law Congress should make possible such impersonal estimates of the work done by employees. It is not enough to offer life jobs to those who pass civil service tests. Mere seniority is not a fair nor an effectual rule for promotion. Men and women in the government service, as well as outside, are entitled to be rewarded or passed over on the basis of services rendered. Large business corporations have personnel departments which have learned how to select qualified workers and how, also, to find and reward efficient loyal service and to eliminate the unqualified. In the revision of the civil service, study should be made of the methods which might profitably be adopted by the government.

The manner in which new agencies are administered will determine, finally, the attitude of public opinion toward them. Not even a good law can long survive ineffectual or wasteful administration.

The government ought, furthermore, to be a good and not merely a steady employer. The public service should offer exciting opportunities to ambitious and gifted young men and women. Salaries for the most competent should be higher. We have the opportunity now to build up a public service comparable with the best which American industry and other governments, notably the British, have created. A wisely rewritten civil service law will make this practicable.

His "O.K." Says A Bookful

WOMEN WILL FIND this part of Plymouth's story especially interesting. (Because this articular "O.K." is one big reason why American omen, themselves, have so definitely O.K'd Plymth comfort and beauty.)

Before writing his bold "O.K." on that bright new indshield, this inspector has pried into 86 different oints inside the car.

With infinite care, workmanship has been checked in upholstery, weather-stripping, carpeting, wall d roof lining...window "lifts," door-pulls, instruent board finish...every detail of Plymouth's chly handsome interior.

Nothing but perfection merits...and gets...that ghly important *"Trim and Hardware O.K."*

And earlier inspections by the score have already tried and proved the quality in fabrics...the perfection of workmanship in their cutting and sewing... the beauty, finish and perfect fitness of each piece of body "hardware."

And because every new Plymouth car has to pass these and many other inspections...quality of steel, precision of workmanship, smoothness and split-hair dimensions of working parts, as well as details of tailoring and trim...Plymouth cars have commanded for years the highest resale value.

The reason is—Plymouth cars *stand up*...in performance...in looks...in value! And every year they stand higher...in America's respect and admiration. —PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

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Today, you'll find Plymouth is priced with the lowest . . . and offers remarkably low terms! You can buy a big new Plymouth for $25 a month. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—to Chrysler, DeSoto and Dodge dealers—terms that make Plymouth easy to buy. Prices of this great Plymouth begin at $510, list at factory, Detroit (special equipment extra).

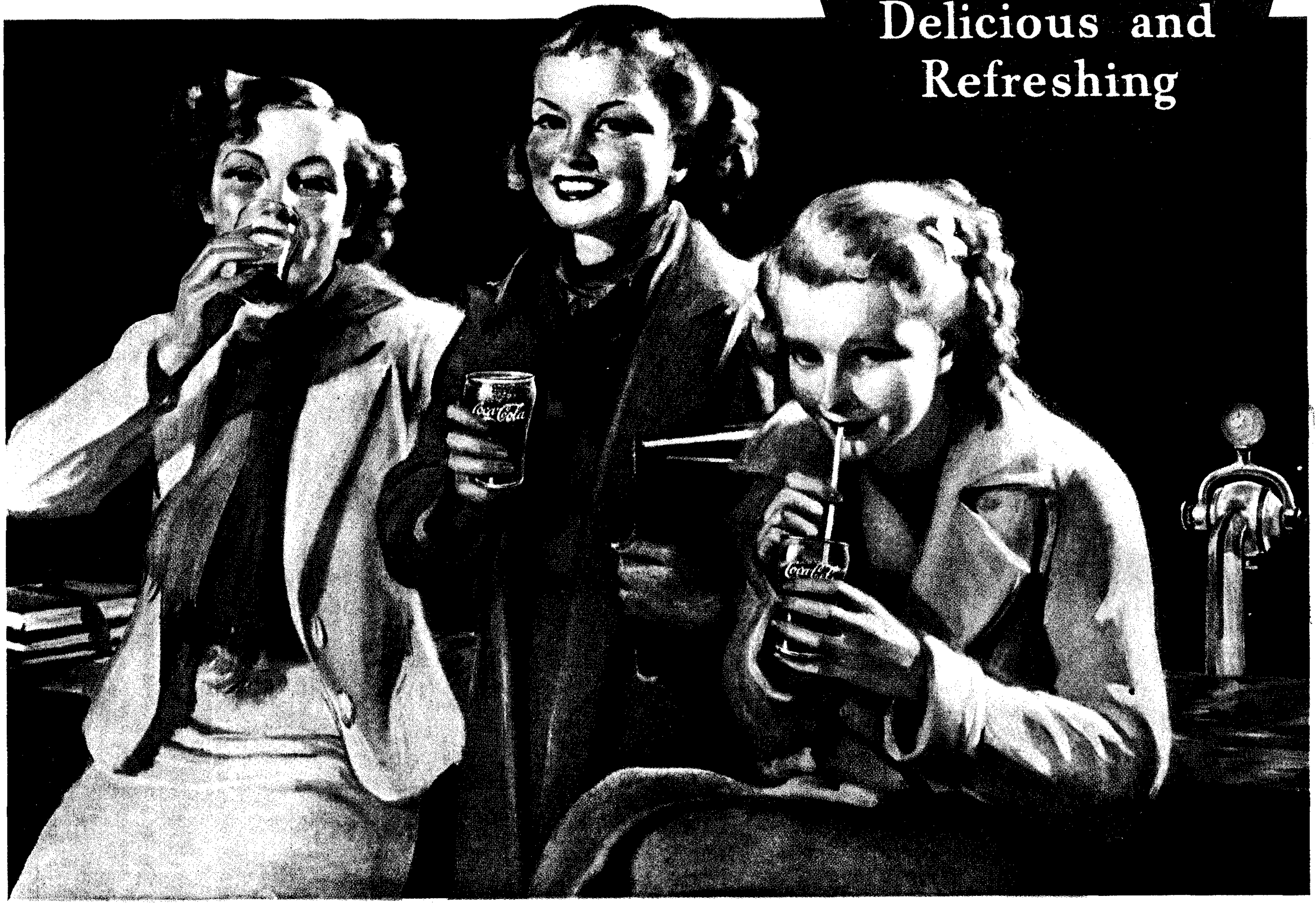
PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Refreshment time ... after school

Drink

Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing



THIRST KNOWS NO SEASON
AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN

After school there's a pause, when work ends and play begins. At bright, inviting fountains this welcome pause becomes the still more welcome *pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola.

• • •

p. s. It's the refreshing thing to do because ice-cold Coca-Cola is pure and wholesome refreshment . . . *pure as sunlight.*